

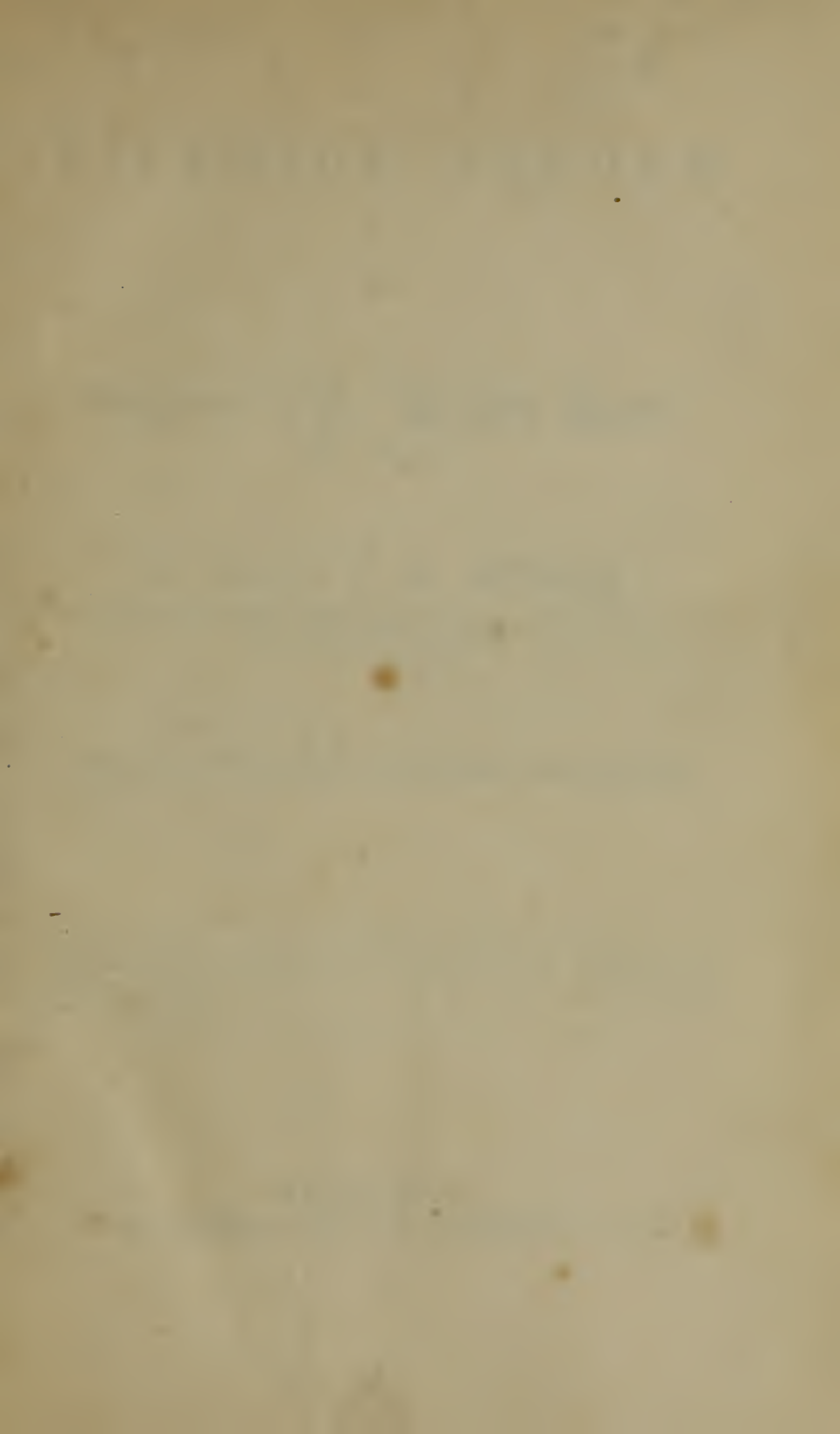


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Captain Maclean.

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PICKWICK ABROAD.

A

Companion to the "Pickwick Papers."

(BY "BOZ.")

BY GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS.

AUTHOR OF "THE MYSTERIES OF THE COURT OF LONDON," "ROSE FORSTER," "LORD SAXONDALE," "CAROLINE OF BRUNSWICK," "MYSTERIES OF LONDON LIFE," "MARY PRICE," ETC. ETC.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

"'Pickwick Abroad' is an admirable continuation of Boz's famous 'Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club,' and promises to become equally popular. The characters are sustained with great spirit and fidelity; and the scenes and incidents are varied and full of life."—*Glasgow Courier*.

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PICKWICK ABROAD.

CHAPTER I.

A considerable sensation on the Quay at Calais; its cause; and other particulars intimately connected with certain illustrious characters.

At an unusual hour in the morning of a very foggy and disagreeable day in the month of November, 1834, a crowd of washed and unwashed—English and French—male and female—residents in, or visitors to, the eminently respectable town of Calais, was assembled upon the quay where the steam-vessels generally land their passengers. Had the motley group met on the Grande Place, one might have fancied that the cause of congregation was a political ebullition, or the arrival of an itinerant juggler—either of which occurrences is understood to afford an essential interest to the French in general. But on this occasion the quay was the point of *rendezvous*; and as two or three hundred people seldom meet together for the purpose of gazing upon the sea, which is almost the same as gazing upon nothing, when there are no ships to attract attention, we must suppose that a more important object called them thither.

The fact of the matter was, that a king's messenger, on his way to Paris, in the company of a bag full of sheets of writing-paper, with much profound diplomatic lore scribbled thereon, had informed the waiter of Dessin's Hotel the day before the one on which these memoirs commence, that an illustrious personage, accompanied by his servant and two friends, intended to cross the water on the following morning; for which purpose he had already arrived as far as Dover, his habitual residence having lately been in the neighbourhood of London.

M. Dessin's waiter, being gifted with just so much curiosity as to originate the question, inquired who the illustrious traveller might be; and when the magic name of PICKWICK was breathed in his ear by the important king's messenger, he immediately communicated the intelligence to his comrades in the kitchen, whence the news forthwith spread like wildfire through the town, and inspired the *conducteur* of a diligence with the notable resolution of performing his journey to Paris in one hour less time than usual, in order to carry the joyful tidings to the French metropolis as early as possible.

At about ten o'clock A. M., a small boat rowed by two stout sailors, and containing two or three other individuals seated at the stern, was seen slowly moving up the harbor against a strong tide. A great and visible agitation immediately pervaded the crowd assembled upon the port, and a few respectably dressed Englishmen, in dirty shooting-jackets and battered hats, immediately exclaimed, "Here is the immortal Pickwick!" But as the bark drew nearer to the quay, it was ascertained that it was merely a fishing-boat filled with herrings, and the crew, and curiosity thus remained ungratified for a short space longer.

No sooner had the excitement caused by this false alarm subsided, than it was rumored that a courier had only a few moments back galloped into the town at a tremendous rate, his horse foaming at the mouth, and himself covered with mud; and report moreover declared that the said courier had been despatched from Boulogne to assure the mayor and worthy inhabitants of Calais that Mr. Pickwick and his followers had landed at the port of the former

town. This was, however, speedily contradicted, it being satisfactorily ascertained that the swift horseman was merely a master-butcher of Boulogne in search of a runaway apprentice.

It cannot be wondered at if these disappointments created a painful suspense, and gave a keener edge to the curiosity of the assembled multitude. It has indeed been subsequently whispered that the opportunities were eagerly sought and turned to advantage by two or three individuals, who, without being actually on the list of conveyancers, proved themselves to be very skilful ones, in the removal of sundry pocket-handkerchiefs, &c. ; and it is no less a fact calculated to startle and shame London practitioners in the inns of court, that the business was most effectually done without deed or document, and in such perfect tranquility and secrecy, that the property was duly conveyed from one individual to another unknown at the moment to the principal party concerned.

When suspense and anxiety were at their utmost, the smoke of a steam-packet was perceived in the distance, sea-ward, and beyond the long range of sand-hills that skirts the coast. A momentary feeling of indescribable awe seized upon the crowd, and then a long and simultaneous shout expressed the fondness of the anticipation that was to be found in every breast. At the same moment the hats of several private individuals stationed amongst the multitude were propelled with violence over their eyes; and this facetious display of a generally prevalent good feeling on the occasion, was considered the most beautiful and affecting portion of the welcome awaiting the arrival of him who had filled worlds with his fame. These instances of extreme hilarity were, however, objected to by certain selfish and discontented persons—a circumstance admirably calculated to illustrate the ingratitude of the world, and the jealousy existing between all truly great men.

The steam-vessel shortly hove in sight, and glided rapidly over the still waters of the harbor “just like a hanimal of real life,” as an English gentleman, quoting Byron, and taking a short black pipe from his mouth, remarked to a friend on the occasion. The packet at length came alongside the quay, and every neck was elongated, and every eye was dilated, and every elbow was exactly fitted into the

vacuum between the ribs of a neighbor, in the general excitement caused by the desire to ascertain if Mr. Pickwick were really on board the vessel.

Unconscious of the honors awaiting him—calm and reflective, as was his wont—clad in the usual way—with the well-known black gaiters—the low hat—the spectacles—and the eye-glass—and near the helm—stood the great man whom hundreds had assembled to gaze upon. On his right was the sleek and well-conditioned Tracy Tupman, whose eye still loved to wander over the handsome features of the fair sex, and whose gold chain had almost entirely disappeared from the sphere of his visual rays, beneath the extensive silk waistcoat. On Mr. Pickwick's left hand was the young friend who had partaken of all that illustrious man's former dangers, difficulties, and perils, and who had equally shared in the renown that had attended success. But time and matrimony had done much for Nathaniel Winkle. The sporting dress was discarded, and a black coat, somewhat loose at the waist, with black trowsers and a striped silk stock, replaced the conspicuous habiliments he once had delighted in. Behind this interesting group was stationed Mr. Samuel Weller, with an open great-coat and several capes over a new suit of livery, and the same cunning smile, and air of indifference, that were the characteristics of Tony Weller's son.

No sooner did the vessel touch the quay than the captain, who was mounted on one of the paddle-boxes, cried out something to the man at the helm—and a sailor on board cried out something to a sailor on shore—and ropes were thrown in all directions—and the captain insisted upon turning the vessel before any one could be permitted to land—and the valve opened with a terrific noise—and a tremendous shout arose amongst the crowd—and the name of “Pickwick” was echoed far and wide, to the astonishment of a couple of gendarmes and two or three custom-house officers, who were so barbarously ignorant of civilized matters as to be entirely unacquainted with the nomenclature of one whose scientific researches and philanthropic feelings had materially benefited mankind.

“Dear me,” said Mr. Pickwick, in a species of trepidation; “one would really have thought they mentioned my name?”

“No—did they, though?” cried Mr. Winkle, turning very pale.

"I think so," returned Mr. Pickwick, casting an anxious glance at the motley crowd.

"And so they did, Sir," said Sam Weller, touching his hat; "and a presh-us queer set they appears to be, if von may judge by fust appearances, as the vite man said to his-self ven he got among the selvidges vich made a fire to eat him. That 'ere gen'l-man in the spatterdashes and lily benjamin, with a 'ansome castor as ain't got no crown, is a crying his-self hoarse."

"This is very singular—very singular, indeed!" remarked Mr. Pickwick.

"The French is verry notorious for their vay o' takin' leave, sir," said Mr. Weller, again joining in the conversation, and touching his hat periodically; "and p'rhaps they isn't more partickler, as the sayin' is, in the vay in vich they velcomes a forinner to Frogland."

"But I think—indeed, I am almost sure," suggested Mr. Pickwick, hazarding an opinion with all his native diffidence and modesty, that there are a great many English amongst the crowd here assembled."

"Singular costumes the fish-girls have!" observed Mr. Tupman—"or else they would not be bad-looking."

"Tupman, my dear fellow," said Mr. Pickwick, sternly, "let us think of our safety for the present, and talk of—but, Winkle, my good friend, what is the matter with you—are you unwell?"

"Oh! no—not at all," returned Mr. Winkle, casting a glance of extreme horror and suspicion at the gen d'armes who stood in front of the crowd.

"Beg pardon, sir," said Sam, stepping forward and addressing himself to Mr. Pickwick, "but don't you think 'twould be advisable to order the skipper o' this 'ere wes-sel to putt us down on t'other side o' the vay?"

"Oh, do!" cried Mr. Winkle, imploringly.

"Why, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, in a tone of bland appeal, "do you really think there is any danger?"

"Do you see them 'ere Johnny Darmies, with their cock-hats and black mustashes?" demanded Mr. Weller; "an' if so be your wissal rays does 'appen to en-counter them gen'l-men, p'rhaps you'd also con-sider that mob, and then assure me if there isn't mischief meant, as the Hindian remarked to his friend ven they met the alligator."

"Are those soldiers French police officers,

then?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, in a hurried tone of voice.

"They air, sir," returned Mr. Weller, seriously; "the man at the hel-em assured me that sich vos the fact; and a French Johnny Darmy 'ould think as much o' spitting a fellow-Christian through the guts as a French sudge 'ould care about running another through with his bagginet."

"You don't say so, Sam!" exclaimed Mr. Winkle, edging behind Mr. Tupman, and trembling violently—with the cold, as he subsequently informed his companions.

"Dear me, how they shout!" cried Mr. Pickwick, alluding to the assembled crowd, whose combined hundreds of lungs sent forth most vehement tokens of applause, to the utter astonishment of Mr. Pickwick and his followers. Their terror was, however, speedily dissipated by the assurances of the captain, to whom Mr. Pickwick thought it right to appeal for protection.

"Sir," said the captain, respectfully, "that crowd has assembled to welcome the landing of Mr. Pickwick; and as such is your name——"

"Right for vorce, old feller," interrupted Mr. Weller. "Samivel Pickwick, Esk-vire, o' Dulwich Lodge."

"Silence, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick. "Pray proceed, sir."

"I have very little to say, sir," continued the captain, casting a look of angry defiance at the imperturbable Mr. Weller; "merely that all this row is to honor your arrival in Calais; and those gendarmes and custom-house officers are always present at the landing of passengers, in order to conduct them to that little wooden house you see yonder, to be searched. Don't be afraid, sir—there is no danger;" and with this consolatory injunction, which took a considerable weight off the mind of Mr. Winkle, who, as he immediately informed Mr. Pickwick, had only felt anxious on that gentleman's account, the captain hurried to another part of the vessel to issue some necessary orders.

"Dear me," said Mr. Pickwick, after a pause, "this is very flattering—but very disagreeable——"

"As the sudge said, ven he vent out to be shot, accompanied by the whole regiment and muffled drms," observed Mr. Weller.

"Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, "you perceive those carriages standing there?"

"Wery perceptible they air, sir," returned Sam.

"Well, then, Sam," continued his master, "the moment the ladder is put down—and they are about it now, I see—hasten on shore, and procure us one of those vehicles to conduct us to the hotel."

"Certainly, sir;" and Mr. Weller was about to execute the commission, when, suddenly recollecting himself, he said, "Beg pardon, sir; but wouldn't it be more advisable to state the name of the hotel in question?"

"Meurice's hotel," suggested Mr. Winckle.

"Where there is a pretty chambermaid," added Mr. Tupman—a piece of information he had collected at Dover.

"Am I to make that latter statement, sir?" said Mr. Weller, touching his hat.

"No—I think not, Sam," answered Mr. Pickwick, after a moment's deliberation. "I don't think it can be necessary, unless Tupman particularly wishes it."

"Oh! no—not I!" said that gentleman, "provided the information be correct."

"Wery good!" cried Mr. Weller; and in a moment he stood upon the quay.

"I speaks English, young man," said a shabby-genteel individual, in an oil-skin cap; "what hotel do you want?"

"Wery 'appy to 'ear you speaks English," observed Sam, eyeing his new friend from top to toe; "and wery satisfact'ry it must be to the English nobility as visits these parts."

"What hotel do you want?" inquired the man, who was a commissioner.

"Dessin's, to be sure!" roared another commissioner, or touter.

"Quillacq's!" exclaimed a third.

"Bourbon Condé!" cried a fourth.

"Many invitations exhibits velcome," said Sam. "But it's neither Dessing's, nor Killack's, nor Bare-bone country, that ull suit us, 'cos ve air partickler. Howsomever, if any o' you wery obliging gen'lemen 'ull jist inform me vich o' them there helegant painted consarns vill take us to Murrisses hot-tel, the advise vill be wery thankfully received, as the patient said to the quack doctor."

"I say, Jem, here's a start!" exclaimed a short gentleman in a long black coat and hair cap, "this here chap's a-come to puzzle the Frenchmen."

"He must get up infernally early in the morning, then, Bill," observed the individual to whom the above remark was addressed.

"It is jist vithin the range o' possibility

to do you, old touch-and-go," retorted Sam, "perwided I doesn't go to bed at all."

In the mean time the carriage, which belonged to Meurice's hotel, and the coachman of which had been duly advertised, by some commissioner, of Mr. Weller's demand, drove up to the very spot where the passengers were already landing.

"Well, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, when that faithful domestic descended the accommodation-ladder, and once more stood upon the deck of the vessel, "is the carriage ready?"

"If them 'ere green painted boards, vith leather aperns attached to 'em, standing on four veels, and dragged by two such beastesses as I never see, is a carriage, sir," returned Sam, "then that is the heckpage."

"Oh! very well, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, benignly smiling at his servant's humor, and putting himself at the head of the little detachment of his followers to ascend the accommodation-ladder. But no sooner had Mr. Pickwick set his left foot on the last bar of the ladder, and grasped the railing with his right hand, than another tremendous shout arose to welcome his arrival; and had not Mr. Weller given his revered and respected master a compulsive and impelling shove behind, it is more than probable that Mr. Pickwick would have remained standing at the bottom of the ladder till the arrival of the high tide should have enabled him to step on shore, by raising the vessel to a level with the quay.

Now it happened that there was present, on this memorable occasion, an English sporting character, who writes a good deal on sporting matters, and has created for himself a species of reputation in the sporting world,—for in no other sphere could he, nor did he ever shine:—and, as there is a kind of freemasonry existing between all great or literary men, the said sporting character deemed it his duty to make a speech in honor of Mr. Pickwick's arrival. Animated by so noble a resolution, and having already informed a few of his elegant English acquaintances resident in Calais, that such was his intention, the said sporting character stepped jauntily forward, and confronting the bewildered Mr. Pickwick in the very path which the crowd formed by respectfully drawing away on either side, began as follows:

"Most illustrious and welcome Pickwick, —all hail on the shores of France! and when I say 'all hail!' it is not the voice of

an humble individual that pronounces these words. No,—for the Duke of Orleans has noticed me at Chantilly,—and, what is more, he has spoken to me! But it must be related by other tongues, and celebrated by other pens, than mine. If I have obtained a considerable reputation in the world, and if my writings have produced moral effects upon the principal nations in Europe—an observation made to me by the Duke of —, when he passed through Calais a few days ago—I am not vain—I am no egotist, Mr. Pickwick;—but ever since the times when——”

He was about to continue his very edifying oration, when Mr. Weller, who strongly suspected “the sporting character to be a downright humbug,”—as he expressed himself to Mr. Winkle, with a peculiar *naïveté*—interrupted the importance of the proceeding by stepping up to Mr. Pickwick, touching his hat, and saying, “Beg pardon, sir, but the ekipage is a-vaiting; and if we stand ’ere all day a-listening to that chap in the seedy black coat, vith his prompter behind him, we shall never get to our journey’s end, as the convict said, ven the pop’lace circumvented the cart, as he vos a-going to be hanged.”

When Mr. Weller had delivered himself of this peculiarly long string of observations, he gently eased Mr. Pickwick into the vehicle that was waiting for his reception, thrust Mr. Winkle after Mr. Pickwick, and pushed Mr. Tracy Tupman lightly upon the other two; having performed which feat, he himself mounted the dickey, seated himself next to the coachman, and the horses having been duly whipped and anathematised by both parties, the carriage was borne away to the little wooden house indicated by the captain, amidst the shouts, screams, yells, and applause of the heterogeneous mob, every individual of which fancied that the most satisfactory note of applause was the highest note his voice could reach. The examination was brief and speedily accomplished at the little wooden house, and was only interrupted for a moment by the civilities which Mr. Weller thought necessary to heap upon the custom-house officer who investigated the pockets of Mr. Pickwick’s functionary. The custom-house officer did not, however, exactly comprehend the nature of Mr. Weller’s apostrophe, and the party was about to resume their places in or out of the carriage as before, when the partially sup-

pressed enthusiasm of the mob broke forth, and the respect that the assembled French and English jointly and individually entertained for the illustrious name of Pickwick, was immediately demonstrated by that gentleman being lightly flung upon the shoulders of some half-dozen of the strongest and stoutest present; and in this manner was he borne to Meurice’s hotel, Mr. Nathaniel Winkle, Mr. Tracy Tupman, and Mr. Samuel Weller following in the rear.

CHAPTER II

Mr. Samuel Weller’s opinions on divers matters connected with the French, and the particulars of a French luncheon, or *dejeuner a la fourchette*.

It was a most interesting spectacle to see Mr. Pickwick mounted on the shoulders of his supporters, endeavoring to sit easily in one of the very worst of positions, and his expressive countenance lighted up with smiles of “pleasing pain.” His eyes beamed with philanthropy and kindness on the respectable multitude around him; and an occasional sigh escaped his mighty breast, when the sight of some tattered demon awakened feelings of commiseration and pity in his bosom. He was not, however, doomed to be very grievously afflicted on this occasion; for we are confidently assured that out of three hundred people, twenty-seven were dressed in decent coats, and upwards of forty in fustian shooting jackets. There was, moreover, a brilliant display of gaberdines, aprons, and shirt-sleeves.

A deputation, volunteered and self elected, of about two dozen small boys having prepared the inmates of the Hotel Meurice, for the arrival of the illustrious visitors, the whole house was immediately involved in confusion and riot; and when the procession reached the entrance of the hotel, and precipitated Mr. Pickwick on his legs amidst thunders of applause, an army of domestics,—cooks, waiters, chambermaids, ostlers, &c.—was drawn up to welcome the great man and his illustrious followers. Mr. Pickwick would have addressed the multitude, had not two reasons—the first of which was suggested by circumstances, and the latter by Mr. Winkle—prevented him.

“You are right, my dear friend,” said Mr. Pickwick to Mr. Winkle, without a

moment's reflection: "the crowd is so noisy that I should not be heard—and, as you very properly observed, the half of it is composed of Frenchmen, who would not understand me."

"Thank God, Arabella is not with us!" said Mr. Winkle, hastily, and turning up his eyes to heaven with an extraordinary air of piety.

"Why so?" demanded Mr. Pickwick, looking sternly for a moment at his young friend.

"Because Tupman is really indecent in his conduct," responded Mr. Winkle. "He has already entered into conversation with the pretty chambermaid in the yard of a public hotel."

"Sam?" said Mr. Pickwick abruptly, so soon as he had satisfied himself of the truth of Mr. Winkle's statement.

"Sir!" said Mr. Weller, touching his hat.

"Tell Mr. Tupman to follow us immediately into the coffee room: the eyes of the whole town are upon us.—Waiter, show us to the coffee-room."

The waiter, who had been lurking about the new-coming ever since the first moment Mr. Pickwick alighted in the yard from the shoulders of his bearers, and who happened to speak very good English, instantly obeyed the command, and ushered Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Winkle to the coffee-room, whither they were shortly followed by Mr. Tupman, who wore a cunning smile upon his countenance, and Mr. Samuel Weller. It is almost needless to remark that the illustrious party took off their hats to the crowd that thronged the entrance of the hotel, as they withdrew from the presence of that respectable congregation; and it may also be perfectly well understood that the members of the said congregation were peculiarly delighted with their morning's amusement, and separated for the purpose of repairing each to the *café* or English pot-house he was in the habit of frequenting. The sporting character in vain looked for an invitation to dinner with Mr. Pickwick and his friends, as a reward for his eloquent oration; and at length withdrawn in disgust, accompanied by a broken-down parson, who boasted of being the illegitimate son of some lord, and two or three other seedy looking representatives of the great English nation, to a low tavern, where his egotism made him an important person for the remainder of the day.

"Well, after all," said Mr. Winkle, as

the travellers seated themselves opposite a cheerful fire in the coffee-room, "there is not so much difference between an English and a French town."

"Bricks is bricks, Sir, all the world over," observed Mr. Weller, relapsing a moment from his occupation of hanging up great-coats, hats, &c., on the pegs attached to the walls.

"You will find the manners and customs somewhat different, Winkle," said Mr. Pickwick, "before you have been here long."

"'Tis a lost country, Sir," said Mr. Weller, with a doleful shake of the head.

"A lost country, Sam!" cried Mr. Pickwick, in astonishment.

"Yes, Sir—a lost country—a nation without principle, Sir," replied Mr. Weller, earnestly; "since a period vich they calls the evolution, Sir, there has n't been no manners in France; there's no sich thing as a gen'laman known—a servant is as good as his mas'er, Sir,—for they air all equal, as the nobleman said, ven he give the chimbly-sweep a cheer (chair), and told him to make his-self at home."

"I em afraid, Sam," suggested Mr. Pickwick, mildly, "that your account is rather exaggerated."

"Quite impossible to be incorrect, Sir," returned Sam, "ven it vos the skipper o' that 'ere wessel, in vich ve come, as took the trouble o' hedificating me on that head. 'The French is greatly to be pitied, Sir,' says I, 'if there isn't no gen'lmen among 'em'.—'They don't know the walley o' liberty,' says the captain mournfully.—'No more they does, Sir,' says I, 'since they've a-made their-selves all equal'.—'Wery common to see a private sodger arm-in-arm vith a officer,' says the captain, 'and that isn't discipline. But it's no vonder,' continues he more sorrowfully than afore, 'as they've a-bolished flogging in the army'.—He vould a-gone on vith his arguments, but his okkipation obleeged him to go into a hole beneath the biler for a moment, and Mr. Vinkle vanted a glass o' brandy an vater, vich unforeseen accidents caused us to separate, as the scientific gen'laman said ven he fell from the parishoot."

"Well, we shall see," observed Mr. Pickwick, doubtfully, when his domestic had made an end of speaking; and at that moment the waiter entered to lay the cloth for luncheon.

"What wine will you take, Sir?" inquired the waiter, addressing Mr. Pickwick.

"Madeira, by all means," cried Mr. Tupman, who had hitherto remained silent, his imagination wandering to the pretty chambermaid.

"I cannot recommend the Madeira, Sir," said the waiter, for the very simple reason that there was none in the cellar.

"Well, let us have some Sherry, then," returned Mr. Tupman.

"Nor the Sherry, Sir," responded the waiter.

"In that case we must put up with Port," observed Mr. Pickwick.

"You will find the Port *very* thick, Sir, I'm afraid," remonstrated the waiter.

"What *can* we have, then?" demanded Mr. Pickwick, opening his eyes behind his spectacles in undisguised astonishment.

"Here is the card, Sir," returned the waiter, placing a long list of long names into Mr. Pickwick's hands.

"I do not understand French," said that gentleman; "but you, Tupman, I fancy, can do a little in this way."

"I understand—that is, when at school—oh! yes," stammered Mr. Tracy Tupman; "I am far from ignorant—but these names, waiter, are new ones, I fancy."

"Not many centuries old, Sir," observed the waiter.

"The French use the word *centuries* for *weeks*," said Mr. Tupman in a whisper to his leader.

"Oh, indeed!" murmured Mr. Pickwick, poking the fire. "After all, I think it would be better to leave it to the waiter."

"Thank you, Sir," said the waiter, gliding almost imperceptibly away from the room, and resolved in his own mind to furnish the most expensive wine in the cellar.

Mr. Weller, who had disappeared on the entrance of the waiter, now returned to the coffee-room where his masters were seated, and shuffled uneasily round the table, as if he were desirous of unburdening his mind of some oppressive weight.

"What is the matter, Sam?" said Mr. Pickwick, at length, pitying the embarrassed situation of his domestic: "has any thing new occurred?"

"Beg pardon, Sir," returned Sam, "but I'm just a-come from the kitchen—and a more curiouse place I never see."

"Indeed, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick; "what is there so remarkable?"

"In that 'ere kitchen, Sir," said Sam, seriously, "there's nothink that's common to a kitchen in England. Fust, Sir, there

are half-a-dozen man-cooks, vith vite night caps and aperns; and each appears to be the captain o' ten or twelve different sarsepans—all of bright copper—ranged, soldier wise, on a large stove: and then the contents o' them 'ere sarsepans, gen'lemen, is astonishing to a degree. I opened the lid o' von, unbeknown to the cook as vos the presiding diwinity o' that quarter, and sure enough, I sees a partridge a-stooing with weggitables and sassages. Says I to myself, 'This is rather queer,' as the banker observed, ven he looked at the cheque as vos forged.—'P'rhaps you'd like to larn French cookery, young man?' said von o' the waiters, with a vink o' slyness to von o' the warming-pans."

"To one of the warming-pans!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, somewhat angry, for he recollected that the unfortunate subject of warming-pans had served as material evidence against him, in the mouth of Serjeant Buzfuz on the occasion of his memorable trial.

"Hallegorical, Sir,—purely hallegorical, Sir," returned Mr. Weller, "as the critic said to the author, ven he cut up his writings."

"Well—to return to the kitchen, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, whose momentary anger was speedily subsided, and who entertained some vague idea that his domestic alluded to a chambermaid, although the synonym was at first rather obscure.

"If it suit your con-wenience, Sir," continued Sam, "to listen to my wagaries, I don't know no hobjection to my communicating of them. So to continue. 'P'rhaps you 'ud like to larn French cookery?' said the waiter.—'Wery much obleeged, young lily-vite,' said I; 'but had rayther let it alone, as the monkey said of the hot poker.'—'Would you like jist for to taste o' this 'ere dish, Mr. Veller?' persewed the waiter, for he 'd larnt my name from the top of my band-box; and, taking the kiver off von o' the sarsepans, he showed me a piece o' biled beef done to rags. 'Time to take that off,' says I.—'No sich thing,' said he, looking at the clock, 'must stew till six.'—'And vot's in that 'ere large kaldron?' said I, not venturing on a look of astonishment, as I vos afeard of 'traying my ignorance.—'Stewed weal,' said the waiter; and there-upon he took off the lid of the copper sarsepan, and showed me a piece o' meat vith bits o' fat hanging about it on all sides. This he called a fitch-and-go: but I s'pose 'twas his impercence.—'Pray do you use per-taties in France?' said I.—'Certainly,' said

my friend the waiter; 'here is some prime uns,' and sure enow I seed some pertaties cut into slices, and kivered over vith butter and parsely, jist ready to sarve up."

"Singular!" said Mr. Pickwick, who had listened with deep attention to Mr. Weller's recital;—"very singular! But what did I tell you just now, Winkle?"

Mr. Winkle was about to reply, when the entrance of the waiter and the luncheon attracted the attention of the three gentlemen to the repast which was now brought in—and which was to be the first that either had ever yet eaten of in France.

"Dear me," said Mr. Pickwick, "why—this is a dinner!"

"*Dejeuner a la fourchette*," cried the waiter; and having ranged half-a-dozen dishes upon the table, he proceeded to draw the corks of three bottles of wine, and place them (the bottles, not the corks) upon the same convivial board.

"Meat-pie" said Mr. Pickwick, uncovering the dish opposite to him, and glancing curiously at a little fabric of paste standing in a very little piece of crockery-ware.

Vol-au-vent aux grenouilles! observed the waiter.

"Mutton-chops and vegetables," cried Mr. Tupman, disencumbering his dish of its tegument.

"*Cotelettes a la jardiniere*," said the waiter.

"Hash and young lobsters," exclaimed Mr. Winkle.

"*Tete de veau a la tortue, et des ecrevisses*," chaunted the waiter in a sing-song tone of voice.

"Chopped cabbages," said Mr. Weller, as he lifted up the cover of a dish containing spinage. "And some o' them identical pertaties," continued Sam, disclosing the contents of another plate, "consarnin vich I vos hedificated just now. Kolliflour and melted butter is the third—and a' admirable display they air too. Good appetite, gentlemen, as the skipper said to the sailors ven they vos short of pervisions, and he give 'em each a ounce o' salt-pork."

"This chicken-pie is excellent," said Mr. Pickwick, helping himself a second time to the attractive dish before him:—"I never tasted anything so tender. You really can eat the very bones!"

"Indeed!" observed Mr. Winkle; "I'll trouble you for a piece, then."

"With pleasure," returned Mr. Pickwick. "Tupman—try this dish of mine!"

"I don't care if I do," said Mr. Tupman and having been copiously helped, he as liberally indulged himself in the consumption of the delicate food.

"Winkle, a glass of wine," said Mr. Pickwick.

"With pleasure," said Mr. Winkle; and the Burgundy was accordingly poured out and drank.

"Elder-wine—is it not?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, emptying his glass, and smacking his lips with a peculiar relish.

"Burgundy, sir," said the waiter—"best Burgundy."

"I was just going to tell you so," observed Mr. Winkle; "and a very excellent glass of wine it is."

In the meantime Mr. Pickwick had helped himself a third time to the pie before him, and was about to commence a vigorous attack thereon, when his attention was suddenly attracted to Mr. Tupman, whose features were screwed up in a most extraordinary manner, and seemed to indicate every appearance of a desire to vomit on the part of that gentleman.

"Tupman—are you ill?" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, laying down his knife and fork, and helping himself to a glass of wine in a momentary fit of absence caused by the alarming situation of his friend.

"Pray, don't be sick, Tupman—now, don't, there's a good fellow," cried Mr. Winkle, in amiable commiseration of that gentleman's indisposition.

"Oh, that pie!" groaned Mr. Tupman, retching most frightfully, while the tears ran down his cheeks.

"Waiter!" said Mr. Pickwick in an angry tone of voice: then, fearful that his rising choler might overcome the equanimity of his temper, he tossed off the wine he had poured out in order to allow himself time for reflection.

"Yes—sir," said the waiter, stepping forward from the side-table where he was stationed.

"What is in that pie, waiter?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Yes—what *is* in it?" demanded Mr. Winkle, menacingly.

"In mercy, waiter—what was it made of?" murmured Mr. Tupman, whose face was now ghastly pale.

"Made of, sir?" repeated the waiter.

"Yes—made of," cried Mr. Winkle, very angrily, and in a tone which seemed to assure the waiter that he would not be trifled with.

"Young frogs' legs, I fancy, sir," said the waiter, with the utmost coolness; and having assured himself of the truth of his statement by a glance at the dish, he added, "Yes, sir—they *are* frogs' legs."

In one moment Mr. Pickwick's lap received the contents of Mr. Tupman's stomach, and Mr. Winkle rushed towards the bell, and pulled it with all his might, although the waiter was in the room. As for Mr. Pickwick, he was so bewildered by the communication made by the waiter, the idea of having eaten frogs' legs, and the certainty of having been made a hand-basin of by Mr. Tupman, that, in a moment of venial desperation, he seized the nearest bottle upon the table, and having poured out a tumbler of its contents, drank it at a draught.

Mr. Weller, who had left the apartment only a few minutes before the commencement of this extraordinary scene to look after his own luncheon, hastened to the coffee-room the moment he heard the bell ringing with all the violence that Mr. Winkle's arms could impart to the wire. When he beheld the confusion that prevailed, and heard Mr. Winkle vituperating the waiter as a sort of accompaniment to the music he was making with the bell, it immediately occurred to Mr. Weller's mind that the said waiter had been abusing his revered master; and, without any more ado, he communicated to the unoffending waiter's nose so fierce a blow, and followed it up by another on the chest to such purpose, that the unfortunate waiter fell over the table, and scattered the remnants of the luncheon on the floor. The other domestics of the hotel rushed into the coffee-room in a body, just at the moment when their fellow-servant kissed the ground, and were about to inflict summary and condign punishment on Mr. Weller. But their pugnacious determinations were stopped by the interference of Mr. Pickwick, who, with extraordinary promptitude, rose from his chair like a doll leaping out of a child's box by means of a spring; and holding back Mr. Winkle with one hand, while he waved the other over his head, he proceeded to address the servile crew. His eloquence produced an immediate effect—the matter was explained to the satisfaction of all parties—and the waiter undertook to pardon Mr. Weller, on a small *douceur* being slipped into his hand, but not before Mr. Winkle had informed the domestics that it was very lucky they were

thus pacifically inclined, or they would have known the reason why. Peace being thus restored, Mr. Tupman hastened to bed, having only just strength enough remaining to desire the pretty chambermaid to follow him with the warming-pan.

The domestics retired to the kitchen—Mr. Pickwick changed his trowsers and washed himself—which ceremony being performed, he and Mr. Winkle, having declined to eat any more luncheon, indemnified themselves with a hot glass of excellent brandy-and-water, by the coffee-room fire. The waiter was summoned, after Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Winkle had held a consultation, at which Mr. Pickwick presided in due form, relative to the dinner; and it being thoroughly understood that no anti-Anglican meats were to be served up, the waiter was desired to have that repast on table at six o'clock, and to call Mr. Tupman at five.

CHAPTER III.

Mr. Weller's letter to his wife.—The reader is introduced to a young gentleman who is well acquainted with the world.—Mr. Weller's adventure at the Theatre.

WHEN Mr. Samuel Weller had partaken of a copious repast in the kitchen of Meurice's hotel, he repaired to the bed-room which was destined for his reception. Being armed with writing materials and a glass of brandy-and-water, he took a seat at the table, and prepared himself to compose an epistle to his beloved spouse, whom he had left behind him at Dulwich Lodge.

"Wery particlerly good you air," observed Sam, apostrophising the brandy-and-water, and smacking his lips after a long draught of the tempting beverage; "and may ve meet as frequently as con-venient, as the gen'leman said to the pus vich he foun' in the street. An' now for this 'ere little *he*-pistle of mine," continued Sam—"and mind ve put in as much—or p'rhaps rather more than the vaiter's informed us of—not forgetting about the vine and the sudger's trowsers."

With these words Mr. Weller applied himself manfully to the task, and never left off till he had accomplished the following letter.

"Kallis, france. november 12.

"Mi dear mari,

"Ve got safe to france, and a nation quere place it is. the houses alone is like inglish houses. but the metes is quite other. so is the vimen. they givd us frogg's leggs for lunshun. and Mister tuppman womitted is shair in the guverner's lapp and over is un-menshunables, vithout sain bye or vith yer leve. the guverner maid a speche on the okkashun vich vos unanimously aplored by all the servints as vos prezint. and very much to is creditt it vos tu.

"As ve cum along the rode to dover ve stopp'd at shuter's ill and see the old genelman vich vos in good elth and sperets, he vos a smoakin and drinkin brandi-and-vater. he arsk'd very kind arter you, mari, and the babbies. he hadnt sene nothink of the red-nose man since he left dorkin, an dusn't vont for to see him agin nayther, as the schule-boy said o' the goast.

"you must ekskuse this bad ritin. but french penns von't spel inglish like inglish vons, and the paper is so thin you dropp sum o' the letters threw on t'other side vich gets on the blottin-paper and is lost in consekvence. I dus'nt get sich good bakker in france as i does in ingland and the peple ere always drinks vine, cos there's no strong bere. clarit is very plentiful in this cuntry. and the sudgers vears redd britches. the servint gals all vears vite capps an gouns that dus'nt cum lower than their vaistis.

"now, my dere mari, take cair o' the babbies an o' yerself as is more preshuser still if possible. i don't now ven ve shall be back. butt you now Mister Vinkle tolde his vife that he vould nt be long away, and as he's going to parris on his father's agincy bisness, an the guverner vent vith him under pretense o' takin care of him tho raly as an ekskuse for sein parris his-self, it is all rite as the ekskushoner said ven he ajusted the corde round the genelman's neck at the old baly.

"take cair o' yerself, mari, and so no nore now from yer ever affecshonate us-ban,

"SAMIVEL VELLER.

"P. s. i forgot to sai that the servint gals vears petticoates altho' their gouns don't cum lower than their vaistises.

"To Missus mari veller, ouskeper, Dullich

"lodge, rezidents o' Samivell pickwick esk-vire.

"Dullich, nere lundun. by way o' dover."

"And a verry eligant little he-pistle it is," said Sam, complacently eyeing the effort of his imagination and mental capacity, which will for ever remain a monument of the genius of the Weller family. "Now for a vafer, and to the post, as the vinning orse said at the races."

Having discussed his brandy and-water, wafered his letter, and made some little arrangements of a domestic nature in his bed-room, Mr. Weller hastened down stairs, and requested the waiter to show him the way to the post-office—a demand that was immediately complied with by that individual, who had forgotten the black eye, inflicted by Mr. Weller, in the contemplation of an English sovereign which Mr. Pickwick had administered to his especial comfort.

In the meantime Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Winkle had finished their brandy-and-water, and had looked at their watches to ascertain the hour, and had come to the unanimous conclusion that it was three o'clock, p. m., after a shrewd suspicion, on the part of Mr. Winkle, that there was a difference of at least eight minutes between French and English time. They then discussed their plans as deliberately and business-like as they had before done their brandy-and-water, and resolved, with the conditional consent of Mr. Tupman, to depart for Paris early the following morning by the diligence.

The question now arose, How were they to dispose of their time till six o'clock, the hour at which dinner was ordered? Mr. Winkle proposed a game of chess or backgammon; but this suggestion was declined by Mr. Pickwick, who fancied, as he beautifully expressed himself, that it was indecent to have even the appearance of gambling in a public coffee-room. Mr. Winkle, therefore, relapsed into silence, and looked at the fire, and then at the ceiling, and at length hit upon the happy expedient, by way of pastime, of burning several slips of paper that he found on the mantel. Mr. Pickwick watched Mr. Winkle's motions with a smile; and while the world without fondly deemed those great men to be debating on weighty matters, the great men themselves did nothing more nor less important than divert themselves in a manner at once cheap, innocent, and far from uncommon, thus affording an example eminently calculated to illustrate the folly of speculation with regard to the proceedings

of her majesty's ministers in cabinet-council.

A quarter of an hour had elapsed since Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Winkle had looked at their watches as above-mentioned, when the door of the coffee-room was suddenly thrown open, and a young gentleman of about two or three and twenty bounced into the apartment. He was dressed in clothes somewhat the worse for wear; and his closely-buttoned double-waistcoat suffered not a vestige of linen to be seen, probably on account of the chilly weather, against the inclemency of which his head was protected by an old black velvet cap.

Without condescending to shut the door behind him, the stranger walked straight up to the fire-place, pulled the bell with extreme violence, and then, turning his back to the fire, he put his hands behind him, pulled asunder his coat-tails, and whistled an opera air, apparently not having noticed the presence of Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Winkle. The waiter answered the bell with the utmost alacrity; but when he saw that he was summoned by the young gentleman in question, he made a slight grimace, which was not unnoticed by Mr. Pickwick, whose closely observing faculties nothing, however trivial, was known to escape.

"Waiter," said the young gentleman, in a loud, authoritative tone of voice, "I dine at home to day."

"Very good, sir," observed the waiter, with extreme indifference.

"At six o'clock, waiter—do you hear?" cried the young gentleman.

"Yes, sir," returned the waiter. "I will inform master of it, sir."

"And let me have some game, waiter," continued the young gentleman, rendering his voice as commanding as he could, in order to conquer the indifference of the waiter, a task he found by no means easy.

"Perhaps these gentlemen dine here too," observed the young man, now, for the first time, affecting to notice Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Winkle.

"We do so—and at the same hour," said Mr. Pickwick mildly.

"Then we'll dine together," exclaimed the young gentleman, without once reflecting that his proposition might not be agreeable.

"Perhaps these gentlemen," began the waiter, "would rather——"

"Oh! with much pleasure," said Mr.

Pickwick, interrupting the waiter, and addressing himself to the stranger in allusion to the proposed plan of dining together. The waiter made no farther remark, but walked twice round the room, pretending to dust a couple of chairs on which no one had been seated that day, and to arrange a curtain which had not been touched since he last disposed of it in its proper folds; having done which, he glided out of the room.

"You are strangers, gentlemen?" said the young man, the moment the waiter had left the apartment.

"We only arrived in France this morning," returned Mr. Pickwick.

"And I have been here six weeks," exclaimed the young gentleman. "Confounded bore! but I have been detained here against my will."

"Bad roads, I suppose," said Mr. Pickwick, "and you did not like to venture upon them?"

"No—curse the roads," replied the stranger. "The fact is, my bankers are in Ireland—the north of Ireland—and I have been kept here waiting for my remittances."

"How very provoking!" ejaculated the kind-hearted Mr. Pickwick.

"Great nuisance," said the young gentleman; "particularly when one has several thousands in his banker's hands."

"Very annoying indeed!" chimed in the equally sympathetic Winkle; "is it not, Pickwick?" he added, in a manner requiring corroboration of his assertion.

"Pickwick!" exclaimed the young gentleman, as if he did not already very well know that such was the name of the illustrious individual in whose august presence he stood,—*"No!"*

"Yes, indeed," said Mr. Pickwick, mildly; "my name is Pickwick!"

"The deuce! who *would* have thought it?" cried the young gentleman in an ecstasy of joy; and flinging himself upon Mr. Pickwick, he embraced him cordially.

"Dear me—sir—my dear sir"—exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, almost smothered, and unable to sustain the entire weight of the enthusiastic stranger—"really, I have not the pleasure—I don't know——"

"A thousand pardons, my dear sir!" said the young gentleman, at length relinquishing his hold. "I am indeed very imprudent—hang me if I ain't; but this honor was so unexpected—so unlooked-for—taking one so infernally by surprise——"

"No apology, my dear sir," said Mr. Pick-

wick, with a benignant smile. "And now that you are acquainted with my name—allow me to introduce you to my friend and companion, Mr. Nathaniel Winkle!"

"Winkle!" exclaimed the young gentleman, turning suddenly to that individual, who winced a little, and sat uneasily on his chair, afraid of undergoing a similar series of embracings and huggings to the one already experienced by his great leader; "most happy to know *you* also, Mr. Winkle. My name is Craschem, gentlemen—Adolphus Craschem—son of the general of that name."

"Ah! indeed," said Mr. Pickwick, with a half-bow and placid smile.

"The name must be familiar to *you*," observed Mr. Adolphus Craschem, with peculiar emphasis on the pronoun.

"Not very familiar," rejoined Mr. Pickwick, with an appealing glance at Mr. Winkle.

"Not on very good terms with my father, though," said the young gentleman. "The old boy has a will of his own, Mr. Pickwick—like all very old men—he is past ninety—and I am his only son. Forty thousand pounds a year sure—all entailed, and no mistake."

"That is very lucky," observed Mr. Pickwick, alluding to the absence of any irregularity in the nature of the entail.

"No—no—all right in that quarter, thank God," continued Mr. Adolphus Craschem—"right as the mail, my boy. But this old father of mine must needs interfere in my matrimonial intentions—and a very lovely girl—daughter of an illustrious baronet—pines after me at this moment. Don't dare offend the old boy—else quarterly supplies d—d soon cut off, you know;"—and Mr. Craschem smiled in a peculiarly cunning manner.

"Ah! that's it, is it?" said Mr. Winkle, with an equally cunning smile and chuckle, probably occasioned by certain reminiscences, the nature of which the reader is already acquainted with.

"Sir William Grinwell, of Grinwell Park, Somersetshire, is the father of my intended," said Mr. Craschem; "and a devilish good fellow he is too. Was arrested six months ago for a cool fifty thousand—lost at play—on a bill, mind—and he stumped down in a jiffey to prevent my father from knowing it. Will give his daughter four times as much on her wedding day—without settlement, too—that's the best of it ha! ha! ha!"

At this moment the waiter entered the room, and informed Mr. Adolphus Craschem that the landlord of the hotel would be glad to say two words to him in the passage. Mr. Adolphus Craschem made a wry face at this communication, which private reasons, however, did not allow him to neglect. He accordingly went to meet the landlord in the passage, as he was desired.

"Nice young man, that," said Mr. Pickwick, when he and Mr. Winkle were again alone.

"And devilish well connected, too," observed Mr. Winkle.

"Brilliant prospects he appears to have," continued Mr. Pickwick.

"I should like to be only half as well off," returned Mr. Winkle, suppressing a sigh of envy.

"Dear me, how loud they are talking in the passage," cried Mr. Pickwick; "I can almost hear what they say!"

"He is most likely blowing the landlord up for something," suggested Mr. Winkle.

"How foolish of hotel-keepers not to know their own interests, and try to keep a good customer!" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Well, then—for to-day only—and recollect it is the last!" exclaimed a loud voice in the passage, which was not the voice of Mr. Adolphus Craschem; upon which the door again opened, and that gentleman entered the room, having concluded his *tete-a-tete* with the landlord.

"Shocking bad they build their wainscots in France," said Mr. Craschem, when he had once more settled himself before the fire.

"Do they indeed?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, glancing at the wall.

"Yes;—why, couldn't you hear what passed between us in the passage?" demanded the young gentleman, somewhat anxiously.

"Oh! no," replied Mr. Winkle; "not in the least."

"Well, then, they ain't so *very* bad," remarked Mr. Adolphus Craschem, brightening up, and wondering in his own mind how the landlord's voice did not penetrate through the wainscot which was a couple of inches thick. "Talking of wainscots," continued Mr. Craschem, "puts me in mind of a singular story connected with a wainscot. When I was *attache* to the English ambassador at Constantinople, I lodged and boarded with a Turkish family, and fell desperately in love with the old Turk's fif-

teenth daughter, Amina. One day I was in my private study, writing some letters to the ministers of foreign affairs of France and Spain—and very tedious work it was, by the bye—when I heard a female voice talking in the next room. I listened—I am horribly jealous, gentlemen—and I soon discovered that my adored Amina was hearkening to the love-*tales* of a favored rival. Dash me, if I knew what to do? I seized a pistol, and pointing it against the wainscot that divided my room from the one where this pleasant scene was being enacted—guided only by the sound of my rival's voice—I fired! A heavy thing tumbled to the ground, and a loud shriek rent the air. I rushed into the room, and found my rival a corpse on the floor!"

"Gracious!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick; "how horrible! But what became of the young lady?"

"Her father turned her out of doors, and she became a dancing-girl," replied Mr. Adolphus Crashem. "She afterwards renounced her creed, and married a Jew."

"Singular episode in Turkish life," remarked Mr. Winkle.

"And highly illustrative of their manners, too," exclaimed Mr. Crashem.

"So I should imagine," observed Mr. Pickwick, whose kindness of disposition led him to concur in that which any less illustrious man would have instantly rejected as a palpable falsehood.

"The Turks are a very singular people—very singular!" continued Mr. Crashem, energetically; "and a deuced difficult thing it is to get a bit of stiff done amongst them, too. But talking of discounting," added Mr. Adolphus Crashem, "puts me in mind of an extraordinary manner in which I did a bill about six months ago. Only conceive, Mr. Pickwick, my dear Sir—for a good bill I got but fifty pounds in ready money—the bill was for 200*l.*—fifty pounds' worth of squibs and a hundred pounds in patent sky-rockets."

"Patent sky-rockets!" ejaculated Mr. Pickwick, starting in his chair.

"Patent sky-rockets!" ejaculated Mr. Winkle.

"Yes—patent sky-rockets and squibs," reiterated Mr. Adolphus Crashem; "which I immediately exchanged for the small, but more convenient commodity, of 35*l.* sterling."

"At such an enormous loss!" cried Mr. Pickwick.

"Oh! that is nothing, my dear Sir," returned the young gentleman with a knowing wink at Mr. Winkle. "On another occasion I got a very respectable discount—*in the city*, too—to do me a bill of 1000*l.*—one thousand, mind, or I'm no gentleman—and what do you think he gave me?"

"Really I cannot say," returned Mr. Pickwick; "perhaps nine hundred and ninety pounds."

"Nine hundred and ninety fiddle-sticks!" cried Mr. Adolphus Crashem, contemptuously. "I just received two hundred pounds in ready money—three hundred in Chinese turnpike bonds—four hundred in Persian scrip—and another hundred in Newcastle coals."

Mr. Pickwick looked at Mr. Winkle—and Mr. Winkle looked at Mr. Pickwick—and then they both looked at Mr. Adolphus Crashem in silent astonishment, satisfied in their own minds that they were in the presence of a very extraordinary young man, who had seen a great deal of the world, and had turned his knowledge of that world to a very singular account.

"Ah! ah! you may look at and smile with each other, gentlemen," cried Mr. Adolphus Crashem, after a pause; "but I've seen a little of life, I flatter myself. Brought up at one of the universities—sent early into the army—appointed page of honor to his late majesty at the age of sixteen and nine months—very familiar with all the young ladies about Court, you know—why, the devil's in it if I *have* not had my share of experience;"—and in the heat of the moment, Mr. Crashem flourished his right arm with such amazing rapidity, that Mr. Winkle prepared to rush towards the door, in case any additional symptoms of violent intentions should be manifested by the emphatic stranger.

"You entered early into life, then," said Mr. Pickwick, always desirous of sustaining a conversation.

"Did I not?" exclaimed Mr. Crashem, answering a question by the facile and simple means of putting another: "I should rather think so, confound it! If you had only seen me with my flea-bitten nag in the Park——"

"Eh!" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Yes—*sir*," continued Mr. Crashem; "my flea-bitten little piece of horse-flesh——"

"How the poor beast must have suffered!" cried Mr. Winkle, who still retained a lurking affection for an occasional

display of his knowledge on all sporting-matters.

"A disease common among horses, I presume, Sir?" remarked Mr. Pickwick, with the utmost suavity and innocence.

Mr. Crashem pronounced somewhat emphatically the name of "Walker!" and then as strenuously adjured the presence of that portion of a certain edible called "Gamon;" after which he appeared rather disconcerted for a few minutes, and then varied the amusement he gratuitously and liberally afforded Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Winkle, by whistling with peculiar taste and elegance some half-dozen notes of that highly popular song, "Bartlemy Fair." But, with the versatility incidental to all great minds, Mr. Crashem speedily became wearied of testing his musical powers: he accordingly ceased his melodious whistling with admirable abruptness, and turning shortly round upon Mr. Winkle, who almost put up his arm to avoid a blow, observed "What a rum thing life actually was!"

Mr. Winkle gladly murmured an affirmative, when he saw that no violence was intended.

"And yet," moralized the too sensitive Mr. Adolphus Crashem, "one must pay tolerably dear for initiation into its mysteries! You won't believe it, perhaps—but it's as true as you're sitting there,—that I didn't know anything of the world—in fact, I was as green as grass, and was frequently done so exceedingly brown, that I now only wonder at my own folly—until I had actually run through upwards of two hundred thousand pounds!"

"God bless me!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, "that is four times as much as I made during thirty years, while I was in business as a wholesale draper."

"And a very pretty little fortune it would be, vested in the funds," observed Mr. Winkle.

Mr. Adolphus Crashem would probably have amused Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Winkle with other and more interesting stories still, had not the door of the coffee-room suddenly opened, and Mr. Tupman appeared before his friends, who made many anxious inquiries concerning his health. A smile of triumph curled Mr. Tupman's lips, but a long and palpable scratch was depicted upon his countenance; and when he requested to be informed if dinner was nearly ready, he forgot the agonies he had endured at his morning's repast.

When Mr. Winkle had duly satisfied Mr. Tupman's curiosity relative to the proximity of the dinner-hour, the latter gentleman was introduced in due form to Mr. Adolphus Crashem; and a great many new compliments were invented and exchanged upon the occasion. Precisely at six o'clock a large tray, behind which walked a waiter, entered the coffee-room, and Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Tupman, Mr. Winkle and Mr. Adolphus Crashem, sat down to a most succulent dinner, Mr. Adolphus Crashem having voted Mr. Pickwick into the chair, and advised him, at the same time, to use his own discretion, and follow the dictates of his own taste in issuing his orders for wine, &c., as the amount of the bill might easily be divided amongst them on the following morning. To this delicate and polite arrangement, Mr. Pickwick, with the humility which formed so remarkable a trait in the character of that truly great man, for some time objected; but Mr. Adolphus Crashem persisted in his determination that Mr. Pickwick should preside, and as president should order what he chose; so the matter was not argued any farther—and Mr. Crashem's proposition was unanimously agreed to.

"Wonderful fellow that Mr. Pickwick!" said Mr. Adolphus Crashem to Mr. Winkle, in a whisper evidently intended to be heard by the great man himself. "How admirably he serves the soup!—a regular trump, eh?"

"Excellent!" exclaimed Mr. Winkle, totally ignorant whether his new acquaintance alluded to Mr. Pickwick or the soup.

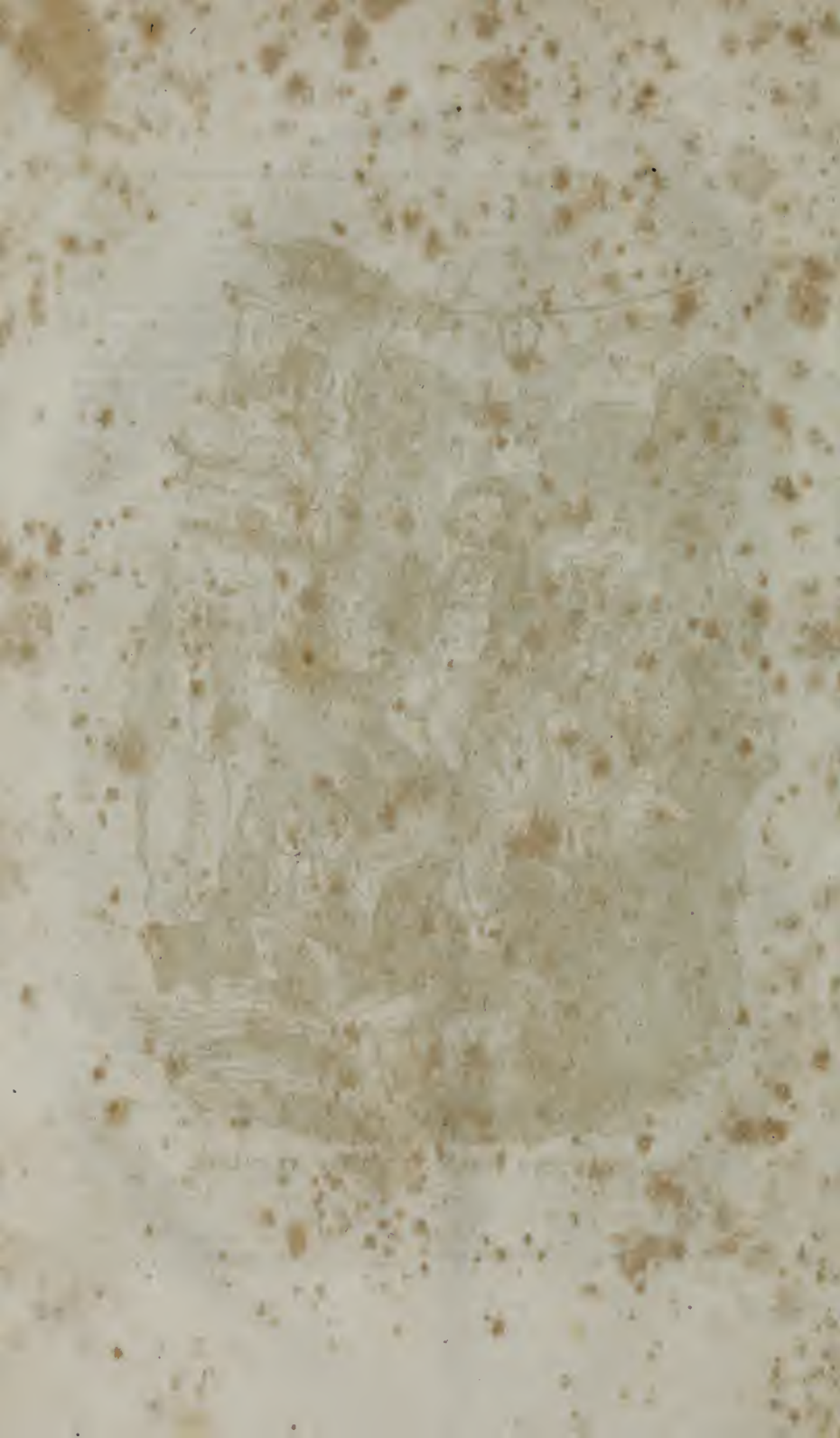
"Tell him to order Bordeaux-Lafitte, my dear fellow," added Mr. Crashem, in a low whisper this time, that was *not* intended to be heard. "'Tis the best wine in this hotel. I have not drank less than four bottles every day since I have been here; and, by the bye, there is a French count living in the hotel, who not only drinks it instead of water, but actually bathes in it every morning. Excellent bath—hot claret with spices!"

"So I should suppose," observed Mr. Winkle, who did not choose to appear ignorant of such matters, which Mr. Crashem seemed to regard as quite common-place.

"The devil you would!" thought Mr. Crashem; and while this gentleman was occupied in that and similar satisfactory reflections, Mr. Winkle whispered to Mr. Tupman, and Mr. Tupman whispered to Mr.



MR. PICKWICK'S PUBLIC RECEPTION AT CALAIS.



Pickwick, and Mr. Pickwick hinted something to the waiter; and the upshot of the whispering and the hinting was the disappearance of the waiter for a few minutes, and then his return with several bottles of the wine so especially recommended by Mr. Adolphus Crashem.

"Fine girl, that chambermaid!" said Mr. Tracy Tupman, when he had imbibed a couple of glasses of the Laffitte with peculiar relish.

"Excellent wine!" observed Mr. Pickwick; and in the absence of a moment, during which he vainly endeavoured to recollect its name, he poured out and drank three glasses of the inviting beverage.

"Why, this is just like claret!" exclaimed Mr. Winkle; "I thought I couldn't be deceived!"

"Devilish good stuff it is too," remarked Mr. Crashem, who scorned the circumscribed scope of a wine-glass, and drank the Laffitte in a tumbler. "Now then, waiter—clear away the soup—and, with all due deference to the president, let us have a glass of the best champagne."

The waiter through some idiosyncrasy or another, did not appear to have that faith in Mr. Adolphus Crashem which could remove mountains; he accordingly cast a glance of respectful appeal to Mr. Pickwick, and perceiving assent in the expressive countenance of that gentleman, he resolved upon executing the order forthwith.

"Waiter!" cried Mr. Crashem, in an authoritative tone of voice, as that functionary was about to leave the room.

"Well, Sir," said the waiter, somewhat discontentedly.

"Let it be Moett's—Moett's best, do you hear, waiter?" added Mr. Adolphus Crashem, contracting his brows, and striking the table violently, as if he were determined to be obeyed; "none of your confounded gooseberry mixture, mind."

"You appear to be acquainted with the ways of the French, Sir," suggested Mr. Pickwick, mildly when the waiter had left the room.

"Oh! hang them, they can't take me in," returned Mr. Crashem, fiercely. "The first day I arrived they brought me a bottle of ink and water—the second, vinegar with a blue-bag steeped in it—the third, cider and log-wood—and all this they were pleased to call claret. But I deuced soon discovered their tricks, and shan't suffer you to be taken in as I was, damn me if I do."

"I am sure we are very much obliged to you, Sir," observed Mr. Pickwick; "and I am only sorry that we cannot have the pleasure of travelling to Paris together."

"And why not?" inquired Mr. Crashem, throwing himself back in his chair, and beckoning Mr. Tupman to take wine with him; "and why not?" he added, with a nod to Mr. Winkle, which that gentleman did not know whether to acknowledge through the medium of a smile, or a similar telegraphic dispatch.

"I thought—that is, I merely fancied," said Mr. Pickwick, "that your bankers—"

"Oh! they be hanged!" cried Mr. Crashem, with admirable emphasis. "You start to-morrow morning, you say?"

Mr. Pickwick replied in the affirmative.

"Well, then—send and take your places to-night, and I will secure mine. Or stay—we might fall upon different coaches; so how shall we remedy it? Oh! I see," cried Mr. Adolphus Crashem, after a momentary pause—"you may as well take all the places, and we can settle afterwards."

"With much pleasure," said Mr. Pickwick; and this matter having been arranged to the satisfaction of all parties, they betook themselves to discuss the second course of edibles, and the reinforcement of potables, which the intelligent waiter spread upon the table in handsome array; and what with the wine, and the *entrees de poison*, and the *hors d'œuvres*, and the *fricandeau*, and the *volaille*, and the *douceurs*, they managed to make a very tolerable dinner; Mr. Adolphus Crashem assuring Mr. Winkle that Mr. Pickwick was an excellent carver; Mr. Tupman pondering on the charms of the chambermaid; Mr. Winkle thinking of Arabella; and Mr. Pickwick himself essaying sundry glasses of champagne, for the purpose of ascertaining the discrepancy that existed between it and gooseberry-wine.

The party did not break up till a late hour; but Mr. Pickwick had shortly after dinner, and before the wine had produced any very visible effect upon his own countenance or the faces of his companions, taken the precaution of ordering the waiter to secure their places by the diligence for the following morning at nine o'clock, and to call them at half-past seven—a measure which not a little excited the admiration of the young man of the world who had so kindly volunteered his services to the heroes of these memoirs and who had so

liberally expressed his determination of seeing that they were not imposed upon.

CHAPTER IV.

A very short chapter indeed.—Mr. Crashem instructs Mr. Winkle in a cheap and innocent morning's amusement.

Early the next morning, Mr. Pickwick summoned his ever faithful valet, and by that interesting young gentleman's assistance, was soon converted into his usual gentlemanly *ensemble*. He then descended from his chamber, so as to be ready at a moment's notice for breakfast.

Mr. Pickwick's hand was purposely placed in contact with the handle of the door of the coffee-room; and having dismissed his domestic for the moment, he was about to enter the room, when the sounds of voices fell loudly on his ear.

"Seven's the main—spin 'em, if you like—nine—nine to seven—I want nine—and nine it is!" cried Mr. Adolphus Crashem, while a strange rattling of something that resembled dice was very plainly heard by the astonished Mr. Pickwick, who, without any farther hesitation, flung open the door, and walked hastily into the coffee-room, where a singular spectacle met his eyes.

Mr. Winkle was seated at one corner of the table, looking the very picture of misery and discontent; while Mr. Adolphus Crashem was flourishing a dice-box in his right hand, and tenaciously holding a heap of bank-notes in his left. Mr. Crashem was not seated: he was leaning in a peculiarly interesting attitude over the table, and preparing to throw once more, as Mr. Pickwick entered the apartment.

"Good morning, my dear Sir—good morning," cried Mr. Crashem, with the most unblushing effrontery, as the great man made his appearance. "Hard at work, you see—must get up early to do business—eh, Winkle?"—and Mr. Crashem was immediately convulsed with laughter.

"It is rather early, Winkle!" observed Mr. Pickwick, with a frown; "and in a public hotel!"

"Oh, in France, my dear fellow," interrupted Mr. Adolphus Crashem, "'tis all the go. Perhaps you would like to have a throw yourself. Confound it, don't refuse, now: I'll set you a quid with pleasure. Shall we say a quid by way of a start?"

"No—no! I *must* have my revenge!" exclaimed Mr. Winkle, casting a republican

glance, that seemed the very assertion of conscious freedom, on his great leader, who sighed, drew near the fire, and did not venture another observation. Mr. Winkle was determined to have his revenge; and Mr. Crashem, in the most generous and handsome manner, assured him that he wished he might get it.

"How queerly you take the dice up," observed Mr. Winkle to Mr. Crashem, who was preparing to "have another shy, as he beautifully expressed himself in the figurative language of the poets. "What makes you squeeze your fingers so close together?"

"That's the genteel way, that is," answered Mr. Crashem, glancing slyly at Mr. Pickwick, and recalling to his mind the word that denotes the color of the leaves and the grass in the middle of Spring. "Seven—eight—eight to seven—eight it is—that makes another five!"—and Mr. Winkle immediately consigned to Mr. Crashem's keeping a five-pound Bank of England note, which that gentleman received with a certain twinkling of the eye that denoted any thing but infelicity.

"I must try and get up my play a little," cried Mr. Winkle, with a very long face. "'Tis almost an age since I handled the dice-box."

"I never saw you do so before," observed Mr. Pickwick; "and I hope that—"

Posterity will forever remain ignorant of the intended conclusion of Mr. Pickwick's speech; for at the very critical moment when he left off, the waiter entered with the breakfast things, and thus put an end to the play as well as to Mr. Adolphus Crashem's certainty of gain—for such a word as *chance* in the matter would be totally misplaced—to the intense delight of Mr. Pickwick, and the especial sorrow of Miss Grinwell's betrothed, who seemed particularly desirous of adding another fifty pounds to the ten five-pound notes he had already acquired. Mr. Tupman speedily made his appearance, and the adventures of Mr. Weller became the immediate topic of conversation.

CHAPTER V.

The travellers commence their French tour.—The interior of a diligence.—A table d'hôte, at which an extraordinary degree of piety is manifested by Mr. Pickwick.

THE astonishment of the waiter was not

a little excited, when Mr. Adolphus Crashem addressed him as follows, so soon as breakfast had been carefully dispatched.

"Waiter—bring me my bill—do you hear, waiter?"

"Beg pardon, sir," responded the *garçon*, when he had found time to soothe his feelings, calm his mind, and assure himself that his ears did not deceive him, and that he was not laboring under a delusion; "beg pardon, sir, but it has already been delivered about fourteen times."

"Of course—of course—weekly bills!" cried Mr. Crashem, casting an uneasy glance at Mr. Pickwick; "and while I think of it, I had better step into the office and settle this little account with the landlord himself."

"As you please, sir," observed the waiter, slightly shrugging his shoulders; and he proceeded to rub the table with a violence that could only have been adopted to drown the "*Sac-r-r-r-e nom de Dieu*," by the utterance of which he relieved the agitation so unlooked for an occurrence had thrown him into.

At this crisis Mr. Weller, enveloped in his great-coat, entered the coffee-room.

"Well, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, looking at his watch, and then at the clock in the picture over the mantel-piece; "what news, Sam?"

"The diligence starts in ten minutes, sir," answered Mr. Weller. "I've bin to see all the luggage safely stowed away, and as the vehicle don't go round the town to take up passengers, 'twould be rayther advisable to stump down to the office, vich is on'y in the next street."

"Give me my great-coat, then, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick; and in a moment the immortal gentleman was carefully wrapped up in the above-mentioned garment. Mr. Weller then proceeded to assist Mr. Tupman and Mr. Winkle to encase their own respective bodies in similar contrivances, which ceremony had scarcely been performed, and the bill duly paid, when Mr. Crashem returned to the coffee-room, mysteriously enveloped in a thick rough coat which he had just purchased at a ready-made clothes shop on the Grande Place. Every thing being now ready, and every body prepared for departure, the five travellers followed the porter of the hotel to the diligence office in the Rue Neuve, where they found the five horses already harnessed to the vehicle, and the vehicle itself laden with luggage to the height of about four

feet above the roof. The door of the *interieur*, or central department of the diligence, was immediately thrown open; and a clerk, armed with a large book and a steel pen, took up his station by the steps.

"*Monsieur Peek-veek*, number one!" cried the individual just mentioned; and with great dexterity aided Mr. Pickwick into the seat allotted to him.

"*Monsieur Weenkell*, number two!" continued the man with the book; "*Monsieur Toopman*, number three; *Monsieur Crashem*, number four!" and the gentlemen thus enumerated were also handed in due order into their places. A pause of a few minutes ensued, during which the clerk cast an anxious glance towards the entrance of the coach-yard, as if he were waiting the arrival of other passengers. At length his face brightened up, and two individuals presented themselves at the office-door.

"*Allons, Messieurs!*" cried the man with the book, "*en place!*" and he proceeded to read their names, and assign each to his respective seat. "*Monsieur Dumont*, number five; *Monsieur Boozie*, number six. An' you, young man, you go dere—you climb imperial—you no break neck, me hop!"

This latter injunction was delivered to Mr. Weller, who ascended to his seat according to the directions given him; and in another moment the diligence was rolling along at the safe and easy pace of four miles an hour.

By the time the fortifications were passed, Mr. Pickwick had had an opportunity of inspecting the exterior of the two strangers who occupied the fifth and sixth places in the *interieur* of the diligence. M. Dumont was an individual about six-and-thirty. His face was neither handsome nor ugly; but his countenance was stern, and his dark, piercing eyes appeared as if they could read the most secret thoughts of those whose glances they encountered. He wore large black whiskers and long moustachios, that gave an additional air of fierceness to his general aspect, which was military and warlike. He was dressed in plain clothes, if we except a red stripe down his trowsers—and Mr. Pickwick immediately concluded that he was an officer of inferior rank; for in his manners he was neither vulgar nor genteel, neither calculated to adorn a ball-room, nor to associate with private soldiers or servants. He was something between a gentleman and a sergeant or corporal—

of that dubious rank, in appearance, which sees its equals nowhere, and often enables the individual who bears it, to be the companion of the well-born, as well as occasionally compelling him to mix with the lower classes.

Mr. Boozie was a short, fat Englishman, with a very apoplectic neck, a red face, and a laughing eye. He was clad in a cut-away green coat with brass buttons, drab trousers, and top-boots. A white great-coat had also accompanied him into the diligence, but of this he preferred making a seat rather than a covering.

"No fear of being overturned at this pace, I think," said Mr. Adolphus Crashem, appealing to Mr. Winkle, whose countenance had managed to divest itself of the look of extreme misery it had lately worn.

"No, indeed," returned that gentleman, with a smile of assent to the truth of his new friend's remark.

"And yet I *was* once upset on this road," observed Mr. Boozie, in a gruff tone of voice quite unassuming; the melodious sounds of his articulation being as natural as the nose at which his two eyes occasionally glanced, their visual rays forming with mathematical precision a neat acute angle at about one inch from the tip of the said proboscis. "It was coming from Boulogne, I think--no it wasn't, either—I tell a fib when I say that—'twas going to Boulogne—in the winter time, too—I mean the summer—yes, it *was* the summer, when I think of it—what a fib I was telling, to be sure!"

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick: "and, pray, were you much hurt?"

"Merely broke my collar-bone, sir," returned Mr. Boozie; then in a moment he added—"No, it wasn't my collar-bone, either—I'm again in error—'twas one of my right ribs."

"Oh! that's nothing," cried Mr. Adolphus Crashem, fortified with the laudable resolution of yielding to no man in the art and beauty of composition, and the extent of an inventive genius. "It was only a few weeks ago, that I and young Lord Wippenwell were overturned in his stanhope—close by Hyde Park Corner. A nurse and two children were passing at the time—the nurse received me in her arms safe and sound—plump wench she was, too; but the little girl, who was only seven years old, poor thing, was smothered by Lord Wippenwell. You might have read of it in the *Morning Herald*, under the head of

'Afflicting Occurrence—one life lost,' and in the *Post*, 'Aristocratic Overthrow.'"

"How very shocking!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, softened almost to tears, while Mr. Tupman thought of the nursery-maid, and longed to ask if she were pretty. "But I do not think I noticed it in the papers you allude to."

"I saw it, though, in the *Times*, I did," exclaimed Mr. Boozie. A short pause ensued—Mr. Pickwick closed his eyes, perhaps in thought—Mr. Tupman sighed, as the countenance of the pretty chamber-maid was recalled to his memory by a voluntary effort—and Mr. Boozie appeared to reflect whether he had not contradicted himself, or uttered some untruth that required to be explained.

"Devilish slow work, this is," observed Mr. Crashem, by way of breaking a silence that was anything but delightful.

"Very tedious," responded Mr. Winkle, who was seated opposite to Mr. Crashem. "What can we do to amuse ourselves?"

"Two good hours more to Boulogne," cried Mr. Crashem; "and the most amusing fellow of the whole kit is asleep," he added, after a moment, pointing towards Mr. Pickwick, whose expressive countenance was wreathed in smiles, and whose nose sent forth the harmonious sounds that invariably accompanied the slumbers of that extraordinary man.

"So he is, I declare!" exclaimed Mr. Winkle; and he looked at Mr. Crashem, who fancied he saw something peculiar in Mr. Winkle's glance, and smiled significantly.

"Should you like to have your revenge, Winkle?" inquired Mr. Crashem, after a moment's delay. "Or p'rhaps you wouldn't like to play so high—eh? Well, well, here goes—anything to accommodate a friend, as Sir Patrick Pocock used to say to my father, the General."

"I knew Sir Patrick Pocock," exclaimed Mr. Boozie; "was he a friend of yours?"

"Nothing more than god-father, that's all," returned Mr. Adolphus Crashem, with a look of pity which he bestowed upon Mr. Boozie. "'Twas through his influence that I got into parliament the year before last," he added, after a moment, with the carelessness of a great man unaccustomed to speak of himself.

"Ah! what—are you in parliament?" inquired Mr. Winkle, his respect for Mr. Adolphus Crashem considerably increasing.

"Am I not?" said Mr. Crashem; "that's

all?"—and having uttered this very satisfactory and comprehensive sentence, he quietly drew a pack of cards from one of the pockets of his mysterious rough coat.

"For what borough, might I inquire?" meekly demanded Mr. Winkle.

"What borough?" demanded Mr. Crashem, the extent of his political responsibilities for a moment obliterating from his memory the very name of the town inhabited by the constituents who elected him. "Oh! what borough?—why, Skinkville, Somersetshire, to be sure."

"Oh! I recollect!" ejaculated Mr. Boozie, suddenly awaking from a deep reverie; "I made a false statement just now—I don't know Sir Patrick Pocock, when I think of it."

Mr. Crashem, we are bound to observe, did not express any astonishment at this assertion, but proceeded to shuffle the cards, and inquired of Mr. Winkle what they should play for.

"Just a trifle," returned Winkle, "only for the amusement of the thing."

"Two bob and a bender—will that suit you?" inquired Mr. Crashem, in a playful strain of metaphor, or rather synonym.

"Eh?" exclaimed Mr. Winkle, who did not wish to appear ignorant of terms evidently used by people in the higher walks of life: "how much did you say?"

"Half-a-crown, if you like," responded Mr. Crashem; and the game commenced accordingly.

"Are you strong at *ecarte*?" inquired Mr. Crashem, pocketing the third half-crown, and turning up his seventh king with a coolness and presence of mind that did him immense credit, when we take into consideration the risk he was running.

"Not very," returned Mr. Winkle, glancing hastily over a hand composed of three eights, one nine, and one ten, of which none was a trump.

"Good players always say *that*," observed Mr. Crashem, placidly arranging upon his knees five picture cards of high *calibre*. "But I'm afraid you ain't lucky to-day. By the bye—did you ever hear of the match I played at chess with the ambassador from the king of the Uninhabited Islands? That was a match, or my name isn't Crashem! I gave him a queen, the two castles, and a bishop—and beat him in fifteen minutes by Lord Bugden's chronometer-watch. There's the king again, I declare!" added Mr. Crashem, while M.

Dumont shrugged up his shoulders, smiled but said nothing.

When the love-sick maiden is reclining on a flowery bank, by the side of a meandering stream, pondering on her passion, and enjoying the stilly calmness of the evening, a clap of thunder may suddenly arouse her from her delightful reverie. When the man about town is luxuriating in the coffee-room of an hotel, on a bottle of claret and a broiled fowl, the unhallowed touch of the sheriff's officer's hand upon his shoulder not unfrequently disturbs his enjoyment. So it was on the present occasion: for—to pursue the approved method adopted by novelists to introduce a circumstance of such import—at the very moment, when Mr. Winkle was quietly shuffling the cards, having handed over to Mr. Crashem another English half-crown, the voice of Mr. Pickwick fell upon his ears.

"What!" exclaimed that gentleman, awaking from his slumbers, like a giant refreshed with wine—"are you gambling again, Mr. Winkle, and losing the money which belongs as much to your wife and children as to yourself?"

"We are not playing for much, my dear friend," observed Mr. Winkle, in a trembling voice.

"And, Pray, Sir—what *are* you playing for?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, in a tone of extreme irascibility.

"Only two bob and a bender!" replied Mr. Winkle, animated by a laudable and exemplary desire to display any acquisition of knowledge he might obtain in his continental tour.

"Do you want to insult me, Sir?" cried the indignant Mr. Pickwick; "or is it your wish to alienate from your interests for ever an old and tried friend?"

Mr. Winkle's voice was lost in sobs—the generous hero of these memoirs was immediately pacified by such symptoms of contrition—and in a moment the hand of the immortal Pickwick grasped that of the penitent Winkle, just as the diligence entered the streets of Boulogne-sur-Mer at a rapid pace.

It is not our intention to detail the very *minutiae* of the adventures connected with the continental tour of Mr. Pickwick and his followers. We shall therefore merely observe that a small case bottle of brandy and a large parcel of sandwiches were attacked and disposed of by the gentlemen occupying the first four seats of the *interieur*

—that M. Dumont politely refused, in very good English, to partake of the repast—that Mr. Boozie informed his fellow travelers how he was once nearly choked by a ham-sandwich, when he again corrected himself, and stated that it was occasioned by a beef-sandwich—and that Mr. Crasheem, the cards having been eschewed for the moment, related a number of pleasant anecdotes, chiefly connected with himself, his family, or his noble acquaintances, and remarkable for the probability and air of truth with which they were vested. We shall not be tedious on these subjects, but merely state that at about seven o'clock in the evening the diligence entered the very cheerful and crowded streets of Montreuil, at which town the passengers were to dine.

As several English gentlemen were staying at the hotel where the diligence stopped—the neighborhood of Montreuil being famous for game, and the said gentlemen being just able in the shooting season to emancipate themselves from the demands of their creditors at Boulogne, Calais, Saint Omer, &c., and take a trip to Montreuil—the *table-d'hôte* was numerously attended. Mr. Pickwick and his companions seated themselves next to each other at the head of the long table, and Mr. Tupman and Mr. Winkle were about to commence a desperate attack upon certain succulent viands that stood near them, when Mr. Pickwick, his expressive countenance assuming an aspect of seriousness not unmixed with severity, rebuked his followers for an omission of which they had been guilty, and, with the gravity which that great man knew so well how to adopt, rose slowly from his chair, and, with extended arms, in a solemn and impressive tone of voice, said Grace. Having thus exemplified his devotion, Mr. Pickwick sunk into his seat, and in an instant made a deep incision in a leg of mutton which stood before him. Such an act of piety excited the risible feelings of all present, as well as the utmost astonishment of the sporting gentlemen, who made sundry pleasant and pointed remarks thereupon; and lest their observations should be deemed nothing but fulsome flattery by Mr. Pickwick and his friends, they considerably disguised their sentiments in a figurative language of their own.

"A parish prig, I'll bet a pound," cried one.

"Wouldn't patter badly in a hum-box!" observed a second.

"Nice chap for a small tea party!" suggested a third.

"Hasn't got a bad twist of his own, though!" remarked a fourth.

"Why do you flatter the gentleman?" remonstrated a fifth.

And a sixth might have made a similar observation, had not a sudden disturbance in the passage put a stop to the tributes of admiration which Mr. Pickwick's exemplary conduct had called forth.

"No on no account!" cried a loud voice in the adjoining corridor. "You don't think to come that 'ere gammon over me, my fine feller—do you know? Vy, I should consider myself more vulgar than the beastesses in the field, if I vas to listen to your advice, as the chimbley-sweep said ven they asked him to dine at a radical convivial meetin'."

"Tupman, my dear fellow," demanded Mr. Pickwick, holding a bottle of wine in one hand and a glass in the other, "pray see what they are about now with my servant."

"Yes—do," echoed Mr. Crasheem: and Mr. Tupman accordingly issued into the passage, where he found Mr. Weller disputing with a person who appeared to be the landlord of the hotel.

"Here's von o' my mas'ers, you perwok-in' French thief," cried Mr. Weller touching his hat as the sleek and oily countenance of Mr. Tupman emerged to his view: "and now to the pint, my little cock-i'-vax, as the patient schule-mas'er observed to the scholar vich tried to shuffle off with a parcel o' lies."

"What is the matter, Sam?" inquired Mr. Tupman.

"Just this, Sir," replied Mr. Weller, "that this chap is a-tryin' to persuade me to grub with my superiors, as if they vos my my eq-vals."

"Perhaps it is the fashion in France, Sam," mildly suggested Mr. Tupman; "and while I think of it, the conductor of the diligence is himself seated at the same table with us."

"Then, in that case," exclaimed Mr. Weller, after a moment's reflection, "I may as vell do it as another, as the young prig observed to the old 'un ven he seed him filch a pocket-ankercher;"—and with these words Mr. Weller followed Mr. Tupman into the dining-room, and seated himself

at a respectable distance from his master.

"Very good spread, this," observed Mr. Winkle, casting an approving glance up the long table; "puts me in mind of a dinner on a race-course, or cricket-ground."

"Nothing to what you see in Turkey, my dear fellow," ejaculated Mr. Craschem. "There the very omnibuses have *table-d'hotes*; and for a couple of francs you can dine, and go from one end of Constantinople to the other at the same time. Devilish convenient for the merchants, eh?"

Mr. Winkle nodded assent; Mr. Pickwick looked incredulous: and the sporting characters at the other end of the table signified their astonishment at Mr. Craschem's statement, through the *medium* of such expressive terms as "gammon," "blarney," "gag," &c. Mr. Craschem's lofty mind was not to be daunted by the conduct of that portion of his audience whose weak intellect could not comprehend the vastness of the enterprises undertaken by the Turks, and carried into effect by that very enlightened people; he accordingly assured the sporting characters "that they were no gentlemen," and hinted "that if his respect for the great man with whom he had the honor to travel did not withhold him, he should proceed to take summary vengeance upon their carcases, without any compunction or mercy."

"He'll do that to-morrow," cried one of the individuals thus menaced.

"When he gets up a little earlier," added a second.

"Trust him," exclaimed a third: "he'll flare up about the same time that the Deccan prize-money is paid."

"Talking of the Deccan prize-money," observed Mr. Craschem to his friends, while his countenance was veiled in blushes, as the modern novelist says; "my father made his fortune by that business. Odd—wasn't it?"

"I suppose he was lucky enough to get paid," said Mr. Pickwick, eyeing his new friend somewhat suspiciously.

"Oh! no—that would have spoilt all!" cried Mr. Craschem, emphatically.

"Spoilt all—how?" inquired Mr. Winkle, ever ready to gather instruction from those who knew more than himself.

"If it had been paid, there would have been an end of it," explained Mr. Craschem; "but the expectation, my dear fellow—the expectation was the thing! My father

raised all his share with the money-lenders seven times over; and his most fervent prayer has ever been that the affair may never be settled. The delay is a good ten thousand a year to him, thank God!"

Mr. Winkle was about to express his astonishment at this little anecdote, and Mr. Pickwick began to fancy that the Craschem family was not the most immaculate nor particular in the world, when the *conducteur* finished his cup of coffee, and rose from his chair with the satisfaction of a man who has eaten a good dinner. This was a signal for the passengers to make an end of their repast; accordingly, Mr. Pickwick called for the account, and paid for himself, his friends, and domestic, and Mr. Craschem, that latter gentleman, with a view to promote the adoption of regular and proper arrangements, and to avoid confusion, having wisely suggested that there should be only one cashier, and having elected Mr. Pickwick by his single suffrage to fill that important and honorable post. And in laying these facts before our readers, it is but due to the memory of Mr. Pickwick, to declare that he acquitted himself in his new office to the entire satisfaction of him through whose interest he had obtained it.

The passengers resumed their seats in the diligence, and the vehicle moved onward at a more rapid rate than when it commenced its journey.

The dinner, or the wine, had apparently unlocked the tongue of the French gentleman, who had hitherto remained silent. A casual observation which he made to Mr. Pickwick, in very good English, enabled that immortal personage to discover that M. Dumont was neither an ill-informed nor an ill-mannered man; and as the conversation gradually assumed a more determined appearance of lasting some time, Mr. Pickwick and his companions were amused and instructed by the various anecdotes and tales which the before silent gentleman told in an easy but impressive manner. The topic of discourse to which he recurred more frequently than to any other, was the organization and functions of the French Gendarmerie or Police; and on this subject he appeared quite at home.

"You may marvel," said M. Dumont, at the conclusion of an anecdote of which the notorious Vidocq was the hero—"you may marvel at the apparent intimacy of my acquaintance with the private history of the French police; but your wonder will cease

when I inform you that I myself am a gendarme!"

"A gendarme!" exclaimed Mr. Winkle, turning ashy pale, and almost falling forward on Mr. Adolphus Crashem, who uttered a similar ejaculation, and gave a similar start.

"Yes—gentlemen—a gendarme!" added M. Dumont, with a laugh, for his oral organs had caught the sound of the sudden movement the declaration of his profession had occasioned, although it was too dark to distinguish the countenances which turned so very pale. "But you need not be afraid of me: I am in plain clothes now—and am returning to Paris to resume my functions as lieutenant of gendarmes."

"A singular life, sir—is it not?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Very," replied Dumont, with something of bitterness in his manner.

But the conversation gradually became languid—Mr. Boozie declared that he was not at all sleepy, and then effectually contradicted himself by snoring aloud—Mr. Crashem swore that he was too much accustomed to travel ever to slumber in a vehicle, and immediately tumbled into Mr. Winkle's lap—and Messieurs Pickwick and Tupman commenced an agreeable little duet, which they performed together through the *medium* of their noses, to the great satisfaction of M. Dumont. In fine, the passengers in the *interieur* were all soon laboring under the happy influence of Morpheus; and of this state of quiescence and oblivious beatitude shall we take advantage, to introduce to the reader a few of Mr. Pickwick's private notes, taken by that gentleman at Meurice's hotel at Calais, and descriptive of the events immediately preceding his arrival at the town where he first burst in all his glory on the eyes of the great French nation.

CHAPTER VI.

Mr. Snodgrass proves himself to be a poet.—Particulars related in Mr. Pickwick's journal.—Meurice's hotel in Paris.—Mr. Tims and Mr. Sugden.

To Mr. Pickwick's private journal we are indebted for the following particulars of his journey from Dulwich to Calais; and as every circumstance connected with either

the private or the public proceedings of this extraordinary man is calculated not only to interest the reader, but also to instruct and improve his mind, we shall not omit a duty we owe to ourselves and to mankind in general, but shall execute the important trust, confided to us, with the utmost impartiality. We accordingly lay the following important memoranda before the public:

PASSAGES FROM THE PRIVATE JOURNAL OF SAMUEL PICKWICK, ESQ.

November 11th, 1834.—Awoke this morning at seven o'clock, and ordered Sam to bring me a bottle of soda-water. Felt exceedingly thirsty and a partial head-ache. Do not know whether the anxiety which we experience on the eve of travelling, or the port-wine I drank last night at Snodgrass's house, could be the cause of these disagreeable sensations. Questioned Sam on the subject, and thought he laughed slyly. Excellent-hearted fellow, that Sam!

Was a quarter of an hour too early for my breakfast, so took up the biography of myself and friends, and glanced cursorily over the notes which I have prepared for my editor, "Boz." Found that in 1827 I had made Mr. Jingle declare himself to have written a poem on the French Revolution, which only took place in 1830. Could not mean the first Revolution, as Mr. Jingle was present (according to my notes) at the one of which he wrote; and he was not born when the first began. Must think of this: there is a grievous error somewhere.

Discovered another error. In the *memoranda* of a speech which I made on the night before my first sally-forth in search of adventures in 1827, I am represented to have said that "philanthropy was my *Swing*!" Now the incendiary *Swing*—the fabled illuminator of all the hay-stacks in the kingdom—had not then acquired his name, nor was he known. Must correct this error also.*

Made a hearty breakfast without any accident worth noticing, save that little James Weller, in playful sport, threw an egg on my tights, while his brother, in sympathetic mirth, decamped with my toast. Tupman and Winkle then made

* We are sorry to find that Mr. Pickwick omitted these necessary corrections; and that his Editor, "Boz," has also unaccountably suffered them to remain.

their appearance, and we prepared to set forth on our travels. Just as we were about to depart, received the following kind effusion from Snodgrass, written on pink paper which had been perfumed with musk. *Mem.*—'Tis the first specimen of his poetic genius I ever saw; but I always knew he was a poet. Indeed, I always said so,—and my friends thought as much.

"Pickwick, immortal man! 'tis thine
To foreign lands to pass;
And, pitiless, you leave to pine
Your own sincere Snodgrass!
Upon the paper, as I write,
My burning tears I sprinkle,
And ev'ry fervent prayer unite
For Tupman, you, and Winkle!

"Go,—Pickwick, go! 'Tis thine to brave
The perils of the deep;
And, oh! while thou art on the wave,
May whales and sword-fish sleep!
Thy mission is divinely plann'd—
Angels have echo'd, 'Up, man!
Go forth unto a foreign land
With Winkle and with Tupman!"

"Illustrious names! But thou, bright star,
To thee ten millions raise
Admiring eyes—on thee afar
Mankind is pleased to gaze!
And Fame is ready to recite
The deeds that thou shalt tell her;
Great planet! with thy satellite,
Th' immortal Samuel Weller!

"Pickwick! with Winkle as thy spear,
And Tupman as thy shield,
Armies of French thou need'st not fear
To combat in the field.
And when your foes, to danger blind,
Lie scattered on the sod-grass,
A laureate poet thou shalt find
In me—Augustus Snodgrass!

"Whilst thou art roaming far away,
In search of fresh renown,
And while I hear thy name each day
The topic of the town;
Dull as a rush-light that appears
As if it had a sick wick,
'Tis mine to pass the day in tears
During thine absence, Pickwick!"

Read this effusion three times. Tupman, rather angry at being taken for a shield,—thought it alluded to the width of his person. Winkle in high spirits at the allusion to his courage. After all, Snodgrass is a very clever fellow.

At length safely mounted on the top of the coach, Tupman next to an old lady to whom he has already offered a biscuit, and Sam regaling the guard from a case-bottle full of brandy. Stopped at Shooters' Hill, and saw old Mr. Weller, who, in his own peculiarly native and original language,

assured us that he is "much better in a public than if he had kept a pike." Could not help admiring the notice to travellers that is painted in large letters over the door of old Mr. Weller's inn. It ran as follows:

"This is the house of Tony Weller—
Good stabling,—good beds,—and good cellar;
All them as enters in it,
Would rayther stay an hour than a minute."

Strongly suspect Snodgrass wrote this: very much in his style. The grammar may have been perverted by the artisan who printed the letters. Nothing but poetry to-day.

Took a glass of ale with old Mr. Weller to dripp his health—a *ditto* of bitters to correct the acidity of the ale—and a *ditto* of hot brandy-and-water to keep us warm outside the coach. Tupman insisted upon the old lady's taking a glass of *ditto* also. I did not see the necessity of this. Winkle joined us in each *ditto*.

Unfortunate gentleman, who sate near us, suddenly recollected he had forgotten his purse. He had known me intimately in my younger days;—dined with my uncle, he said, fourteen years ago, with whom he had left his watch, and had never called for it since. Conversation turning on heraldic blazonry, unfortunate gentleman told me that his uncle's escutcheon bore the arms of Lombardy. Man of some rank, I suppose. Asked me if I could lend him a *quid*. Assured him I did not carry tobacco about with me. Informed me that he had had a great many yellow-boys at his command once. A slave-owner, I presume. Lent him a sovereign: and Sam afterwards assured me that it was nothing but a *go*. By this he meant *trick*. Full of playful synonyms, that Sam!

Stopped and dined at Canterbury. Had time to visit the cathedral, so we all hastened thither, as the coach will not stop longer than a certain time. Missed our way. Stepped up to a beggar who was holding a dog by a string, at the corner of a street, and offered him sixpence if he would show us the way. Beggar replied that he couldn't, but that his dog would. Looked at him in astonishment, and discovered that he was blind. Gave him some half-pence, declined to deprive him of so clever a guide, and found another. *Mem.*—This guide was a human being.

Canterbury cathedral is a very handsome

building Saw the blood of Thomas-a-Becket upon the very stone where his assassins murdered him. Sam informed us that he had been "put up to snuff"—as he facetiously expressed himself—about this matter, and assured me that the sexton made a point of keeping the said stone well colored with bull's blood, so often as circumstances required. Tupman looked doubtful, —and Winkle expressed his unalterable disbelief of Sam's statement.

Proceeded on our journey to Dover. Tupman remarked that the Kentish girls are particularly fine. I do not know that he is altogether wrong. Travelling is in a very unsettled state on this road. The opposition coaches should be suppressed by government. The guard of our coach was perpetually telling the driver "to hit the horses on the raw, as they hadn't any friends!" Such cruelty to unfriended animals is perfectly atrocious.

Slept at Dover, and was grievously bitten by bugs.

November 12th, 1834.—Embarked on board a steam boat for the first time in our lives. Became acquainted with a dark gentleman called "a stoker," who explained to us the principles and technicalities of the steam-engine. Cannot say that I perfectly understood the matter; but Winkle appeared to be fully at home with it, which was very astonishing when we consider his former ignorance of such engines. However, in case "the stoker's" elucidation may interest posterity, subjoin it, word for word, as I took it down in my note-book at the time.—"This 'ere furnace, gen'lemen, heats that 'ere water; and that 'ere water is in this 'ere biler; and that there pistern-rod is moved up and down by the steam from this 'ere biler; and them 'ere pisterns acts upon them rods, which turns the axles of the paddles, and the paddles their-selves in consequence."

"Then it is possible for a boiler to burst?" observed Mr. Tupman, with a very visible shudder.

"Possible!" exclaimed the man, as if he were deeply insulted by the bare doubt implied in my friend's remark. "I rather think it is possible—and what's more, too, it very often *does* burst."

Feel myself bound to remark that Winkle manifests on every occasion a great regard for our several safeties. On hearing "the stoker's" reply to Tupman's question, he roared out "murder!" and ran frantically

up the ladder to request the captain to put back: but "the stoker" qualified his statement in time, by assuring us that it was only in America such things ever occurred. We accordingly suffered the captain to continue the adventurous voyage.

In three hours—rather a long passage, I was informed, the French steam-boat beating us by five-and-twenty minutes, to the great annoyance of Captain String, who commanded the vessel in which we were—we entered Calais harbor. There is a long wooden pier of admirable structure on one side, and a small fort on the other. The pier is a mile in length, and is a favorite resort, the captain informed me, for the unfortunate Englishmen whose qualifications for exile have been obtained through the medium of certain little extravagancies and unpaid liabilities.

The spires of the town-hall, the light-house, and the tower of the church, are the most remarkable objects that strike the eye on arrival at Calais. The sky has pretty nearly the same appearance here as in England: and the color of the ocean remains the same. The sand-hills on the right-hand side of the harbor as you go towards the town, form an interesting variety to the surrounding scenes, and afford a pleasant seclusion, where a duel may be fought in tranquility without fear of interruption.

Having taken advantage of the momentous period when Mr. Pickwick and his companions filled the *interieur* of the diligence with a sweet concert of nasal music, to lay the above important notes before the reader, we must now request the same intelligent audience to suppose that the morning has just dawned, that the diligence is entering the episcopal town of Beauvais, and that Mr. Pickwick and his companions are awaking one after the other. An excellent breakfast at the above-mentioned place awaited them; and certain roast turkeys, game, pigeons, and bottles of wine, aided by little loaves of bread and large cups of coffee, were done ample justice to by the hungry travellers. Mr. Crashe inquired of the conductor how long the diligence usually waited; and on receiving a reply—through the medium of the waiter—that it could only tarry half an hour, he expressed his regret at not being able to call on his particular and intimate friend, the Bishop of Beauvais. Mr. Winkle sympathized in Mr. Crashe's mortification at this disap-

pointment—Mr. Boozie remarked that it was an excellent turkey of which he was eating, and then declared himself to be in error, as it was a fowl—and the gendarme drank raw brandy with the conductor of the diligence.

"Fine mornin', sir," said Mr. Weller, touching his hat, and addressing himself to his master, during the last five minutes of the prescribed half-hour, and when the travellers were about to resume their respective seats in the diligence. "Fine mornin', sir."

"Nice and frosty, Sam," returned Mr. Pickwick, whose nose was blue with the cold. "Healthy weather, this."

"And seasonable, sir," added Mr. Weller, "as the boy said ven he turned the cat out without her skin in the dog-days."

"Pleasant travelling, this, Sam," observed Mr. Pickwick, smiling at his faithful servant's remark.

"Wery, sir," answered that gentleman. "Von doesn't stand no chance o' gettin' von's brains dashed out on account o' extra velocity; and the osses gets along at a genteel and tidy pace. There's a gen'leman in the imperial along with me as comes to Paris every fortnit or so."

"Some great traveller, I presume," said Mr. Pickwick; "or the correspondent of a newspaper—or a speculator in the funds—"

"Out again, sir," as the parson said to his pipe," returned Mr. Weller. "He's a smuggler, sir."

"A smuggler!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, rubbing his hands.

"Yes, sir. A smuggler as deals in French vatches, and French gloves, and other small articles in the same way."

Mr. Weller's explanation was cut short by the arrival of the *conducteur*, and when the travellers were again ensconced in their respective seats, the diligence proceeded towards Paris.

Nothing of any consequence occurred during the remainder of the journey. The gendarme amused his fellow-travellers with a variety of interesting anecdotes; and Mr. Adolphus Crasheem put them in possession of many important facts relative to his own family and the community of Turks amongst whom he had sojourned. He occasionally took them to Morocco, Algiers, or Tunis, and proved himself to be one of the greatest living travellers.

At about six o'clock in the evening, the diligence entered the first city in the world by the Faubourg St. Denis. At the bar-

riers, the custom-house officers inquired if the passengers had any thing in their possession upon which duty might be demanded; and on receiving answers in the negative, the vehicle was suffered to proceed. As it traversed the suburban streets, the shops gradually became more magnificent, the buildings more imposing, and the equipages more numerous; and when the diligence crossed the boulevards, a single glance on either side convinced the traveller that he was penetrating into the heart of a mighty, a great, and a populous city. With amazing rapidity did the diligence proceed towards the place of its destination, amongst a crowd of carts, hackney-coaches, cabriolets, &c.; and in due time it turned into the spacious yard of the Messageries of Lafitte and Caillard, in the Rue St. Honoré.

The baggage was speedily unpacked—the fares paid by the cashier whom Mr. Adolphus Crasheem had so prudently elected—and a hackney-coach was speedily procured. M. Dumont, who had apparently conceived a great friendship for Mr. Pickwick, handed that gentleman his card ere he took leave; and Mr. Boozie, who, upon the express invitation of Mr. Crasheem, had agreed to join the party and accompany them to Meurice's hotel, was rescued from a quarrel with the conductor of the diligence, the said Mr. Boozie having declared that he had paid the whole of his fare, and only recollecting his mistake and pronouncing himself "under an error," when the clerk at the office was about to detain his baggage.

By the aid of a hackney-coach, the three Pickwickians, Mr. Crasheem, Mr. Boozie, and Mr. Weller were conveyed to that queen of streets, the Rue de Rivoli, and were set down at the very gate of that prince of caravanserais, Meurice's hotel. It is true that M. Cailliez, the manager of that splendid establishment for the widow, whose occupations are rather those of love than business, made a slight grimace when he saw a simple hackney-coach instead of a travelling-carriage stop at the entrance of the hotel; but his countenance immediately changed and assumed an expression of blandness and satisfaction, when the respectable form of Mr. Pickwick emerged to view. It is also true—and we will not attempt to deny the fact—that Mr. Pickwick's expressive face was spotted with mud—that his hair was unkempt, and his beard unshaven—that his shoes wanted blacking

and his gaiters a brush—and that, if he had not looked like himself—that is, like Mr. Pickwick—he might have been taken for a sheep-stealer: it is also true that Mr. Winkle looked most miserable, and Mr. Tupman most inexpressibly seedy—that Mr. Adolphus Crashem was most rakish, Mr. Boozie most stolid, and Mr. Weller most impudent; but it is equally true that they were all great men, and boasted as their leader, the most extraordinary one of the age. This, as they descended from the vehicle, must have struck M. Cailliez immediately, and probably did so; unless, as certain malicious commentators have observed, the quantity of luggage which accompanied the travellers—Mr. Crashem excepted—was the soothing conciliator in the mind of Madame Meurice's all-seeing deputy.

"This is Mr. Pickwick, Sir," said Mr. Crashem, in a loud tone of voice, addressing himself to M. Cailliez, and indicating Mr. Pickwick by inflicting a most violent punch between the ribs of that immortal gentleman, which caused the same immortal gentleman to give so sudden a start, that M. Cailliez put himself into a singular and graceful attitude of defence, not knowing whether a deadly attack were not meditated upon his person.

"This is Mr. Pickwick, I say," exclaimed Mr. Crashem a second time.

M. Cailliez bowed, and tried to look amazingly pleased, while Mr. Pickwick looked as amazingly foolish, being aware that a dozen English grooms, tigers, lacqueys, and dependants were grinning at him and his companions on all sides.

"Private rooms, gentlemen?" said M. Cailliez in very good English.

"Certainly!" responded Mr. Pickwick; "and let us have a chop as soon as possible; for—I don't know how it may be with you Tupman—but I'm rather hungry."

"I once had a mutton chop," commenced Mr. Boozie, addressing himself to M. Cailliez "which was not—but, no—I'm telling you another lie—'twas a beef-steak, when I recollect—"

"Private rooms immediately, gentlemen," cried the bewildered M. Cailliez; while Mr. Adolphus Crashem reminded Mr. Pickwick that he had made a slight mistake in asking for a chop at Meurice's hotel. Mr. Pickwick immediately saw his error, and, by way of correcting it, desired his monitor to act as caterer for that evening.

Mr. Tupman now concluded a small

colloquy that had taken place between him and Madame Cailliez, while the above conversation was going on—Mr. Winkle rejoined the party, having succeeded in intimidating a young gentleman of thirteen who was making faces at him—and Mr. Weller brought to a termination a slight dispute he had deemed it necessary to maintain with a German courier who spoke all languages; so that our travellers were prepared to follow the wondering M. Cailliez to the apartments he was about to conduct them to.

"It must be something very slap up," exclaimed Mr. Adolphus Crashem, in a menacing tone of voice, as the whole party followed M. Cailliez up a wide and handsome staircase to a suite of apartments looking upon the Gardens of the Tuilleries, and not higher than the fourth floor above the *entresol*. Mr. Crashem's injunction had appeared to produce some effect; for when the extreme height of the said apartments from the ground was objected to by Mr. Pickwick, the first floor was immediately pronounced to be vacant.

"I am only afraid, gentlemen," objected M. Cailliez, "that you will find it *rather* dear."

"Nonsense!" cried Mr. Crashem, with a most noble disdain of expense; "name your own price."

"Only two thousand francs a month," answered M. Cailliez, with an engaging smile.

"Eighty pounds!" ejaculated Mr. Crashem, rattling an immense quantity of five-franc pieces in the pocket of his mysterious rough blue coat. "Well—that's not very dear, either."

"It is too dear for *me*," cried Mr. Pickwick, sternly, his forehead contracting into wrinkles and displaying to considerable advantage the large spots of mud that soiled his skin. "Let us take the fourth floor, and settle ourselves at once."

A bargain was thereupon immediately struck, and the travellers were speedily installed in their new lodgings.

It being now necessary to elect a general caterer and a general president, for the express behoof of the little community, Mr. Adolphus Crashem undertook the laborious functions of the former office, and Mr. Pickwick was of course nominated to administer those of the latter. These matters having been arranged to the satisfaction of all whom they concerned, certain necessary ab-

lutions and changes of raiment were immediately voted as the next ceremonies to be performed; and then a copious dinner, under the inspection of Mr. Crashem, was served up. This repast was prolonged till about ten o'clock, at which hour the travellers retired, each to his respective couch, with a mutual understanding that they were to rise early and commence their rambles in the great metropolis of France.

At about nine o'clock on the following morning, Mr. Weller, armed with certain mystic tin-pots, containing warm water, knocked at the respective doors of Messieurs Tupman and Winkle, deposited one of the said mystic pots at each, and then proceeded to "call the Emperor," as he very respectfully expressed himself to one of the waiters of the hotel.

"What! is it already time to get up?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, opening one eye, and still sleeping with the other.

Mr. Weller replied in the affirmative, and Mr. Pickwick succeeded in opening his second optic.

"Wery 'ansome cab at the door, Sir," observed Mr. Weller, as he arranged his master's shaving *apparatus*: "and a nice little tiger I see in it, too," added the domestic.

"God bless me!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick: "quite a tame one, I hope, though, Sam—is it not?"

"Oh! werry tame, Sir," replied that gentleman: "the fact is, Sir, you might play with him, and he wouldn't be over dangerous."

"How delightful!" ejaculated Mr. Pickwick, rubbing his hands: "I once heard that Kean had a tame lion; but I never knew before of people keeping young tigers."

"Not at all uncommon, Sir," remarked Mr. Weller. "The on'y thing that strikes us ven talking o' tigers, is, that them as I alludes to ain't real vons, Sir."

"Stuffed, I presume," said Mr. Pickwick, "and put into the cabriolet as an ornament. Very picturesque, I dare say."

"Out again, Sir," playfully observed Mr. Weller. "Them tigers air on'y small boys dressed up in tights and tops, Sir."

"Ah! I see,—a name for young servants," cried Mr. Pickwick. "But why are they called tigers, Sam?"

"To frighten away duns, Sir," answered Mr. Weller, seriously. "Them tigers are the quietest hanimals living, Sir, as long as

their mas'er's friends calls at the 'ouse: but if so be a creditor has the oudacity to knock at the door, them chaps springs upon 'em like vild beastesses, and scratches their eyes out, or does them some other corporal harm, vich accounts for their nicknames o' tigers. Ven a tradesman brings in goods, they are ciwility his-self; but ven he is imprudent enough to ask for his money, no selvidges is vorser than them."

"Singular,—very singular!" cried Mr. Pickwick, gliding gracefully from his bed, and shivering from top to toe. "Cold morning, Sam,—is it not?"

"So cold, Sir," responded Mr. Weller, "that von is glad to put his hands any-vere, as the thief remarked ven he vos discovered with his fingers in the gen'leman's pocket."

Mr. Pickwick's toilet was speedily completed, and he proceeded to the *salon* where he had dined the previous evening, and which formed a portion of the suite of apartments occupied by himself and his companions. Mr. Boozie and Mr. Adolphus Crashem were already waiting for his arrival to order breakfast, and when that meal was arranged on the table, Messieurs Tupman and Winkle also made their appearance.

"To-day we will devote to amusement," said Mr. Pickwick, smiling benignly on the assembled party; "and to-morrow, Winkle, you and I will transact the business with which your father entrusted you."

This resolution being seconded by Mr. Crashem and supported by Mr. Boozie, was carried unanimously.

"You'll rek-vire a walley, Sir," observed Mr. Weller, who was waiting upon his masters at the breakfast-table.

"Shall we, Sam?" said Mr. Pickwick; "and why so?"

"'Cos I don't know nothink of Paris," returned that faithful domestic; "and I heerd say in the servant's room last night that there vos walleyes express to conduct visitors to the various sights, and to speak for 'em ven vanted."

"Very good, Sam," observed Mr. Pickwick approvingly. "You may as well go and see the master of the hotel about it; and let us have a carriage, if we can, in half-an-hour."

"Plenty o' vehicles to be had, Sir, I des say, in a town like this 're," and with these words Mr. Weller departed to execute his master's orders. In about twenty minutes

he returned, bearing the welcome intelligence that a handsome carriage and a *valet-de-place* were in attendance. Mr. Pickwick, followed by his companions, accordingly hastened down stairs, and were speedily ensconced in the vehicle, the *valet* mounting the box and seating himself next to the coachman, and Mr. Weller stationing himself behind the carriage, and dealing a perfect dictionary of signals and nods to the idlers in the court-yard of Meurice's hotel.

The Chamber of Deputies was the first "lion" to which the travellers were conducted; and Mr. Pickwick made many valuable observations in praise of the arrangements he witnessed in the *salle* where the representatives of the first nation in the world were wont to assemble. The semi-circular form of the house, having five rows of seats for the deputies, the place occupied by the president, and the position of the tribune whence the orator addresses the deputies, all called forth the warmest acclamations of one so eminently calculated to pass an opinion in such matters.

The Palace of Luxembourg was the second edifice visited by Mr. Pickwick and his companions on this memorable day; and the Chamber of Peers afforded the hero of these memoirs another opportunity of making some of those remarks which for correctness and perspicuity are unrivalled in the lives of great men. The party was, moreover, considerably amused by the behavior of Mr. Weller, who ascended to the eminent seat usually filled by Baron Pasquier, the president of the Upper House, and there performed such wonderful antics, that if he had not been taken for the president himself, he could only be recognized as Samuel Weller, son and heir to Tony of the same name. Having inspected the magnificent church of St. Sulpice, the travellers then repaired to the Pantheon.

"What an elegant building!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick in raptures, as he stood in the middle of the Temple dedicated to the memory of heroes, and gazed upwards to admire the vast dome above him.

"It only requires some fine statues to render it perfect," observed the *valet-de-place* in excellent English. "But all the best specimens of those great masters—Jean de Juni and Gillis van der Riviere, or Egidio Fiamingo, as the latter is usually

called—suffered in those times when the world was so addicted to Iconoclasm!"*

"And a very nice word it is," observed Mr. Weller. "Easily pronounced, and not at all difficult to spell, I should rayther think."

"A very pretty little amusement, I dare say," said Mr. Pickwick: "but pray is it out of repute now?"

"What, sir?" inquired the *valet-de-place*.

"The game you alluded to just now," explained Mr. Pickwick, casting a glance of appeal at Mr. Tupman, who had turned away his head and pretended to examine the French inscription to the memory of the heroes of July,

"*Je n'y comprends rien!*" cried the *valet* with a shrug of his shoulders, and a lamentable distortion of his countenance, which appeared to be occasioned by the pity he experienced for those who did not understand a term he had invariably made use of, every time he was happy enough to conduct strangers to the Pantheon, during the last ten years of his life.

The Garden of Plants—Notre-Dame—and the Morgue, were then severally inspected in their turns by our persevering travellers; and on every occasion did the *valet* seek an opportunity of displaying his erudition to advantage. But we will not fatigue our readers by an elaborate account of "the lions" of Paris. Suffice it to say, that it was five o'clock in the evening when Mr. Pickwick and his companions returned to Meurice's hotel; and as they had signified their intention of dining at the *table-d'hôte*, they were only just in time to wash and dress themselves in order to appear decently at the gastronomical ordeal through which they were to pass.

The signal-bell rang at the usual hour—half-past five—and Mr. Pickwick, followed by Mr. Tupman, Mr. Boozie, Mr. Crashem and Mr. Winkle, proceeded to the spacious apartment, where a table was spread for upwards of sixty people.

"Admirable display!" observed Mr. Pickwick, as he entered the room, rubbing his hands with delight.

"Not half so fine as my father's at Crasheen Park," observed the heir apparent to the said territory.

"Ah! Sugden, my boy!" exclaimed a young gentleman, stepping forward from amidst a group of Englishmen with whom

* Image-breaking.

he had been conversing: "what the devil brought you here? Why—I thought you were travelling for the great haberdashers in the city, still! What were their names—though? Oh! I recollect—Bodkin and Grogam—to be sure!—But what *did* bring you here?—and the stranger clasped Mr. Adolphus Crashem's hand with unfeigned delight.

"My dear sir—really—now—" stammered that gentleman, his countenance changing from pink to white, and white to pink alternately.

"What! don't you recollect your old friend Tims?" exclaimed the stranger, eyeing the discomfited Mr. Crashem with a look of astonishment. "Lord—I knew *you* though, the moment you came into the room: and I'm deuced glad to see you too, into the bargain—for a better fellow as a commercial traveller in the haberdasher line, I will say I never knew. But, by the bye—does your father still keep the *Lanthorn and Cat* in the Borough, or has the old chap made his fortune?"

"Pon my word, my dear sir," cried Mr. Crashem, "you really have the—the advantage of me. I am not aware—"

"Now, now, Sugden, my dear fellow," interrupted Mr. Tims, still retaining his alleged friend by the hand and the button hole, "don't be oblivious, as the swell chaps say. Wern't you and I brought up together at the cheap school in Yorkshire? and didn't we both go as 'prentices at the same time—you to Bodkin and Grogam, and I to Gingham and Muddle? and, then, wasn't it in the same year that we set up as travellers?—By the bye, have you seen Muggins?" he's in Paris—but he wouldn't do the thing genteel like you and me, and so he's lodging at an English chop-house in the Rue something—I forget which."

Mr. Pickwick had stood a silent spectator of this extraordinary scene, while Mr. Winkle expected every moment that Mr. Adolphus Crashem would fall to the ground the saucy stranger, who dared treat an aristocrat as a haberdasher's traveller, and the heir to Crashem Park as the prospective successor to the *Lanthorn and Cat*. But as Mr. Winkle was disappointed in his expectations, and as Mr. Pickwick had so far recovered from his astonishment as to be able to interfere in his new friend's behalf, both these gentlemen attacked Mr. Tims at the same time—with words, only, gentle reader—and endeavored to make him believe that

he was laboring under a mistake. But this was not a very easy task to perform; for Mr. Tims was convinced that the individual in question was no other than Bill Sugden, the traveller, the son of old Jack Sugden, landlord of the quiet and respectable "public" known in the Borough as the *Lanthorn and Cat*.

"I see where the mistake is," cried Mr. Crashem, recalling his bewildered ideas, and gradually recovering his presence of mind. "Allow me to explain the affair in private;"—and this much injured individual led Mr. Tims aside, and a hasty conversation in whispers immediately ensued between them, the result of which was that Mr. Tims assured Mr. Pickwick he had labored under an error, and that there was not the slightest identity existing as to Mr. Sugden and Mr. Crashem. The whole party accordingly seated themselves together at one end of the table; and Mr. Crashem, in a true and amiable Christian spirit of forgiveness, treated Mr. Tims with the utmost cordiality and respect during the meal. Mr. Pickwick, however, looked suspicious; but the champagne was circulated so freely that even he relapsed into his usual openness and generosity of disposition, and shook hands three times with Mr. Tims and Mr. Crashem, ere the sixth bottle of Moett's best had been well discussed.

CHAPTER VII.

An elegant pantomime, vulgarly called "a lark," got up and enacted by Mr. Adolphus Crashem and Mr. Tims.—A party of gentlemen obligingly supply Mr. Crashem with lodgings gratis.

WHILE the younger members of the party were engaged, as we left them at the end of the preceding chapter, in mirthful conversation, the following dialogue took place between Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Boozie.

"How do you like your quarters?" inquired the former gentleman, in the true spirit of philanthropic curiosity. "Have you a comfortable bed-room—and can you manage to sleep in a French bed?"

"Why—to tell you the truth," responded Mr. Boozie, "my bed-room is as comfortable as one could expect in a house like this. No—it isn't though," exclaimed Mr. Boozie, after a momentary pause,—"I'm telling a

confounded fib, when I think of it—'tisn't at all comfortable. It looks on the front—and the carriages make such a clattering, I only got ten—no, I didn't, though—I only managed to get two short naps all night."

"How very provoking!" cried the good-natured Mr. Pickwick, swallowing a bumper of claret. "And I can sleep anywhere almost—in the midst of disturbances of every kind—'tis all the same to me!"

"Indeed!" cried Mr. Boozie, "I once knew a man in the West Indies—no, it wasn't, though—I'm again telling a falsehood—'twas in the East Indies, when I recollect—who slept while a whole regiment of English—of Native Infantry, I mean—walked over his body. But which is your room?"

"The one behind yours," answered Mr. Pickwick, who found it much more facile to swallow Meurice's claret than Mr. Boozie's tales: "it looks upon the court-yard of the hotel."

"How I envy you!" ejaculated Mr. Boozie.

"I should be most happy to change," observed Mr. Pickwick, emptying his glass, and summoning the waiter for another bottle, to the astonishment of Mr. Tupman, who already saw double, and the horror of Mr. Winkle, who felt a great inclination to deposit himself quietly under the table.

"Really, you are too good," modestly remarked Mr. Boozie: "but if it were not asking too much——"

"Oh! not at all," interrupted Mr. Pickwick. "Say no more upon the subject: I will give orders to Sam, presently, to change our respective trunks, and only hope you will slumber well to-night in your new quarters."

This matter being settled to the mutual satisfaction of the two parties principally interested in the arrangement, the bottle of wine that had been ordered was duly dispatched, and the conversation became as general as the exceedingly edifying remarks of Mr. Tupman and the incomprehensible articulations of Mr. Winkle would allow it to be. Mr. Crashem was amazingly talkative, and Mr. Tims endeavored to persuade his new acquaintances to accompany him to an English tavern, where he would introduce them to a society of gentlemen, principally in the lace-weaving line, called "The Odd Fellows," and would propose Mr. Pickwick as Chairman for the evening. But this handsome and flattering invitation was

gratefully declined by Mr. Pickwick, who, in the name of himself and followers, pleaded fatigue as an excuse. The party accordingly broke up at an early hour; Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Boozie, Mr. Tupman, and Mr. Winkle retiring to their respective couches, while Mr. Crashem and Mr. Tims adjourned to the coffee-room to drink brandy and water, discuss cigars, and converse on matters the subject of which we shall not intrude upon the reader.

Now it happened that Messieurs Crashem and Tims drank a very considerable quantity of Cognac, smoked a plurality of indifferent Havanas, and seemed to enter upon so excellent an understanding with each other, that, about midnight, when both were rather unsteady upon their pins, they mutually swore they would not retire to bed without having a "lark." They accordingly debated in their own minds what species of "lark" should be adopted as the crowning incident of the evening; and after a variety of propositions and objections, it was unanimously resolved to "toss old Boozie"—an agreeable and innocent amusement, consisting of the simple process of entering clandestinely into a man's bed-room, tying a string round his great toe, and then pulling the said string with about the same force that one uses in ringing a front-door bell.

"Do you know his room, Sug—Crashem, I mean?" inquired Mr. Tims, tossing off the remnant of his brandy and water.

"Certainly," responded the gentleman thus interrogated. "Come along—he's sound asleep by this time—what a lark we'll have!"

"Won't we?" echoed Mr. Tims; and with these indications of their extreme satisfaction, they ascended the staircase together, provided themselves with a long piece of whip-cord in Mr. Crashem's chamber, and then proceeded on tip-toe to the front room, where Mr. Boozie was supposed to be sleeping. The door was not locked—they accordingly entered with stealthy steps—and Mr. Tims succeeded in affixing one end of the string to one of the toes of the individual who occupied the bed, without awakening the intended victim. They then quietly retreated from the apartment, and closed the door with the utmost precaution, while the cord, which passed underneath, was safely retained in the grasp of the facetious Mr. Tims.

"Now for it," whispered Mr. Crashem

and Mr. Tims gave an energetic pull at the string, which effectually aroused the individual to whose foot it was attached; so much so, that violent cries issued from the room, and threatened to alarm the whole hotel. Messieurs Crashem and Tims precipitated themselves into the chamber occupied by the former gentleman; and Mr. Tupman, aroused by the noise, leapt from his bed and rushed into the passage, crying "Fire!" with all his might. Mr. Winkle awoke in his turn, and ran out of his room, requesting to be informed what was the matter; when his foot caught in a noose, and he fell gracefully and airily on his nose, while the screams and shrieks from the front bedroom redoubled.

"Heavens! what is the matter, gentlemen?" exclaimed Mr. Adolphus Crashem, suddenly issuing from his apartment, with a countenance expressive of the most signal alarm, just as Mr. Boozie emanated from the very chamber of which the cause of this disturbance had fondly deemed Mr. Pickwick to be the proprietor.

"Treason! robbers! thieves!" shouted Mr. Winkle, in vain endeavoring to disengage himself from the mysterious cord that had entangled itself round his legs.

At this crisis, the door of the front bedroom was thrown hastily open, and Mr. Pickwick limped forth uttering most piteous sounds of complaint. To the immortal honor of Mr. Crashem be it noted, that even to the prejudice of his own "lark" did he immediately rush forward, trip Mr. Pickwick lightly up in the passage, and cut the cord which surrounded the dexter great toe of that illustrious man. By some strange coincidence, as Mr. Tupman has since declared, Mr. Tims suddenly appeared amongst the confused group, and Mr. Winkle was raised on his legs in the twinkling of an eye.

"Very extraordinary conduct, this!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick in the deepest indignation.

"Infamous!" shouted Mr. Adolphus Crashem. "If this be the way in which the French treat true-born Englishmen, we'll soon show them what we are;"—and he immediately assumed a pugilistic attitude, to the great dismay of Mr. Winkle, who retreated quietly to his bedroom.

"Let's give them a deuced good licking, Sug—Crashem, I mean," cried Mr. Tims, elevating his fists in imitation of his companion; whereupon Mr. Tupman declared

he would come back and help them; but he probably forgot to tender his pledged assistance, as he also returned to his apartment, and buried himself underneath the bed clothes for the remainder of the night.

"Very singular!" again ejaculated Mr. Pickwick, who was standing in a musing attitude, which was rendered the more interesting and remarkable from the circumstance of his being in his night-shirt.

"I once knew a man, said Mr. Boozie—"no, it wasn't—she was a woman—"

"Never mind, Sir, what you recollect, or what you knew," exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, sternly interrupting the discomfited Mr. Boozie; "but pray let us see, Sir, if you can point out the authors of this most indecent outrage—an outrage, Sir—"

"Not I!" murmured Mr. Boozie; and with these words he imitated the prudential example of Messieurs Tupman and Winkle, and slunk back to his apartment, just as M. Cailliez and a host of waiters made their appearance in the passage. The disturbance now became general. The master of the hotel accused his tenants of creating an unseemly and ungentelemanly noise, to the disrepute and ruin of the respectability of the house. Mr. Pickwick in vain endeavored to narrate the injuries he had sustained; Mr. Tims called for the Police; and Mr. Crashem kindly offered to fight any half-dozen Frenchmen who chose to step forward. At this crisis a new and not unimportant actor arrived upon the stage, in the shape and guise of Mr. Samuel Weller, who like the rest, had been disturbed by the noise which issued from the apartments occupied by his revered master and that master's friends.

Mr. Pickwick was endeavoring to explain the nature of the insult he had received, just at the moment when Mr. Weller made his appearance in his breeches and striped waistcoat; and a vague notion of some received wrong was thus conveyed to the mind of that faithful domestic, to whom it did not for one moment occur that any body but Frenchmen could have been the authors of the offence. Without listening to the merits or particulars of the case, Mr. Weller immediately communicated a violent *impetus*, in the shape of a hard blow, to the body of M. Cailliez; and while that gentleman was in the act of falling over a few of his dependants, Mr. Crashem violently rushed forward, and followed up the advantage already gained by Mr. Weller,

by kicking Madame Meurice's deputy playfully down the first flight of stairs, while Mr. Tims discharged at the heads of the astonished waiters all the boots and shoes that were arranged at the several bed-room doors in the passage. The premises were thus immediately cleared of the enemy; and after a few comments upon the strange occurrences of the evening, Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Craschem, Mr. Tims, and Mr. Weller retired each once more to his respective apartment.

The meeting at the breakfast-table on the following morning was gloomy and uncomfortable. Mr. Tupman and Mr. Winkle secretly reproached themselves for having left their venerated leader in the hour of danger, despite of the stimulating but unpropitious lines indicted by Mr. Snodgrass, and laid before the reader in a former chapter; Mr. Boozie felt annoyed at Mr. Pickwick's manner and abruptness on the occasion of the disturbance; Mr. Craschem affected sympathy and commiseration; Mr. Tims laughed in the sleeve of his blue coat with brass buttons—and Mr. Pickwick himself was unusually thoughtful and low-spirited. Conjecture, on all sides, in vain endeavored to affix the authorship of the insult on the devoted head of some audacious culprit; but not a breath of suspicion sullied the fair fame of Messieurs Tims and Craschem.

"I wish I had been there when the fighting began," exclaimed Mr. Winkle, assuming a menacing air, and clenching his fist with the determined countenance of a gladiator.

"Didn't I give it to that fellow Cailliez?" inquired Mr. Craschem, blandly appealing to Mr. Tims, who nodded his head in a peculiar manner expressive of assent.

"Pity I missed it!" observed Mr. Tupman; "for I should have liked to have pitched into some of those French dogs," he added, with a courageous glance at Mr. Boozie.

"Boozie," said Mr. Pickwick, brightening up, when those loyal sentiments met his ear; "I was somewhat harsh last night—but you should make allowances for the excruciating agony I endured in my great toe. Here Messieurs Craschem and Tims with difficulty suppressed a laugh.—"But there's my hand, Boozie," continued the noble-minded and generous Mr. Pickwick.

Mr. Boozie grasped the out-stretched hand that was so liberally offered, and a

pathetic little piece of tragedy ensued. Mr. Tupman and Mr. Winkle thought it right to shed tears; Mr. Craschem pinched Mr. Tims on the thigh—and Mr. Tims returned the compliment on Mr. Craschem's ribs; and all were looking very doleful and very much affected, when the door was thrown open, and M. Cailliez, attended by his two clerks, entered the room.

"What is the matter, now?" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, rising from his chair, and putting his hands under his coat-tails, to give a more determined air to his already imposing attitude.

"Sir," said M. Cailliez, very civilly, "I shall say nothing about the ill-treatment I received at the hands of your domestic and friends last evening—"

"You'd better not," interrupted Mr. Winkle, from the opposite side of the table, and glancing round to see if there were not a poker or shovel in his immediate vicinity.

"But continued M. Cailliez, without deigning to notice this interruption, "I must request, in every possible term of respect, that you suit yourselves with other apartments as speedily as possible."

"Bring the bill!" ejaculated Mr. Craschem; "and as for staying any longer in your confounded hotel, strike me stupid if I would not sooner be—"

"There are two or three gentlemen desirous of speaking to you, Sir, down stairs," quietly interrupted M. Cailliez, addressing himself with a bow to Mr. Adolphus Craschem, who turned pale, hesitated, and held his peace.

"If any one wishes to see Mr. Craschem," said Mr. Pickwick, "let him walk up; and in the course of the morning send me your account. You have only anticipated me in my intentions. Show Mr. Craschem's friends up immediately;"—and extricating his right hand from beneath his coat-tails, Mr. Pickwick waved it impressively in the air—a signal M. Cailliez, with all the native politeness of a Frenchman, immediately obeyed, retreating from the room, followed by his two clerks, whom he had brought with him, as meet aid, in case of a renewed attack.

"I wonder who it can be," observed Mr. Craschem, somewhat uneasily.

"I do not think they could have the impudence to send a gendarme to take you up," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Oh! Arabella! Arabella!" exclaimed Mr. Winkle in a fit of most unfeigned agony

as he sank into a chair, and proceeded to bury his face in his hands. "But you will be good to her, Pickwick—Tupman—if I should fall;—you won't desert her! And if I die—in—in—a land—of—strangers—"

Here Mr. Winkle's voice was lost in sobs; and at the moment when Mr. Pickwick was about to approach his disconsolate friend, the door again opened, and a quiet procession of four gentlemen, dressed in a variety of garbs, marched into the room.

The first was a stout personage, attired in the extreme of fashion, and decorated with the order of the Legion of Honor. The second was a short, sallow-visaged, sharp-eyed, straight-haired, thin-looking individual holding a parcel of papers in his hand, and glancing around him with keenness and suspicion. The third and fourth members of this little procession were two seedy-dressed, coarse-visaged, tobacco-smelling vagabonds, with thread-bare coats, boots airy contrived to admit the fresh breezes at the toes, and shirts as dirty as if they had been part of a reversionary interest in the property of a deceased coal-heaver.

"*Parlez-vous Français, Messieurs?*" inquired the thin gentleman with the papers.

A pause ensued; and as no reply was given either by the wondering Mr. Pickwick, or his equally astounded companions, the individual who put the above query, made a sign to one of the shabby-dressed gentlemen; and the said shabby-dressed gentleman immediately disappeared. He returned in a few minutes, accompanied by one of the waiters of the hotel, as an interpreter. This re-inforcement having been obtained, the following conversation ensued through the *medium* of the waiter.

"Is Mr. Adolphus Crashem present?"

"I am the gentleman who bears that name. What the devil do you want with me?"

"Are you prepared to pay twelve hundred francs, in one instance—three thousand four hundred in another—and two thousand in a third? the first being a debt contracted by you to a livery-stable keeper in Bond Street, London; the second to a tailor in Regent Street, of the same city; and the third to a jeweller in Calais. Here are three bills of exchange, regularly drawn and endorsed, and now in the hands of Messieurs Romanée and Médoc, wine-merchants in Paris. The amount of the whole is six thousand six hundred francs."

"Pay! who the devil talks of paying?"

cried Mr. Adolphus Crashem. "No gentleman ever yet paid a bill at maturity; and if he had he would have been caught, ticketed, and put into a museum as a curiosity."

"Then, Sir," proceeded the waiter, "this gentleman"—pointing to him with the ribbon of the Legion of Honor—"is the Justice of the Peace, attending as a magistrate to see that no force be illegally ^{exercised} on either side; that gentleman—"indicating the one with the papers—"is a bailiff, duly authorized by the Judge of the Tribunal of First Instance to arrest your person;—and those men—"waving his hand in the direction of the two individuals in the dirty shirts—"are the witnesses of the caption, required by law in these cases."

"The devil they are!" cried Mr. Adolphus Crashem; "and as such is their game, if my friends Tims, Tupman, and Winkle, will only assist me, we'll devilish soon rid the room of such unpleasant company."

"I'm ready, for one!" exclaimed Mr. Tims; "so fall to as soon as you like."

"Tupman—Winkle," ejaculated Mr. Pickwick, sternly, "do not attempt to interfere with these gentlemen in the discharge of their duty. We know not the laws of this country, and must not stand the chance of violating any of them."

"Well—I certainly won't, if you wish it," observed Mr. Tupman, from whose mind nothing had been farther absent than the idea of fighting in behalf of Mr. Crashem; "and I'm convinced Winkle will not disobey you."

"No—that I won't," exclaimed Mr. Winkle, recovering for the first time from the state of extreme misery into which he had just now been plunged. "Not but that I would have done my best, though, if Pickwick were agreeable."

"What is to be done, then?" inquired Mr. Crashem, casting a suppliant look at the Pickwickians—or rather at their pockets.

"You had better go to prison at once," said Mr. Pickwick, in a voice tremulous with emotion; "and then we can try and make arrangements with your creditors."

Mr. Crashem expressed his gratitude for the advice, but begged to observe that he strongly suspected "there was a hook at the end of it." Mr. Pickwick acknowledged the compliment, although he did not exactly understand nor appreciate its full value.

"Yes," continued Mr. Pickwick, after a pause; "that will be the better plan; and in a week or two, I have no doubt but that we shall be able to come to a settlement."

"Will you undertake it yourself, old boy?" inquired Mr. Crashem, hastily.

"Forthwith," answered Mr. Pickwick, in a decided manner.

"Then here goes for *quod*," cried Mr. Adolphus Crashem; and he desired the waiter to inform the *huissier* that he was ready to accompany him. The Justice of the Peace then made a polite bow, and withdrew; and the bailiff ordered his witnesses to hasten to Saint Pelagie—or the New Prison, rather—and wait for him and his prisoner in the lobby.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mr. Samuel Weller is nominated ambassador-pleni-potentiary between Mr. Pickwick and M. Cailliez.—Mr. Tupman and Mr. Boozie visit the Palais Royal.—Love at first sight.—A breach between two great men.

"SAM," said Mr. Pickwick, when they were once more alone, "tell the landlord I wish to speak to him immediately."

"Wery good, sir," returned that gentleman; "but I rayther think he's engaged for the moment, sir, as the lawyer's clerk said to the poor client."

"What makes you think so, Sam?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Cos I see him lookin' at two dancin' bears, sir," responded Mr. Weller.

"In the street, Sam?" exclaimed Mr. Winkle, starting as if a mouse had suddenly galloped up his leg.

"No vere else, sir," replied Mr. Weller, dogmatically; "an' to-morrow night—vich is Sunday, sir—he an' all his family and friends—seventeen on 'em—is a-goin' to the theayter, I heerd say."

"The theatre on a Sunday?" ejaculated Mr. Pickwick, starting up from his chair in an excess of the most virtuous indignation:—"I shall protest against it, Sam!—Winkle—I shall protest against it!—No—Tupman—do not attempt to dissuade me from my purpose—I repeat my words, I shall protest against it! The eyes of our countrymen are upon us—our actions are watched—Snodgrass himself is ready to relate them

to the world—and, as a true philanthropist, I shall protest against it!"

Here Mr. Pickwick, fatigued by the ardor with which he had spoken, sank into his chair, and rang the bell violently.

"Waiter!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, when that functionary made his appearance. "Waiter," added the great man, turning himself round in his chair, and vainly endeavoring to compose those feelings that were laboring under a strange state of excitement.

"Sir," said the waiter.

"Bring me a glass of soda-water, waiter," ejaculated Mr. Pickwick. "And—waiter!—Let there be a dash of brandy in it—do you hear?"

The waiter bowed obedience, and disappeared.

"Thank God it is nothing else!" said Mr. Winkle, to Mr. Tupman.

"The bears is gone, sir," said Mr. Weller, returning from the window, whence he had been gazing into the street; "and I think they're a-goin' to the king's palls in the Tooleries, to amuse the royal babbies. Shall I tell Mosseer Cally to walk up now, sir?"

Mr. Pickwick nodded assent, and Sam departed to execute his commission, muttering as he descended the stairs, "Vell! here is a rig! I'm blowed if the gov'nor don't get e-wangelical as he grows older. Ven vill he be vide avake?"

By the time Mr. Weller had made these reflections, he arrived at the office in which M. Cailliez usually sate to receive the cash of those of his customers who could pay their bills, and the excuses of those who could not.

"Mas'er vants you di-rectly, sir," said Mr. Weller to Madame Meurice's deputy.

"My compliments to your master, young man," returned M. Cailliez, "and I am very sorry he should have been put to any annoyance last night or this morning, in my hotel. Now that his friend, whom I shrewdly suspect to have been at the bottom of all the mischief, is removed to the *Hotel d'Angleterre*—(as the debtors' prison in Paris is facetiously and not improperly denominated)—"I hope your master will honor me by staying as long as he likes; and every apology he may require for any rudeness on my part, I am willing to tender."

"An' wery creditable to you to say so, too," remarked Mr. Weller. "I'll try and

recollect your insinuating message, an' ain't got no doubt but that it will be found satisfactory, as the sergent said to the lady ven she swore she wouldn't go back to her husband."

Mr. Weller accordingly returned to his master, who had just imbibed the soda-water and brandy. The apology was duly delivered, and, on the suggestion of Mr. Tupman, with the consent of Mr. Winkle, and the expressed indifference of Mr. Boozie, it was resolved that the quarters should not be shifted, provided M. Cailliez would enter into his own recognizances to guarantee Mr. Pickwick from another "toeing." Matters were thus amicably settled; and a light luncheon, consisting of two removes of hot meats and three bottles of claret, was immediately discussed for the benefit of the eaters as well as of the purveyors of the luxurious food. Mr. Pickwick then wrote a letter to "Anthony Stickemin, tailor, Regent Street, London"—and another to "Michael Nagsflesh, livery-stable-keeper, Bond Street"—in which he proposed certain arrangements for the purpose of extricating Mr. Craschem from his difficulties, and restoring so invaluable a friend to the circle of his acquaintances. These epistles were duly sealed and dispatched to the post-office; and Mr. Pickwick intimated to Mr. Winkle that he was ready to accompany him to the residence of the English merchants with whom the said Mr. Winkle was desirous of establishing a correspondence and agency for his father's commercial business.

But as no extraordinary degree of interest is attached to these arrangements, we shall now leave Messieurs Pickwick and Winkle, and follow Messieurs Tupman and Boozie in an agreeable perambulation, which they manfully and fearlessly accomplished together—alone and unattended—in the Dædalian mazes of Paris.

Wandering forth at hazard from the portal of Maurice's hotel, arm-in-arm, and feeling that they were Englishmen upon French ground—and a most satisfactory feeling it must be, too—Mr. Tupman and Mr. Boozie passed up the Rue de Rivoli, grinning in at shop-windows, ogling the girls, and maintaining their heads erect, with a most blissful recklessness of whither they were going, and whom they were taken for. By dint of extraordinary navigation, they speedily arrived at the Palais Royal; and a species of instinct prompted them to enter that

vast assemblage of splendor and of wealth—that mart in the vicinity of a palace—that palace overlooking shops—that *unique* lounge which has no rival in the world!

"What an extraordinary place!" exclaimed Mr. Tupman, half afraid that he had entered upon holy ground.

"Singular!" echoed Mr. Boozie. "But I was once—no, I wasn't, though—what a lie I am telling—"

"I thought you had been in Paris before," remonstrated Mr. Tupman with his usual native mildness.

"Never farther from the frontiers than Abbeville," replied Mr. Boozie, with an uneasy motion of his arm. "I think I told you that I had been here before—but 'twas false—I made a mistake—I meant Brussels, when I said Paris."

"Fine girl, that," cried Mr. Tupman, indicating with his dexter hand a young female who had just passed, and was a few yards in front of them. "Devilish fine girl, to be sure!"

"Is she, though?" exclaimed Mr. Boozie, squinting most horribly at a brace of pheasants displayed in the windows of Chevot's shop, the gastronomic vicinity of which our two peregrinators were now in. "She is, indeed," rejoined Mr. Tupman, with a sigh: "let us follow her."

"I once knew a young lady," said Mr. Boozie, redoubling his pace to keep military time with Mr. Tupman, who had assumed a young, jaunty, and *debonnaire* air, swinging himself from side to side, and playing with the single curl that hung beneath the front of his hat,—"I once knew a lady—"

"Devil take *your* lady," interrupted Mr. Tupman, somewhat hastily: "don't you see I'm losing *mine*?"—and with these words, the two gentlemen redoubled their pace.

It is impossible to ascertain whether the young lady looked round by accident, or whether she had a motive in scanning the persons of the two individuals that followed her so closely. One thing is, however, certain, that she *did* turn her head round for a moment, and in so doing, discovered the most beautiful features Mr. Tupman's eyes had ever yet glanced upon. He stopped short, as if transfixed by the sudden stroke of an arrow; involuntarily placed his hand upon his heart, and was about to sink on one knee, when Mr. Boozie gave him a most unsentimental tap on his back, and thus recalled his presence of mind, which had

nearly been lost in the first whirlwind of ardent passion.

"Lovely creature!" cried Mr. Tupman, "let us see where she lives;"—and the two gentlemen hastened their pace accordingly, the amatory Mr. Tupman swinging himself from side to side in a manner that would have been perfectly *unique* and interesting, if it had not appeared most especially ludicrous and laughable.

"Thank God! she's dropped her handkerchief!" exclaimed Mr. Tupman, as the volatile cambric met his anxious eyes; and almost at the same instant the young lady, perceiving her loss, turned hastily round to pick it up. But a gentle zephyr sprung up at the moment, and wafted the handkerchief on its wings across the Garden of the Palais Royal. Mr. Tupman did not hesitate—how could he?—what course to pursue: he resigned his jaunty swing for the urgent nature of the occasion, and relapsing into a more vulgar attitude, took to his heels as fast as his fat person would allow him, and scoured after the fugitive cambric with all the agility and airiness of limb usually discovered in the movements of an old elephant. It is but fair to add that he was not a little encouraged by the smiles—which very much verged into boisterous laughter—of the young lady, and by the peculiarly stimulating and exciting shouts of Mr. Boozie, who cried, "Cut away, Mike! more pudding in the pot!" in a tone and with a manner exactly suited to the gentility of the ejaculation.

Having overturned a nurse and two small children, who were taking an airing in the garden, and knocked down an old gentleman very busily employed in perusing a murder in the *Constitutionnel* newspaper—having fallen and picked himself up three times in a fashion exceedingly novel and amusing, and having expelled, by over-exertion, every particle of breath he was proprietor of for the moment, Mr. Tracy Tupman, whose ardor in the cause of love was only equalled by his perseverance at the dinner-table, succeeded in overtaking and arresting the fugitive handkerchief, after a pleasant and healthy run of about three hundred and fifty yards, the sameness of which had been agreeably diversified by a number of tacks and turnings caused by the eccentric movements of the malicious cambric in question.

With the perspiration standing on his expressive countenance, as if he had just been anointed with the oil of gladness, or

ducked in a refreshing horse-pond; his lips wreathed into smiles, and his chest panting in a manner essentially calculated to aid him in the passionate and glowing speech he intended to make to the young lady, who anxiously waited his return, did Mr. Tupman slowly retrace his steps, bearing the evidence of a glorious triumph in his hand.

"Madam," said he, approaching the young lady, with downcast eyes, and laying his hand upon his heart, "deign to pardon—ah! ha—I'm so out of breath—the liberty which I ventured to take—" and here Mr. Tupman was seized with so violent a fit of coughing that he found it quite impossible to achieve that which he had so admirably commenced. The young lady, however, came to his assistance.

"Tank you, sare," said she, with the most amiable smile and in the most interesting broken English in the world; "me vary much your debtor—me tank you tousand times, sare—me tell mamma of one polite Inglis *gentilhomme*."

Mr. Tupman could only bow; his feelings and his cough overpowered him. The young lady then proceeded.

"But me fraid you no do good yourself, running in dat hurry, sare; me hop you not ill, sare, on my account;"—and the young lady's tone became exceedingly tremulous.

"Thank you, madam—ugh! ugh! ugh!" began the gallant Mr. Tracy Tupman; "no toil—ugh! ugh! ugh!—is too much—ugh! ugh! ugh!—when the eyes of beauty witness your exertions—ugh! ugh!"—and Mr. Tupman's cough rendered the scene more sentimental still, and gave his speech an additional air of politeness, which the young lady could not but have appreciated; for instead of bowing and pursuing her walk, she lingered to renew her thanks, to assure Mr. Tupman that she should not forget to tell her mamma, the Marchioness, of the polite attention she had received, and that if her brother, the Count, had been at home, she should have taken the liberty of inviting, in his name, the "gallant Inglis *gentilhomme*" to their house in the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, close by.

Not a word of all this was lost upon the sensitive Tracy Tupman. His cough grew much better when he found that he was in conversation with the daughter of a Marchioness; it scarcely troubled him when he understood that her brother was a Count; and it entirely left him so soon as an invi-

tation to her residence was even slightly hinted at.

"Could I be permitted the honor of escorting you," said Mr. Tupman, with a very low bow, "as far as your house?"

"Me not give so much trouble, sare," interrupted the young lady, casting down her beautiful eyes.

"Allow me, I beseech you, the honor, madam," persisted Mr. Tupman; and the young lady, suffering her bashfulness to be overruled in this respect, yielded her arm to the polite Englishman, who beckoned Mr. Boozie to follow at a respectful distance.

"Has *Monsieur* long been at Paris?" inquired the charming creature, as she walked up the gallery of the Palais Royal towards the Rue Vivienne, with her gallant *chaperon*.

"Only a few days, madam," returned Mr. Tupman; "but since I have now the honor of being acquainted with—with—"

"*Mademoiselle de Volage* is my name, sare," said the young lady. "My fader was one general to Napoleon: he have great many big wound—he die vary rich ten year go—and poor mamma lose near all her fortune in Revolution of July."

Mr. Tupman felt the arm of his fair companion tremble in his; and at the idea of her misfortunes—she, so young, so innocent, so tender, and so beautiful—the perspiration ran copiously down his extensive face, and a deep sigh escaped from his capacious breast to exemplify the sympathy he felt in the unprotected situation of *Mademoiselle de Volage*. Such disinterested and noble conduct was not lost upon the charming object of his solicitude; for his arm received an almost involuntary pressure—a pressure that gratitude wrests from modesty—from the fingers of the fair girl.

The enactment of this little piece of tragedy occupied the time necessary to emerge from the Palais Royal, and enter the Rue Nueve des Petits Champs, in which the dwelling of Madame the Marchioness de Volage was situate. It is true that the house itself had nothing in its exterior appearance to recommend it, and that the court-yard emitted various unpleasant smells of garlic, onions, stables, &c., at which Mr. Tupman's nose was in great indignation; but the sight of the well-turned ankle and graceful form of the young lady, as she lightly tripped up a narrow staircase on the right hand side of the *porte cochere*, recalled Mr. Tupman's mind from

mundane ideas to the more delicious dreams of love. He accordingly followed his fair guide as quickly as he could up the stairs, till they arrived at the sixth floor, while Mr. Boozie, with unprecedented complaisance, mounted guard in the street below, wondering at the time "what the devil Tupman was up to," and trying to remember whether such an adventure had ever befallen himself.

In the meantime, *Mademoiselle de Volage* rang at the bell of a suite of apartments on the sixth floor, and the summons was immediately answered by an old lady of about fifty, tolerably well dressed, and adorned with an immense quantity of chains and artificial flowers—the former round her neck, the latter in her head-dress.

"Ah! my dear mamma," said the young lady, speaking in English for the especial behoof of Mr. Tupman: "what! you answer ring, yourself! Where those lazy servants? where Lisette? where Lafleur?"

"Gone for holiday," replied the venerable dame, eyeing the stranger askance. "But, pray, come in—do—Sare."

Mr. Tupman accordingly followed his fair guide and her noble mother across a small ante-chamber, into a drawing-room indifferently furnished. The mantel-piece was covered with an extraordinary quantity of frivolous and faded ornaments—a heap of dingy ribands, half-finished purses, reticules just begun, &c., was congregated upon the table—and a frame for embroidery stood in one corner of the room.

"How beautiful is industry in young persons!" thought Mr. Tupman; and he sighed as he glanced at the lovely features of *Mademoiselle de Volage*, who was occupied in narrating, in her interesting broken English, to her attentive mother, the kindness of Mr. Tupman relative to the handkerchief, "which she had dropped by one accident." A renewal of thanks then ensued; a conversation, in which the attractions of Paris were elaborately discussed, commenced in its turn; and Mr. Tupman was already drinking deep draughts from the intoxicating fountain of love, when the respectable Marchioness suddenly recollected "that she had not given out the plate to be cleaned for dinner at seven o'clock," and left the room "only for one moment," as she informed her daughter in a tolerably loud whisper.

Mr. Tupman was now in Elysium itself. He twisted his features into a pleasing

variety of contortions, to accomplish as many different sorts of agreeable smiles—he employed all the stars, moons, Venuses, and Cupids that ever were created or imagined, to embellish his discourse—and as his language became the more impassioned, so it grew the less intelligible. He desecrated on love at first sight—made a lengthy oration on circumstances often throwing together two beings that were intended for each other from their births—talked an entire folio on the folly of supposing that disparity of ages could be a preventive to happiness—pronounced a lexicon of arguments to demonstrate the fact that men of mature age generally make the best husbands—and concluded with a dictionary of comments on the expediency of prompt determination, and the unmitigated folly of delay in matters so essentially connected with the felicity of a couple of individuals during the term of their natural lives.

Fortunately for Mr. Tupman, the “only one moment” of the Marchioness was a good hour and a half; or else he never would have had time to propound, explain, and demonstrate so many theories and hypotheses as he effectually brought to a most satisfactory conclusion on this eventful day. And, in order to do ample justice to the patience of the French, and adduce another argument in favor of their being deemed the most polite people in the world, we must not omit to state that Mademoiselle de Volage assented to every thing uttered by Mr. Tupman, and listened with evident pleasure to the highly comprehensible and logical positions advanced by that gentleman.

At length Madame la Marquise de Volage *did* return to the room where she had left her daughter to entertain Mr. Tupman, and Mr. Tupman to pay compliments to her daughter, and her daughter and Mr. Tupman to amuse each other to the utmost of their power; and the respectable relict of the late Peer of France expressed her astonishment at the celerity with which time glided away; and then recollected that she had a small party—a *petit soiree* or *reunion*—that evening; and concluded by “provoking” Mr. Tupman to be present, if he had nothing better to do, at half-past nine o'clock. Of course Mr. Tupman had no other engagement; so he gratefully accepted the invitation, and then made his bow—or in other terms, retired, much pleased with the acquaintances he had

formed, madly in love with Anastasie de Volage, and not without a shrewd suspicion that he had made some impression upon the young charmer herself. And to the eternal honor of Mr. Tupman be it stated, that, as he descended the five flights of stairs which led from the airy apartments of the Marchioness to the street, it never once struck him whether, in his *tete-a-tete* with the beautiful Anastasie, he had not rendered himself as ridiculous as possible. But great minds disregard trifles like these, and illustrious individuals are frequently the least accessible to the whisperings of that most vulgar, ungenteel, and plebeian sense, very justly and appropriately designated by the title of Common Sense.

Mr. Tupman fortunately found Mr. Boozie still waiting for him in the vicinity of the house in which Madame de Volage rented apartments; and he could not do otherwise than compliment that gentleman on his patience in thus waiting so long for a companion.

“Why,” observed Mr. Boozie, “the fact is that I should never have found my way back to Meurice’s hotel by myself: and as I fancied that something extraordinary must be going on up stairs, you know—what a fib I’m telling, when I think of it—I never thought but once—yes, I did, though—I thought twice about you and the young lady. Once I reflected whether she had red hair, or wore a cap——”

“Beautiful black hair!” exclaimed Mr. Tupman, his temper somewhat ruffled by this latter observation.

“And, then,” continued Mr. Boozie, “I began to reflect whether she could be a kept mistress or a regular out-and-outer.”

“What, sir!” cried Mr. Tracy Tupman, in wrathful indignation. “She is a virtuous girl, sir—a paragon of beauty, sir—a phoenix of modesty—a dragon of virtue—a Venus in charms—a Diana in chastity—a—a—sir——”

“I dare say I was telling an untruth,” interrupted Mr. Boozie, his large eyes squinting absolute rounds of beef at Mr. Tracy Tupman, who thought he had never seen anything more snug nor pleasant than the family circle he had just left.

The two gentlemen, having thus reciprocally intimated the state of their feelings in so highly satisfactory and candid a manner, hastened to Meurice’s hotel with as much expedition as their very extensive topographical knowledge of Paris enabled

them to adopt; and to their credit be it recorded, that in order to compass a distance of about two hundred and fifty yards, they did not, on this particular occasion, wander more than three quarters of a mile out of the direct line they ought to have pursued.

As the Pickwickians and Mr. Boozie had again determined upon dining at the *table d'hôte*, and as Mr. Tupman, like a faithful subordinate, deemed it prudent to acquaint his great leader with all his motions and plans, he was under the necessity of seeking an interview with Mr. Pickwick just before the bell announced the magic hour at which the soup was usually placed upon the table. This opportunity was accordingly sought and effectually gained.

"My dear Pickwick," began Mr. Tupman, with more than a maiden's hesitation, when that interesting creature is about to inform her parent of a first love;—"my dear Pickwick—accident has caused me to discover the most beautiful and faithful of her kind!"

"Indeed!" cried Mr. Pickwick, rubbing his hands with extreme delight. "The female sex, too?"

"What other sex would you have me select?" exclaimed the astonished Mr. Tupman. "Oh! she is so docile," continued the enamored swain; "you might lead her with a string."

"Does she wear a collar, then?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, with a serious expression of countenance.

"Precaution against the unhallowed desires of——"

"Of thieves, to be sure," interrupted Mr. Pickwick, hastily. "I was foolish not to have thought of that."

"Robbers of virtue—beautifully expressed!" cried Mr. Tupman, with a glance of the most profound respect at his great leader.

"What?" said Mr. Pickwick, dubiously.

"Why—the object of my choice," returned Mr. Tupman, fixing a look of extreme stolidity on the hero of these memoirs.

"Take care you are not deceived as to the breed," remonstrated Mr. Pickwick, mildly.

"Impossible!" ejaculated Mr. Tupman. "Her mother is a marchioness."

"Mr. Tupman!" cried Mr. Pickwick, with some warmth; "are you humbugging me, sir?"

"God forbid!" murmured Mr. Tupman,

greatly affected. "My choice is indubitably fixed. And what do you think I have chosen?"

"A spaniel, I should imagine," returned Mr. Pickwick; "if I may judge by your strings, and your collars, and your docility."

"No, sir," cried Mr. Tupman, now angry in his turn. "We have misunderstood each other, sir—you have wilfully misinterpreted my ideas, sir. The person, and *not* the animal, sir—to which I allude—is a lady, sir—do you hear me!"—and Mr. Tupman twisted his fingers in his hair with the precipitation and appearance of extreme wrath.

"And so you have fallen in love again, sir," shouted Mr. Pickwick, a light breaking in upon him.

"I have, sir," responded Mr. Tupman; "and what of that?"

"What of that, sir!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick. "Why, sir—simply this—that at your time of life——"

"Well, sir—at my time of life?" sarcastically re-echoed Mr. Tupman.

"You are an ass, sir," cried Mr. Pickwick—"an old fool, to be humbugged by an idle girl. There, sir!"

"Pickwick," murmured Mr. Tupman a voice rendered almost incoherent by emotions, "do you recollect between Fox and Burke's remarks?"

"I have heard of Pickwick, still very proud of his fidelity, sir?"

"Our par-

wick," returned Mr. Tupman, "retires; his ship is at anchor longer;"—

delivered and discarded from the seat, g.

companion deeply, but rushed out of the room, proving and improving in the modern tragedy.

"I have been a wick to himself, at times. What is to be of this great man of himself. It is after dinner—I dare say serious!"

And having consoled himself with philosophical and exemplary maxims,

Pickwick descended to the *table d'hôte* room, where his presence was awaited by Mr. Boozie and Mr. Winkle. But Mr. Tupman was not there!"

CHAPTER IX.

A few comments on the breach mentioned in the last chapter.—The *table d'hôte* at Meurice's hotel in Paris.—Mr. Pickwick, accompanied by Mr. Winkle and Mr. Boozie, visits Mr. Adolphus Craschem in his new quarters.—Mr. Lipman and Mr. Jopling.

Mr. Pickwick did not deem it at all necessary to make Mr. Winkle acquainted with the breach that had taken place between himself and Mr. Tupman—that memorable breach which had for its only precedent, in extent of gravity and importance to the world in general, the well-known quarrel between Fox and Burke on the subject of the French Revolution. A commentator

with truth observe, that the coincidence most singular—four of the greatest ever lived, being thus divided on account of French affairs, which there was a trifling difference on. The most glorious was eventually sullied by the deeds of tyrants and the business of a beautiful

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e get through a lot of business continued Mr. Winkle, after a use.

Mr. Pickwick replied in the affirmative, and made some comments on the vastness of the commercial transactions they had opened with two great houses in Paris.

But what shall we do with ourselves this evening?" interrupted Mr. Boozie, when he had swallowed a very large glass of wine, and poured out another. "I think—no, I don't, though—I only imagine—"

"What?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"That it would be but charitable," answered Mr. Boozie, "if we were to call upon that poor devil Craschem. Sims—no, it ain't—what a confounded fib I was telling!—Tims, I mean, said there would be a devil of a spree going on there this evening."

"Private theatricals, I suppose?" observed Mr. Pickwick.

"Oh! no," explained Mr. Boozie, "I told an untruth, if I said that; he only meant drinking, smoking, singing, and all that sort of thing!"

"High-spirited fellows!" cried Mr. Pickwick, his philanthropic countenance beaming with delight. "For my part, I have no objection to join them for an hour or so. What do you say, Winkle?"

"With pleasure," returned that gentleman; "and as they lock up early, it would be as well to go soon."

"Immediately," said Mr. Pickwick.

Mr. Weller was desired to attend his master; and a hackney-coach, or *fiacre*, speedily conveyed the party to the pleasant and commodious tenement in which the heir-apparent to the fortunes and territories appended to the great name of Craschem, temporarily resided.

"Strange fate, sir, is that of a man of the world," observed Mr. Weller, as he followed Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Winkle, and Mr. Boozie across the outer court, in front of the gaol.

"How's that, Sam?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"A pallis von day, and a prison the next, sir," returned Mr. Weller; "a bust o' laughter escapes the buzzim von minit, and a sigh of voe the next, sir," added the philosophizing domestic.

"Too true," assented Mr. Pickwick, in a mournful voice.

"And yet," continued Mr. Weller, in a more cheerful tone, "that vich the English calls sympathy, is nothing more than vot the Dutch calls gammon."

Mr. Pickwick's philanthropy could not

admit the irresistibility of this argument; but his objections are not recorded, inasmuch as they were not uttered; for the arrival of the little party at the iron-barred door put an end to the discourse.

After a great deal of trouble, it was ascertained that Mr. Craschem had possessed himself, by some means or another, of a room to himself, and that he was then in the very act of entertaining a select party in the said identical chamber. Thither did Mr. Pickwick and his companions accordingly proceed, and great was the welcome with which they were received. Mr. Craschem undertook to conduct Mr. Weller to the Café, where that latter gentleman was desired to amuse himself with any edibles or potables he might fancy, until his attendance should be again required; and on his return to the little chamber of which he was the temporary proprietor, Mr. Adolphus Craschem proceeded to introduce his friends to each other.

"This is Mr. Lipman," said he, pointing to a middle-aged shabbily-dressed individual, who was seated behind an enormous tumbler of gin-punch, and puffing away at an immense wooden pipe, intended to imitate a meershum. "And this is Mr. Jopling," continued Mr. Craschem, indicating a young gentleman with a short apoplectic neck, bloated countenance, and faded silk dressing-gown. The ceremonies of introduction accordingly took place—Mr. Tims bestowed a nod of recognition on Mr. Pickwick and his companions—and every one seated himself at the table, with a determination of doing justice to the various liquors spread thereon.

"This is very kind, now, of you," cried Mr. Adolphus Craschem, addressing himself to Mr. Pickwick, "coming to see a fellow in difficulties. And those gentlemen"—pointing to Mr. Lipman and Mr. Jopling—"have behaved devilish kind also—haven't they, Tims?"

Mr. Tims nodded and grinned an affirmative, and Messieurs Lipman and Jopling bowed their thanks for the compliment.

"I've been here just two years, come January," said Mr. Lipman; "and whenever I see an Englishman brought in, I invariably introduce myself to him, and do any thing I can to serve him."

"So do I," echoed Mr. Jopling; "don't I, Lipman, when I can?"

An answer in the affirmative was immediately given; and the whole party, having

got upon so good and agreeable an understanding with each other, found Mr. Craschem's room very snug and comfortable.

"Won't you blow a cloud, old fellow?" inquired Mr. Adolphus Craschem, after a short pause, addressing himself to Mr. Winkle. "Come, do as we do;" and he handed a paper of cigars to that gentleman, who had very naturally cast his eyes towards the window, and was preparing to descant upon the state of the atmosphere, when Mr. Craschem's action explained the meaning of his words.

"Thank'ee," returned Mr. Winkle; and he blew a cloud accordingly.

"You don't lush, sir," said Mr. Jopling to Mr. Pickwick. "Pass the bingo, Lipman, and let the gentleman make himself a stinger;"—and Mr. Pickwick, acting upon a faint idea, or a natural impulse originated by Mr. Jopling's invitation, mixed himself a glass of spirits and water, and proceeded to drink it—an example that was immediately followed by Mr. Boozie, who thereby so much elicited the admiration of Mr. Lipman, that he was forthwith pronounced to be a "regular brick, and no mistake."

All this was very friendly and very gratifying; and the more the liquor was poured out, the more lively became the conversation. A variety of amusing anecdotes was told for the benefit of those present; and as they all lacked veracity, so they were replete with interest and marvel.

"There's an archbishop in here," observed Mr. Jopling, when Mr. Adolphus Craschem had just brought to a conclusion a long tale relative to his friend Sir Patrick Pocock.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick. "A Roman Catholic, I should imagine?"

"Oh! yes," returned Mr. Jopling; "and a devilish good fellow he appears to be. Got lots of tin, I understand."

"Ah! the proprietor of a mine, no doubt," said Mr. Pickwick. "Those sources of wealth in Roman Catholic countries generally fall into the hands of the clergy."

It is extremely distressing to be compelled to state, that at this remark, Mr. Jopling burst out into a clamorous horse-laugh, in which he was most cordially joined by Mr. Lipman. The infectious mirth spread like wild-fire to Mr. Tims and Mr. Craschem; and then Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Boozie, and Mr. Winkle deemed it necessary to join in the hilarity, although they were entirely at a loss to divine its cause.

"Well, after all," exclaimed Mr. Winkle,

when the mirth had subsided into little more than a distant tittering; "after all, this is not such a bad place, though."

"I should think not," cried Mr. Jopling, with great emphasis on the pronoun. "There's a billiard-room,—a hazard-table,—a *rouge-et-noir* table,—*roulette*,—in fine, every kind of lark that a man can wish for, here."

Mr. Jopling's encomiums upon the New Prison were interrupted by the entrance of two small boys, in blue jackets and clean white aprons, who speedily cleared the table of the glasses, bottles, cigars, &c., and thereupon arranged a scanty white cloth, and divers plates, knives, and forks, &c., instead. They then disappeared, and in a few minutes returned with a variety of dishes, which they quietly spread upon the table, to the infinite delight of Mr. Crashem and his company.

"Turn out the confounded cat!" exclaimed Mr. Jopling, as that domestic appurtenance to the Café entered the room. But Mr. Lipman considerably interfered in the poor animal's behalf by verbally consigning it to the hottest regions he could think of: so the party sate down to supper, and the cat retired to snooze beneath a chair in one corner of the room.

Mr. Crashem had caused a most splendid repast to be prepared; and as—for we scorn to deny or withhold one atom of the real truth—Messieurs Lipman and Jopling had made a quiet and economical dinner at three o'clock, p. m., off a couple of baked potatoes and a piece of butter each, they did not fail to do ample justice to the supper at which they so unexpectedly and pleasantly found themselves seated. The bottle was circulated freely, and a variety of toasts were proposed and drank with considerable enthusiasm. Indeed, to such an extent was the hilarity of the evening carried, that Mr. Pickwick entered into two arguments and made an oration,—Mr. Boozie only contradicted himself upon his own evidence seventeen times in the course of an hour,—Mr. Crashem cited his own family on three-and-twenty different occasions,—and Messieurs Lipman and Jopling emptied two bottles in drinking wine with Mr. Winkle, while Mr. Tims amused himself by rolling small pellets of bread and aiming them at Mr. Pickwick's nose.

Now it happened that Mr. Tims was a very quarrelsome gentleman when he had taken a small drop too much: and it also happened on the evening of which we are

writing, that such a quantity of liquor, in the shape of wine and spirits, had been circulated and drank, that in Mr. Crashem's room there was scarcely a sober person after supper. Mr. Tims unfortunately advanced some statement, which Mr. Boozie, intending to set himself right in a "confounded lie" he had just uttered, unhappily contradicted; and a row was the immediate consequence. Mr. Tims flew at Mr. Boozie—and Mr. Boozie's wig flew to the opposite side of the room: Mr. Lipman attempted to enact the part of mediator, and was immediately converted into a belligerent by a knock on the eye which Mr. Crashem inadvertently gave him: Mr. Jopling prepared to assault Mr. Winkle; and Mr. Winkle crept under the table, while Mr. Pickwick, thinking to restore order by putting Mr. Boozie in possession of his wig, commenced a most vigorous search after the hairy tegument, and caught hold of the domestic cat, which a delusion of the optics had represented to his sight as the lost *perruque*. The cat, thus unceremoniously disturbed in the midst of her slumbers, flew at Mr. Pickwick and dragged her claws spitefully across his expressive countenance; nor was it before a considerable time had elapsed that the animal could be reduced to pacific measures of any kind.

It were hard and difficult to say how long the warfare might have been waged, had not Mr. Weller suddenly rushed into the room, and speedily compelled the combatants to desist from their pugilistic strife.

"Five minutes more, sir," said that gentleman, addressing his master, so soon as something like order had been restored, "an' ve shall all be booked, as the devil said ven he sent for to take Doctor Faustus."

This powerful appeal to the feelings of great men could not for one moment be resisted. Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Winkle, Mr. Boozie, and Mr. Tims accordingly took a certain vague and undefined leave of the prisoners, and accompanied Mr. Weller to a hackney-coach, which that faithful domestic had already taken the precaution to fetch, and which speedily deposited the somewhat intemperate gentlemen at the gate of Meurice's hotel in the Rue de Rivoli.

CHAPTER X.

Mr. Tracy Tupman forms an acquaintance with a systematic gentleman often quoted in modern times, but never before introduced to the reader in any publication.—The soiree and its consequences.

IN the meantime, what were the exploits of the gallant Tracy Tupman? Reduced to the very verge of desperation by what he deemed the unhandsome—the shameful—the unpardonable conduct of his great leader, Mr. Tupman rushed precipitately from his presence, as before stated, and hurried into the street with that recklessness of whither he was going, which all men in such situations deem it necessary to assume or feel.

“O Pickwick!” said Mr. Tupman, as he walked along the Rue de Rivoli; “and is it come to this? Must the world, with its usual scandal, falsely represent the cause of our separation? Shall the chroniclers of our respective histories be left vainly to speculate on the springs of this, the most important event in our mutual lives? and what can we say to Snodgrass—to Winkle—to Crashem—and to Boozie? In writing to the one, and conversing with the others, what excuse must we make for an alienation as untoward as it is distressing?”

Such were Mr. Tupman's reflections—and to this extreme pitch of misery had he just arrived, when it struck him that, if Mr. Pickwick were capable of dining after so lamentable an occurrence, there was no reason in the world why he himself should starve. No sooner had this light of intelligence dawned in upon his brain, than a second ray, no less luminous than its precursor, immediately darted through his mind, and recalled to memory the existence of certain eating-houses—in the Palais Royal. Thither did Mr. Tupman forthwith repair, sighing at every step, and having totally eschewed the jauntty airs he had so successfully adopted in the morning. He did not, however, forget his appointment for half-past nine; and his bosom felt a partial relief when he reflected on the agreeableness of the evening he was destined to pass.

But a lengthy train of reflections and a quick pace invariably carry us at last to some point or another; and on this occasion, these two agencies conducted Mr. Tupman in safety to the very identical gallery of the Palais Royal where his visual organs had

first detected the presence of youthful beauty in the morning. There were a great many brilliantly lighted cafes—but Mr. Tupman knew not which to choose. Like the ass placed betwixt two bundles of hay, he was likely to starve in the midst of plenty, from the mere fact of being unable to decide between a number of imposing candidates for his favors.

In this state of uncertainty, a good genius fortunately came to Mr. Tupman's aid, in the guise of a short English gentleman of about fifty, who was puffing a cigar most courageously as he walked along the magnificent colonnade.

“Pray, sir, can you inform me which is the best place to dine at, here?” inquired Mr. Tupman, convinced that the short gentleman was a native of Britain from the circumstance of his having very audibly condemned to the lower regions, and in no very equivocal terms, a small boy who had just run against him.

“I can, sir,” replied the short gentleman, eyeing Mr. Tupman from top to toe. “A stranger in Paris, I presume, sir?”

“Quite,” answered Mr. Tupman.

“Do you wish to do the thing slap up, or merely grub on an economical system?” demanded the short gentleman.

“Oh!” said Mr. Tupman, hesitating; “it's quite immaterial, I assure you.”

“Decide, sir,” cried the short gentleman laconically.

“Well—I don't care, then, if I have a good dinner,” returned the Pickwickian.

“That's also a part of *my* system,” observed the stranger, with a smile. “Do you wish for company?”

“I certainly dislike dining alone,” replied Mr. Tupman.

“My system again,” cried the short gentleman; “so here goes;”—and with these words, he took Mr. Tupman's arm, threw away his cigar, and hastened towards Very's celebrated *restaurant*, without uttering another syllable; so that Mr. Tupman began to imagine that silence was a part of his new friend's system, also.

“You take soup, of course?” said the stranger, when he and Mr. Tupman were comfortably seated at one of the nice little tables in the public room at Very's. “*Garcou, soupe a la julienne pour deux!*—What wine do you like?”

“I have no choice, I assure you. Indeed, I should be better pleased if you would cater for me, as you appear to be so much

more conversant with French manners and customs than myself."

"Admirably spoken!" exclaimed the stranger: "quite agrees with my system! But, before we proceed any further, let us understand each other. What is your name?"

Mr. Tupman detailed his *prænomèn* and *cognomen* forthwith.

"And mine is Walker," returned the systematic gentleman;—"Mr. Hook Walker, at your service."

Mr. Tupman bowed, expressed himself much pleased with having formed the acquaintance of Mr. Hook Walker, and looked very amiable and satisfied.

"Excellent soup, this," observed Mr. Walker.

"Excellent," cried Mr. Tupman. "But have you ordered any wine?"

"I sit corrected," said Mr. Walker, seriously; and in a moment the waiter received orders to supply his very best Saint Emilion, and to put a couple of bottles of Champagne in ice. The two gentlemen then took wine together, and Mr. Walker inquired if "fish formed a part of Mr. Tupman's system of dining?" To this a reply was given in the affirmative; and turbot, with the necessary concomitant of lobster sauce, was instantaneously commanded. This was followed by a variety of dishes, of which Mr. Tupman did not even know the names, but to which he nevertheless rendered ample justice; while Mr. Hook Walker drank glass after glass with such rapidity that Mr. Tupman began to wonder at certain component parts of the system adopted by his new acquaintance.

At length, having waded through at least ten different courses, the dessert was placed upon the table, and Mr. Walker, with systematic precision, cut two enormous slices out of a very fine pine-apple; one of which he handed to Mr. Tupman, and the other he judiciously kept for himself. The iced Champagne was then produced, and Mr. Walker condescended to chatter a little more than he had hitherto done, at the same time endeavoring to convince Mr. Tupman that all his actions, important or trivial, were regulated on a certain system from which the treasures of the universe could never induce him to depart. Mr. Tupman was highly delighted with the philosophical reasoning of Mr. Walker, and sighed when he recollected how much Mr. Pickwick would have been pleased with the society

of so singular an individual, had he been present.

The time glided swiftly away, and at a quarter past nine Mr. Tupman informed his companion that he had an appointment, and must bid him farewell for the present.

"Never miss your appointments, my dear sir," exclaimed Mr. Walker, with his usual solemnity. "Regularity and punctuality are the most essential basis of my system.—Have the kindness to order the bill—I will return in one moment—and we will settle our score."

Mr. Walker then lounged idly out of the room, and Mr. Tupman felicitated himself on not only having passed a very agreeable evening, but on having formed an acquaintance that might probably turn out to be of material advantage to him during his sojourn in Paris. Five minutes elapsed while he made these exhilarating reflections—another five passed away as he discussed the remainder of his Champagne—and at length the half-hour was struck by the clock in the public room where he was seated.

"Strange!" said Mr. Tupman to himself, "I hope no accident has befallen him. Suppose I give him another five minutes; the Marchioness's house is close by—and one never ought to be *too* punctual."

But the supplementary five minutes passed away, and still Mr. Hook Walker returned not. Mr. Tupman began to be seriously alarmed for his friend's safety; but as he could wait for him no longer, he called for the bill, which amounted to a hundred and twenty-seven francs—paid it with a slight grimace, and hurried away to the residence of Madame de Volage in the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, marvelling that Mr. Walker's system should contain so grievous a fault as that of making his associates wait for his return in a manner at once mysterious and alarming.

After a great deal of trouble, Mr. Tupman discovered the abode he so anxiously sought; and resuming his jaunty air of the morning, he mounted lightly up the six flights, and pulled the bell with the violence of a man whose inward conviction is that he will be received with affectionate welcome. The door was opened by a black servant in a livery which looked very well by candle-light; and Mr. Tupman was ushered into the presence of his hostess. Madame la Marquise expressed her unfeigned



MR. PICKWICK RECOUNTING HIS ADVENTURES TO THE CLUB.



delight at the honor he conferred upon her by "assisting" at her "*petite reunion*," and Mademoiselle Anastasie blushed a more graceful welcome. The visitor was then duly introduced to a couple of fat old ladies with large turbans, three cross-looking old men, each wearing a red riband at his button-hole, and four or five young girls, who stared at Mr. Tupman, and tittered amongst themselves. Mr. Tupman went through this ordeal as well as might be expected, and seated himself, when the ceremony was concluded, next to the beautiful Anastasie, whose loveliness was not a little enhanced by the exceedingly low gown and short petticoats—atrocities very unusual in France—which she wore. Mr. Tupman gazed upon her charms with the eye of an unmitigated old libertine; and soon renewed, in a *sotto voce*, the same tender conversation he had held in the morning, and for which he was admirably primed by the quantity of Champagne he had imbibed in the society of the systematic Mr. Hook Walker.

While Mr. Tupman and Mademoiselle Anastasie de Volage were engaged in this little flirtation, which, with the politeness the French are so much renowned for, no one else appeared to notice, the black servant arranged three or four *ecarte* tables in becoming order, and the Marchioness, with amiable condescension, invited her guests to amuse themselves at cards. Two of the cross-looking gentlemen and the old ladies with the high turbans accordingly made up a couple of games, and the young ladies crowded round the tables to bet their five-franc pieces, which they did in a manner at once interesting and curious to a degree. At length Mr. Tupman caught the generally pervasive spirit of speculation and gallantly proposed a game with Mademoiselle de Volage which, after a variety of little objections easily over-ruled, and a multitude of blushes that did high credit to the modesty of her feelings, was accepted.

Whether the exhilarating effects of the wine he had drank or of the love that filled his soul, bewildered his mind; or whether he purposely, and from motives of gallantry, lost those large sums that were won by Mademoiselle de Volage at every consecutive game, has never transpired. It is nevertheless certain that upwards of a thousand francs changed proprietors that evening, and passed from the red morocco

pocket-book of Mr. Tupman to the elegant green silk purse of the fair Anastasie.

But who could resist those bewitching smiles—that blush of maiden modesty which tinged her cheek, when Mr. Tupman's foot touched her's beneath the table—or the enchanting confidence with which she suffered her foot to remain in delicious contact with his? When she smiled, a beautiful row of ivory teeth was displayed—and when she dealt the cards, a diminutive hand, white as alabaster, attracted her lover's impassioned gaze. Surely a thousand francs were not too dear a penalty to pay for enjoyment such as this!

At length the cards were laid aside, and the black servant announced that supper was served in an adjoining room. Thither did the whole party repair; and if, in the course of the repast, the Marchioness did become somewhat intoxicated, and display certain pugilistic predilections totally at variance with her rank and prior deportment, the kindly feelings of Mr. Tupman readily found a becoming excuse in the fact, that as the worthy lady had herself compounded the rum-punch, she must necessarily have tasted it several times to ascertain if any improvement were wanting.

At this crisis, the Marchioness requested her daughter to favor the company with a song; Anastasie accordingly commenced a popular air.

LA PARISIENNE.

Gallant nation! now before you
Freedom, beck'ning onward, stands;
Let no tyrant's sway be o'er you—
Wrest the sceptre from his hands!
Paris gave the general cry,
Glory, Fame, and Liberty!
Speed, warriors, speed,
Tho' thousands bleed,
Pierc'd by the leaden ball, or crushed by thunder-
ing steed;
Conquests wait—your foemen die!

Keep your serried ranks in order;
Sons of France, your country calls!
Gory hetacombs accord her—
Well she merits each who falls!
Happy day! the general cry,
Echoed nought but liberty!
Speed, warriors, speed,
Tho' thousands bleed,
Pierc'd by the leaden ball, or crush'd by thunder-
ing steed;
Conquests wait—your foemen die!

Vain the shot may sweep along you,
Ranks of warriors now display'd!
Youthful gen'als are among you,
By the great occasion made!
Happy day! &c., &c.

Foremost who the Carlist lances
 With the banner-staff has met?
 Freedom's votary advances,
 Venerable Lafayette!
 Happy day! &c., &c.

Triple dyes again combining,
 See the squadrons onward go:
 In the country's heaven shining,
 Mark the various-colored bow!
 Happy day! &c., &c.

Heroes of that banner gleaming,
 Ye, who bore it in the fray!
 Orleans' troops! your blood was streaming
 Freely on that fatal day!
 From the page of history
 We have learnt the gen'ral cry:
 Speed, warriors, speed, &c., &c.

Muffled drum! thy music lonely
 Answers to the mourner's sighs;
 Laurels, for the valiant only,
 Ornament their obsequies!
 Sacred fane of Liberty,
 Let their memories never die!
 Bear to his grave
 Each warrior brave,
 Who fell in Freedom's cause, his country's rights
 To save.
 Crown'd with fame and victory!

"Charming novelty!" thought Mr. Tupman within himself, as she concluded: and he would have doubtless sank into a delicious reverie, had not the fair Anastasie, in a sweet and amiable voice, requested to be informed what o'clock it might be by Mr. Tupman's watch. The gallant and deeply-enamoured swain hastened to comply with the wishes of Mademoiselle de Volage, and accordingly produced his handsome gold repeater, the hands and the dial of which indicated the hour of one.

"Oh! what a lovely watch, dat dere!" cried Mademoiselle Anastasie: "pray, make me see dat sweet ittle ting;"—and with the most ingenuous playfulness, the young lady insisted upon Mr. Tupman's taking off his watch and chain, and subjecting them to her critical examination. This request was immediately complied with, and the fair Anastasie scrutinized the valuable repeater in a manner, and with an expression of countenance, that seemed to approve of Mr. Tupman's taste in the selection of little articles of jewellery.

At the very moment when the enraptured lover was about to whisper some sweet compliment in the ears of the fair Anastasie, and compare her eyes to the *deux trous rubis* of his gold watch, or some such high-flown metaphor, one of the cross looking gentlemen inadvertently snuffed out the candle opposite to him, and the

Marchioness as awkwardly extinguished the other in attempting to light the first. An extraordinary scene of confusion immediately took place. Mr. Tupman was knocked from one side to another,—his carcase was the focus at which a hundred fists appeared to meet,—and in his agony he called in vain upon the fair Anastasie for relief. As he has subsequently declared, it appeared as if he were forcibly borne forward by three or four powerful individuals, and eventually shoved out of the front door into the passage, which was as dark as pitch. Dreading lest Mademoiselle de Volage might sustain any injury in a disturbance which he firmly believed the cross gentlemen had created in a moment of ebriety, the gallant Mr. Tupman precipitated himself down the six flights of stairs, and rushed into the street for the purpose of alarming the police. The wicket of the *porte cochere* was closed violently behind him,—and there stood Tracy Tupman, alone, without his hat, *minus* his watch and a thousand francs—in a deserted street, at about half-past one o'clock in the morning.

But he had no time for reflection—Anastasie was in danger—Anastasie was left with a set of drunken brawlers—Anastasie was his only care. Frantically did Mr. Tupman run up the street in the direction of the *Rue de la Paix*—vociferously did he call "Police! Police?"—the echoes alone answered his appeal. At length he arrived in the street above mentioned, and there his cries alarmed the sentry at the guard-house opposite the Royal Stamp-Office. Mr. Tupman was accordingly accosted by that functionary, who in vain endeavored to ascertain the meaning of the unfortunate Englishman's signs and sayings, and who came to the very natural conclusion that the gentleman was drunk. Mr. Tupman stamped and swore; the soldier shrugged his shoulders, smiled, muttered a terrible oath, and resumed his walk up and down in front of the guard-house.

What was to be done? the wretched Tracy Tupman saw that remonstrance and clamor were useless, and bethought himself that if he could only manage to get as far as Meurice's hotel, he might there explain his difficulties, and procure assistance to return with him and rescue Anastasie from the violence of the drunken rioters. He accordingly approached the sentinel, ejaculated the words, "Hotel Meurice," several times, and eventually succeeded in making

himself understood. The sentry accordingly summoned another soldier from the guard-house, and under this convoy, Mr. Tupman was conducted to the *Rue de Rivoli*, and to Meurice's hotel. With all the fervor of gratitude did he extract from his waistcoat pocket a five-franc piece, which he tendered to the good-natured soldier, who thus had served him as guide and protection in his misfortunes. But the soldier drew back with an air of offended dignity, muttered something about a "*militaire Français*," and "*l'honneur de la jeune France*," and having bowed politely, hastily retraced his steps to the guard house.

Now it happened that a post chaise had arrived at Meurice's hotel only a quarter of an hour previous to Mr. Tupman's return, and there were lights in the office still. Thither did Mr. Tupman forthwith repair, and there, to his joy, did he find the attentive M. Cailliez seated at his desk. To him was the narrative of his woes immediately unfolded; but the Frenchman, instead of sympathizing with the unfortunate Tracy Tupman, and without proffering his aid in the service of Mademoiselle Anastasie de Volage, bestowed meet comfort and consolation in the following terms:—

"My dear Sir," said M. Cailliez, with an ill-suppressed smile, "you have fallen in with a set of swindlers and cheats, who taking advantage of your inexperience in Paris, have successfully made you their dupe. By this time, they have all decamped from the apartments which they probably only retained till fortune should throw a victim in their way. Repining is useless, Sir,—and, even if you did make known your loss to the police, the thing would get into the papers—and—excuse me, Sir—all your friends will laugh at you."

Mr. Tupman uttered not a syllable. His countenance assumed an expression of the most profound despair—then catching hold of a flat candlestick, rushed wildly up to his bed-room, disgusted with himself, disgusted with the name of love, disgusted at the deceitfulness of the world, and discovering, when too late, that Mr. Pickwick's advice was invariably founded upon a basis of reason and propriety that would do credit to any country and to any age.

"Come in, Sam," said Mr. Tupman on the following morning, when the attentive Mr. Weller knocked at his door, and was preparing to deposit thereat one of the mystic pots of hot water before allud-

ed to: "come in, Sam—pray do—come in."

"Vell, sir," observed that individual, acting as he was so solemnly adjured to do: "vot's the next indictment, now, as the gentleman remarked at the Old Bailey?"

"Sam," said Mr. Tupman, "I am very—very miserable."

"Air you, indeed, sir?" inquired Mr. Weller. "An' pray vot is it that may have caused sich a melan-cholly disposition on your part, sir?"

"My feelings are too sensitive, Sam," returned Mr. Tupman, dolefully.

"So the boy said, sir," observed Mr. Weller, "ven he bust out a-cryin' on the occasion of his bein' carried to the House o' Correction."

"I have quarrelled with my old and revered friend, Pickwick," continued Mr. Tupman, heedless of Sam's remarks; "and I don't dare present myself to him, till——"

"Ne-cessity is the nat-ral parent of invention, sir, as the nobleman said ven he pawned his vatch," interrupted Mr. Weller; "an' if so be you rek-vire a ambassador, as ull represent your casé to his high and mightiness, I des-say that Samivel Veller, Es-k-vire, vill not object to fill that 'ere capacity."

"Tell him, Sam," exclaimed Mr. Tupman, enchanted with the idea, "tell him that I am ready to apologise for my conduct of yesterday afternoon, and that I hope he will think no more of the matter."

"*Weni, widi, wici!*" remarked Mr. Weller to himself—(he had heard the German courier, who spoke all languages, make use of these words the day before)—and with all the importance of a diplomatic envoy, he proceeded to execute the commission which Mr. Tupman had entrusted to his discretion.

"I see you ain't left your portable pocket Bible at home, sir," observed Mr. Weller to his master, when he had duly arranged the shaving *apparatus*, and was diving into the trunk in quest of a clean shirt.

"No, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, taking off his night-cap, and putting on his spectacles; "I never travel without it."

"Excellent book, that Bible, sir," remarked Mr. Weller, after a short pause. "Teaches von many admirayble maxims."

"So it does, Sam," coincided Mr. Pickwick. "Which do you think is the most

instructive and the best calculated to make a good man?"

"That von in partickler, sir," answered Sam, hastily, "vich talks about the forgiveness of von's enemies, sir, to be sure."

"Ah!" said Mr. Pickwick, as if a new light had suddenly broken in upon him.

"To be sure, sir," continued Mr. Weller: "vot can be more beautifuller than that there passage in the Scripture—If a chap give you a cuff on von side o' your physiognomy, sir, present him vith t'other? I don't mean another cuff, sir—but t'other side o' the cheeks."

"That, you know, is an allegory, Sam," observed Mr. Pickwick, with a faint smile.

"Hallegory or astronomy, sir," continued Mr. Weller, earnestly, "it's all the same in the end, as the gen'lleman—but no, sir—we mustn't joke in a serious matter;" and this was the first time in his life that Sam had stopped short in the midst of one of his favorite figures of speech; and in order to relieve his feelings, he shook his head sagaciously some half-a-dozen times, with peculiar elasticity and airiness.

"Such is your opinion, is it, Sam?" said Mr. Pickwick, after a pause.

"My o-pinion, sir," returned Mr. Weller, emphatically, "is that that maxim vich preaches for-giveness, *en-ceteray, en-ceteray*, is the best."

"So it is, Sam," assented Mr. Pickwick; and now that the ice was fairly broken, Mr. Weller adroitly turned the conversation to the penitence of the wretched Mr. Tracy Tupman.

"Where is my dressing-gown, Sam?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, after a long pause, during which he appeared to have been wrapt up in deep contemplation.

"On that there cheer, sir," responded Mr. Weller, indicating the place with a dexterous movement of his right arm; "an' a wery nice robe-de-shamble it is, too, as the French say."

"Tis decided!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick; and having descended from his couch, that great man proceeded to envelope his illustrious person in the dressing-gown alluded to ere now. He then hastened to Mr. Tupman's chamber, and a most affecting interview forthwith ensued.

"Stay!" said Mr. Pickwick, as his friend was about to narrate his adventures of the preceding evening. "The weather is rather cold—and—as I haven't got on my breeches, you shall tell me all this present-

ly. We *may* have time, when I think of it, to converse before breakfast. Meet me in the coffee-room in ten minutes, and you shall tell me all your wrongs."

"Agreed!" cried Mr. Tupman; and Mr. Pickwick returned to his apartment to complete his toilet.

Seven minutes and a half sufficed for Mr. Tupman to wash and dress himself on this occasion; and the moment he had thus performed the first duties of the morning, he descended to the coffee-room, to await the arrival of his immortal leader. Three or four gentlemen were seated at as many different tables, engaged in the agreeable occupation of discussing their breakfasts and the newspaper; but the countenance of one who was eating muffins with great precision, immediately attracted Mr. Tupman's attention; and on a nearer survey, he could not fail to distinguish the lines and lineaments peculiar to the face of his friend of the preceding evening, Mr. Hook Walker.

"Ah!" said Mr. Tupman, when his visual rays were concentrated, as aforesaid, in the somewhat capacious *focus* formed by the body of the systematic gentleman; "ah! Mr. Walker—how do you do, sir?"

"Never answer with my month full," returned that individual, as he leisurely scanned Mr. Tupman's person from the crown of his head to the heel of his polished boot, and disposed of another muffin to refresh himself during the survey. "Well, sir—and how do *you* do?" enquired Mr. Hook Walker, when his curiosity and hunger were both appeased.

"Very well, thank'ee," said Mr. Tupman. "But what became of you last evening?"

"When I got out into the open air," responded Mr. Walker, "I suddenly recollected that I had left my purse at home; and, although it is not a part of my system to disappoint a friend, I fancied that I should have time to run to my lodgings, and fetch it. Pray, how long did you wait for me?"

"About twenty minutes," said Mr. Tupman.

"Well," continued Mr. Hook Walker, "it might have been half an hour before I returned; and then you were gone. I offered to pay my share of the dinner at the bar; but found, to my mortification, that you had settled it for me."

"Oh! as for that," said Mr. Tupman, producing a small piece of paper from his pocket, "we can easily—"

"So I said to myself," continued Mr.

Walker, speaking with an unusual volubility, "this matter may be very pleasantly arranged. Tracy Tupman has given me a dinner; and on another occasion Hook Walker will give him one.' This, indeed, is a part of my system."

Mr. Tupman made a slight grimace, returned the equivocal-looking paper to his waistcoat pocket, and muttered something about being "very happy," &c., while, in reality, he felt and looked any thing but satisfied with this portion of his new acquaintance's systematic behavior. His countenance, however, cleared up when Mr. Pickwick entered the room; and an introduction was speedily effected between that gentleman and Mr. Hook Walker.

"Fine morning, sir," said Mr. Pickwick, with a benignant smile; for this was the truly original and ingenuous manner in which that extraordinary individual invariably commenced a conversation, with an occasional variation of terms, substituted as circumstances might demand.

Mr. Walker never compromised the rectitude of his system by the utterance of an untruth, as he informed Mr. Pickwick; so before he answered the above observation, he took a good long stare at the snow through the windows which looked into the Rue de Rivoli.

Mr. Walker then bade Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Tupman a temporary adieu, and departed, while the two friends exchanged a few hasty observations, and Mr. Tupman gave a short, but correct account, of his adventures of the preceding day; after which they sought their sitting-apartment, where Messieurs Boozie and Winkle were already waiting for them to commence breakfast.

CHAPTER XI.

An evening at the Ambassador's.—A deadly feud, in which Mr. Pickwick is unexpectedly involved.

A considerable number of representatives of "Old England" embellished the crowded drawing-rooms at the hotel inhabited by Lord Pompus in the Faubourg St. Honore. This mansion, over the gateway of which are the arms of England, surpasses the residence of all the other ambassadors, at the French Court. It was about half-past nine o'clock when Mr. Pickwick, in a pair of black kerseymere tights and flesh-

colored silk stockings, and attended by Mr. Tupman, Mr. Winkle and Mr. Boozie, was ushered into the presence of his Britannic Majesty's Ambassador, at the court of the Citizen King of the French.

Lord Pompus was a stout, aristocratic-looking individual, with a double chin, a flowered-silk waistcoat, a large gold watch-chain, and an old-fashioned snuff-box. Add to these appurtenances, a wife in a sky-blue satin robe, and two or three obsequious *attaches*, and that portion of the picture is complete.

His lordship, having heard the name of Mr. Pickwick shouted out by two or three servants stationed on the staircase, condescended to step forward and acknowledge the bows with which that gentleman and his companions announced their presence in the drawing-room. Mr. Pickwick was quite overcome by this remarkable instance of humility on the part of Lord Pompus: and, with the meritorious intention of displaying his full consciousness of it, he seized his lordship's hand and wrung it with all the friendly warmth usually displayed by Englishmen on such occasions. The ambassador withdrew his fingers somewhat hastily from the too cordial grasp: and having bestowed a ceremonious bow upon Mr. Pickwick's followers, hastily withdrew to another part of the room, much to the annoyance of Mr. Boozie, who had already begun to recollect that it was not in the East Indies, but in Canada, that he had once seen his lordship eating some turtle-soup in a pastry-cook's shop.

"How very agreeable this is," observed Mr. Winkle to his respected leader, who in vain endeavored to get out of the draught at the drawing-room door.

"Very," returned Mr. Pickwick, receiving at the moment the whole weight of a fat Englishman upon his toe.

"I beg your pardon, Sir," said the fat gentleman, "but I am so remarkably absent."

"Ah!" said Mr. Pickwick, feeling the weight of the apology.

"Yes, indeed," replied the stranger, evincing a desire to become acquainted with our several heroes: "it was only this morning that I wiped my face with the newspaper, sat down to read the towel, and only discovered my mistake when the waiter came up to ask if I could spare *Galignani*, as another gentleman wanted it.

"Extraordinary!" observed Mr. Pickwick,

eyeing the stout stranger from top to toe, and thereby ascertaining that he was dressed in deep black, was about forty-five years of age, and seemed as if he were not averse to that most satisfactory of human enjoyments—a good dinner.

"Nothing at all extraordinary, my dear Sir," said the absent gentleman, becoming still more intimate, "to what I sometimes do. Last night—for example's sake—I was playing back-gammon with a friend, called for a glass of hot brandy-and-water, threw the liquor into the board, and swallowed the dice."

"Very singular," said Mr. Tupman; and his observation was deservedly echoed by Mr. Winkle.

"You wouldn't believe it," continued the stranger, "but I forgot my own name the other day. I was walking in the Tuileries, heard somebody calling out a certain appellation, did not, for the life of me, remember that it was mine, and consequently did not answer. Presently the person tapped me on the shoulder, and—who do you think it was?"

"The king, perhaps!" guessed Mr. Pickwick.

"No," exclaimed the strange gentleman. "My tailor!"

"How very singular!" said Mr. Pickwick, dryly.

"Rather," observed the absent gentleman. "But," he added, after a momentary pause, "here have we been chattering together for the last ten minutes, and are strangers still."

"My name is Pickwick, Sir," said that individual, always ready to form a new acquaintance. "And this is Mr. Tupman—that is Mr. Winkle—and this is Mr. Boozie."

"What! *the* Pickwick!" cried the stranger, with vast emphasis on the article. Mr. Pickwick bowed profoundly, and smiled slightly.

"Most happy to make your acquaintance, gentlemen," said the absent man, shaking each member of the little party by the hand. "My name's Scuttle—Jeremiah Scuttle, at your service. And as you seem to be strangers here, I may as well act as your *chaperon*.—Follow me."

The absent gentleman elbowed his way through the crowd, and at length arrived near a fire-place, closely followed by Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Boozie, Mr. Tupman, and Mr. Winkle.

"This is comfortable," said Mr. Scuttle. "Now let me call your attention to what is

passing around us. You see that all the ladies are seated round the room like a regiment of Amazons, and that the gentlemen stand chattering in little groups together in the middle."

Mr. Pickwick nodded an assent.

"And you *may* think," continued Mr. Scuttle, with dignity, "that this social arrangement is very singular. No such thing. In France, a gentleman invites any lady he chooses, to dance—she dares not refuse, if she have no other engagement, under the penalty of not being permitted to dance again all the rest of the evening—and when once the *quadrille* is over, the acquaintance ends at the same time. Here, there is no lounging on young men's arms—no parading round the room after the dance—as it is in London. All is conducted on a different and a better system."

"So I should imagine," said Mr. Pickwick, approvingly.

"Oh! I assure you that such is the case," continued Mr. Scuttle, who, however absent he might be with regard to his own affairs, was very communicative about those of others. "You do not even bow in the street to-morrow to a lady with whom you may have danced three or four times to-night, unless she were a previous acquaintance. No introductions—no familiarities. And, now—can you distinguish the English ladies from the French in that extensive circle of beauty and fashion?"

Mr. Pickwick, with his usual candor, did not hesitate to acknowledge his inability to discriminate so nicely as his new friend.

"Let me, then, act as your Mentor," said Mr. Scuttle, mysteriously. "Take a cursory glance at that circle of fair dames, before I begin."

Messrs. Pickwick, Winkle, and Boozie, did as they were desired; but Mr. Tupman's survey was long and critical.

"Now, then," resumed Mr. Scuttle, with a smile, "let me enlighten you. Those ladies, with low gowns that exhibit so much of their naked busts, with the *rouge* on their cheeks, and the preposterous loads of diamonds and precious stones to ornament themselves withal, are the English; and those with the high-bodied gowns, the simple, but neat ear-rings, necklaces, and chains, are the French. English ladies will never appear twice in the same dresses; the French have but three or four for the whole season. The former have costly things, but wear them as if they were thrown on their

persons; the latter have less expensive apparel, but it becomes them as if they had made it for themselves with their own hands."

"Indeed," said Mr. Pickwick, with a smile of satisfaction, while Mr. Tupman was ogling a middle-aged lady at a little distance.

"You admire that wall-flower, do you, sir?" inquired Mr. Scuttle, addressing his question to Mr. Tupman, who laughed feebly, and looked around to discover the garden-production in question, but sought in vain. "You do not understand," said the absent gentleman, after a pause: "I allude to the lady you were just now admiring. We call all those 'wall flowers,' who do not dance."

"Ah! I comprehend," cried Mr. Tupman, triumphantly. "Yes—I admire the sex in general; indeed, I adore it, I may say;"—and Mr. Tupman looked at the moment as if he experienced a reciprocal feeling in return.

"Where are you staying, gentlemen?" asked Mr. Scuttle, suddenly awaking from a deep reverie. "I hope we shall have the pleasure of meeting again."

"At Meurice's," answered Mr. Winkle; and then he also expressed a similar wish, in which his companions immediately and cordially joined.

"Well, that is curious," said the absent man; "for I am also located there, and my apartments are on the fifth floor, in the front part of the building."

"Precisely over ours," exclaimed Mr. Pickwick. "How very convenient!"

"So convenient," said Mr. Scuttle, "that I invariably mistake the staircase, in a fit of absence, and do not discover my error till I am ringing at some person's bell up five flights of stairs in another part of the hotel. Absence of mind is a dreadful calamity, sir."

"So I should imagine," observed Mr. Pickwick; "and somewhat dangerous at times, I should think."

"You are tolerably correct in your opinion," continued Mr. Scuttle. "The other morning I awoke at an early hour, and fancied myself a chimney-sweep. The impression was so strong upon my mind, that I seized the hearth-brush and shovel, and forthwith clambered up the chimney of my bed-room like a madman. Arrived at the top, I commenced a dismal howling in the usual style, and was only recalled to my

senses, or rather recollection, by the onslaught which a fierce tom-eat immediately commenced upon me. Singular—was it not?"

"Very," returned Mr. Pickwick, who began to think that he had done well to visit foreign parts, as he daily encountered new characters, and on each occasion was materially edified by all he heard and saw.

In the meantime Mr. Tupman had screwed up his courage to the proper and necessary pitch, and had invited a young lady to honor him with her hand in the ensuing *quadrille*. Mr. Winkle, with a pleasing variety of blushes, followed his friend's example; and Mr. Boozie regretted that he had not pinned the cambric-handkerchiefs to his coat-tails, as he might then have danced also.

While Mr. Tupman and Mr. Winkle were thus engaged in "doing the agreeable" to their fair partners, the absent gentleman proceeded to entertain Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Boozie with a variety of amusing anecdotes, either illustrative and descriptive of Parisian habits and manners, or relative to the personages that crowded the splendid *salons* of the ancient palace of the family of Borghese—for such is the present abode of the English Ambassador in Paris.

Mr. Scuttle paused to gather breath, and Mr. Pickwick glanced around him with a countenance wreathed into smiles of the most interesting philanthropy. That great man knew that he was in the society of many of his fellow-countrymen, even in a strange land; he was also aware that he himself was no inconsiderable ornament to the nation whose Ambassador had honored him with his notice; and on every whisper that passed between the various knots into which the guests were collected, during the interval of leisure succeeding a *quadrille*, he felt convinced that the words which were breathed announced a consciousness of the presence of Samuel Pickwick, Tracy Tupman, and Nathaniel Winkle. His honest heart leapt at the idea and, in the pride of the moment, he thought within himself, "Even Boozie is now indebted to us for a certain tributary lustre which surrounds him!"

The current of these grand ideas was interrupted by a tray which an over-obsequious waiter thrust into Mr. Pickwick's somewhat corpulent stomach; so that in the momentary anguish caused by the servant's negligence, that truly immortal man, with

a presence of mind that few individuals could boast of, seized hold of a glass of strong negus, and tossed the pleasant mixture off at a draught. So praiseworthy an example could not do otherwise than find disciples; and Messieurs Boozie and Scuttle instantly performed the same ceremony.

Messieurs Tupman and Winkle now rejoined their friends; but to their astonishment Mr. Scuttle stared first at one, and then at the other, in a manner exceedingly embarrassing to the two gentlemen in question.

"Acquaintances of your's, sir, I presume?" said Mr. Scuttle, appealing to Mr. Pickwick.

"What! do you not recollect them?" demanded Mr. Pickwick, in astonishment not unmingled with anger. "I introduced them as—"

"God bless me!" exclaimed Mr. Scuttle, hastily. "I declare I quite forgot you. A thousand pardons—but you know how absent I am."

Mr. Tupman and Mr. Winkle of course laughed as heartily as propriety and *politesse* permitted them; and Mr. Boozie had already begun a story, when Mr. Scuttle again seized upon the conversation as his own exclusive right.

"Dreadful thing, this perpetual absence of mind," said that gentleman: "it gets me into a thousand scrapes. An aunt of mine died a few months ago, and left me a pleasant little fortune. I therefore determined to bury her with meet honors, and issued cards accordingly. But in a moment of distraction, I summoned about thirty guests to my aunt's 'marriage' instead of 'funeral,' and sure enough they came in gay attire and white gloves. I never was so ashamed in my life, I can assure you."

"I can easily fancy that," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Can you?" said Mr. Scuttle. "Well, that's very kind of you. But, I think, gentlemen," he added, addressing himself to Messieurs Tupman and Winkle, "that if you mean to dance again, you had better make haste."

This hint was immediately attended to; and in another minute those illustrious individuals were capering away like Bedlamites.

"Pray, have you been long in France?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, having assured him-

self, by a cursory glance, that his followers were amusing themselves in a highly creditable and innocent manner.

"Several years, my dear sir," replied Mr. Scuttle. "I intended to visit Holland, and accordingly embarked in the first steam-vessel that was destined for the Continent, without thinking of inquiring to which country or port it was bound. Conceive my astonishment, when, a light-house and a couple of towers appearing in the distance, the captain assured me, in answer to an inquiry, that we were about to land at Calais. I therefore determined to hasten to Brussels immediately, and thence pass into Holland; but I caused my passport to be signed for Paris by mistake, and did not think it worth while to correct the error."

"And you are fond of Paris, sir?" said Mr. Boozie, fidgetting his wig: "that is—I mean—you like it."

"Oh! decidedly!" replied Mr. Scuttle: "there is no city in the world to be compared to it. Even this very hotel is equal, in size and splendor, to most of the royal palaces in England. At a future day I shall have the pleasure of escorting you to the Tuileries, and will then leave you to judge for yourselves."

We do not find, in the private notes of Mr. Pickwick, any account of the manner in which Messieurs Tupman and Winkle acquitted themselves in the last *quadrille*, with their fair partners. We therefore presume that nothing extraordinary occurred to interrupt the harmony of the evening, which passed away as most evenings of the same kind usually do.

It was about twelve o'clock when Mr. Scuttle proposed to retire; but this was objected to by Mr. Boozie, and slightly remonstrated against by Mr. Pickwick, those two gentlemen being somewhat anxious to wait for supper.

"Supper!" exclaimed Mr. Scuttle; "at the English Ambassador's house! Oh!—no—never, my dear sirs—never. Not even if he were as absent as I, would he, in a most extreme state of oblivion, so far forget his prudential and economical arrangements, as to give supper."

"In that case, then, we had better depart, and get some at the hotel," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Not for me," returned Mr. Scuttle. "Whenever I eat supper, I invariably walk in my sleep, or have the night-

mare. I shall therefore say 'Good night.'

"Good night," echoed the Pickwickians and Mr. Boozie.

"Good night," cried Mr. Scuttle; and the absent gentleman disappeared in the company of a flat candlestick.

A slight supper of about a dozen hot dishes and a bottle of brandy, with hot water and sugar, were speedily prepared for the hungry travellers; and at a very late hour they sought each his respective chamber. But what was Mr. Pickwick's astonishment, when, just as he was about to step into bed, he discovered another tenant in that delicious abode; and, on further inspection, became aware of the pleasing fact, that the absent gentleman was fast asleep between the identical sheets to which he was about to consign his own illustrious limbs! Mr. Pickwick started back in silent horror, and glanced hastily round the room, when other equally agreeable objects met his view. The absent man had swept up the ashes in the grate with Mr. Pickwick's hair-brush—he had stopped up a broken window with a pair of Mr. Pickwick's tights—he had filled Mr. Pickwick's best hat with water, and stood his rush-light in it—and lastly, he had put out the wax-candle with Mr. Pickwick's night-cap.

Human nature could not endure this complication of injuries. It seemed that Mr. Pickwick was destined never to enjoy an uninterrupted night's rest in the Hotel Meurice. Philanthropy—leniency—mercy—all were forgotten: Mr. Pickwick tucked up his shirt sleeves with the utmost haste, and forthwith commenced so desperate an attack on the ribs of the absent gentleman, that sleep soon forsook his eyes, and fancying himself a prize-fighter, he jumped manfully out of bed, and returned, with compound interest, the favors Mr. Pickwick was so liberally and profusely bestowing on him.

In all probability the desperate conflict would have been continued half-an-hour longer, had not Mr. Boozie suddenly rushed into the room—for Messieurs Tupman and Winkle prudently acted as listeners instead of operators—and separated the combatants, for which unthankful act of kindness Mr. Pickwick would have pitched into him also, had not exhaustion compelled that extraordinary man, whose exploits in war are as remarkable as his proceedings in matters of peace, to sink into a chair. Mr. Scuttle took advantage of this cessation of hostilities, to

gather up his clothes and decamp to his own chamber; and Mr. Boozie, having wished his friend a good night's rest, also retired to his apartment, while Mr. Pickwick remained alone, and upon the chair, gazing with a species of grim satisfaction on the objects around, like Marius sitting amongst the ruins of Carthage.

CHAPTER XII.

Mr. Weller's opinion of Mr. Adolphus Crashem.—
A communication from M. Dumont.—French
Politeness.

In the meantime, Mr. Weller had amused himself, in imitation of the example so laudably set him by his venerated master. He had presided at a Pork-chop Club, over an exclusive and fashionable party of English gentlemen, who, for the most part, were embellished with ten days' shirts, and stockings of a like antiquity; and as the meeting was held at a select tavern, the domestic economy and glorious uncleanness of which were subjected to the dominion of a drunken Irish landlord, there had been no want of license in the use of the "creature." It is not, therefore, astonishing if Mr. Weller were somewhat late in his diurnal, or rather matinal visit, to his master's room on the morning that immediately followed the events so faithfully detailed in the preceding chapter.

"What's o'clock, Sam?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Ten, sir," replied that gentleman, laconically.

"Ten!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, sitting up in his bed: "you don't mean to say so."

"I vosn't aweer that you'd any verry particular bisness to transact this mornin', sir," said Mr. Weller, "or I'd ha' called you afore. The fact is, sir, I pre-sided at a verry genteel swarry last evening; and I rally don't know how it were, but either the liquor vosn't verry weak, or my head verry strong, and so—"

"And so you were rather tipsy, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, coming to his dependant's aid with the kindness of disposition that so essentially characterized all his trivial as well as his important deeds.

"Rayther, sir," returned Mr. Weller. "But him as okkipies the cheer at them public meetin's is always obligated to drink more than the rest; and that's comin' it a little too strong, as the 'ooman remarked ven the doctor offered her the seventeenth pill in the course of the hour."

"I purpose calling on Mr. Crashe to-day," said Mr. Pickwick, after a pause, during which he emerged from his bed.

"Hem!" said Mr. Weller, dubiously, and leisurely desisting from his occupation of playing with his copper watch-chain.

"What did you say, Sam?" cried his master.

"I merely said 'hem,' sir," returned the valet, drily.

"And why did you say 'hem'?" demanded Mr. Pickwick, as he applied an immense lather-brush to his expressive face.

"Cos, sir," answered Mr. Weller, "he ain't no good, I'm weary much afeerd. His name's veared out, the vaggibund! on my books, as the sheriff's officer said ven he refused to take Bill Styles's bail for the gentleman in trouble."

"I'm sorry to hear you talk in this way, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, casting a solemn glance at his faithful attendant.

"Can't help von's thoughts, sir," continued Mr. Weller: "an' my o-pinion o' Mr. Crashe is, that he's like a reg'lar dealer in deceptions, in a hallegorical sense."

"A story-teller I suppose, Sam?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Just like von o' them chaps as sells brass ornaments for gold vons," explained Mr. Weller.

"Ah!" cried Mr. Pickwick, who probably more than half suspected that his sagacious servant was not far wrong. "But he is a stranger in a strange land, Sam—he has no friends—"

"Exactly vot the costermonger remarked, ven he rolloped his donkey, sir," ejaculated Mr. Weller, by way of illustrating his master's observation.

"I therefore shall not desert him," continued Mr. Pickwick.

At this moment, Messrs. Tupman, Winkle, and Boozie entered the room, and were most graciously received by the amiable Mr. Pickwick.

"Gen'leman bin here, sir," said Mr. Weller.

"Who was it, Sam?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, seating himself by the side of a wood fire, which seemed to be as obstinately inclined as ever three dead logs with one cubic inch of hot cinder between them ever yet did.

"Johnny Darmy, sir," returned Mr. Weller, in a certain epigrammatic style into which he occasionally relapsed.

"Ah!" said Mr. Pickwick; "and did he

leave any message?"—for the intelligent hero of this narrative, with his usual comprehensive powers, immediately suspected the name of his visitor.

"Left this 'ere note, sir," answered Mr. Weller, "and said he wouldn't take no refusal votsoever; vich vos precisely the observation made by the mas'er chimbley-sweep, ven he pushed the little tiny boy up the chimbley."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Pickwick, with a shudder: "are chimney-sweepers so cruel as all that, Sam?"

"Them and costermongers, sir," replied Mr. Weller, "is the most hard-hartedest brutes a-livin', if ve except the chaps as drives the dog-carts. None on 'em ever ends any-veres, save at the gallows."

"Very strange!" cried Mr. Pickwick, opening the note, and perusing its contents from the date to the signature.

"What does it say?" inquired Mr. Winkle, when he observed the bland and placid smile that played upon the lips of his leader.

"It regards Tupman, principally," said Mr. Pickwick, with a little hesitation. "But as it would be ridiculous, Tupman," continued he, "to keep the affair any longer secret from our mutual friends, I may as well take this opportunity of acquainting them with the villainous robbery that was committed upon you. Sam, you may withdraw."

Mr. Tupman bowed submissively as Mr. Pickwick addressed him, and Mr. Weller forthwith obeyed the imperial ukase that dismissed him from the presence. Mr. Pickwick then made a few preliminary and lucidly explanatory observations, for the especial edification of Messieurs Boozie and Winkle; at the termination of which he informed his audience that the note he held in his hand was from their mutual friend Dumont, and that its contents, expunged of all grammatical errors—it being written in English—were as follows:

"My dear sir,—Information having been privately given at the Prefecture de Police, that a most audacious and extensive robbery was committed on the person of Mr. Tupman, a few evenings ago, I am inclined to think that the gold watch may probably be recovered. In order to advise with you on this subject, I took the liberty of calling this morning, but was not fortunate enough to find you at home. I shall therefore do

myself the pleasure of waiting upon you, if convenient, at eleven precisely, to-morrow morning, and hope to render you an essential service, at the same time that I shall gratify your curiosity in search of useful information, by conducting you and your friends to the office of no less a person than the immortal Vidocq himself!

"Very truly yours,

"DUMONT.

"A Monsieur, Monsieur,

"Pickwick, &c., &c."

This communication instilled a considerable quantity of joy into the hearts of the four gentlemen, as they seated themselves at the dinner table, in obedience to the summons of their appetites and of a waiter simultaneously; and the evening was agreeably passed in the pleasing anticipation of the novel adventure which awaited them for the ensuing morning.

At eleven o'clock of the following day, Mr. Pickwick and his three friends were delighted by a call from the Gendarme, who was dressed in plain clothes for the momentous occasion he had in view. We need scarcely say that the excellent-hearted Frenchman was received with fitting cordiality by Mr. Pickwick and his friends, or that the utmost alacrity in preparing for departure was demonstrated by those gentlemen so soon as M. Dumont had specifically stated his hopes of recovering a portion of Mr. Tupman's property. Mr. Boozie, however, declined accompanying the party, as he intended to return to Calais by the mail that evening, and had a few calls to make, besides some commissions to execute, which would entirely engross the remainder of the morning. He therefore took leave of his friends, in case he should not see them again previous to his departure (for the *malle-poste* left the post-office at six o'clock precisely,) and actually shed tears when he grasped the hand of the principal actor on the stage of our present memoirs. Even Mr. Weller was sensibly affected by the meditated departure of a worthy though eccentric man; but his feelings were speedily and materially relieved by the contiguity of the two five-franc pieces which Mr. Boozie slipped into his hand. A hackney-coach was immediately summoned, and Mr. Pickwick, followed by the Gendarme, Mr. Tupman, and Mr. Winkle, crept into the vehicle, while Mr. Weller contrived to carry himself to the seat next to the driver on the box. The

Gendarme then gave the coachman a certain address, and the *fiacre* moved away from the gate of the hotel as speedily as one lame horse, and another that shied every time it passed a vehicle, could make it.

After a short ride of about half-an-hour, the coach stopped at a large gate way, and the Gendarme desired his companions to follow him. Mr. Weller, who thought he might as well be a spectator of what was going on, brought up the rear; and in due order was the procession ushered, at one and the same time, into the office, and the presence of the celebrated Vidocq himself.

The President of the Board of Public Safety rose, as his visitors entered the room, and received them with that cordiality and politeness which so eminently characterize the manners of the French, from the paladin in his splendid hotel in the Faubourg Saint Germain, to the humble peasant in the vales of Savoy. A brief conversation then ensued in their native language, between the Gendarme and Vidocq, which having been disposed of, the latter addressed himself to Mr. Tupman in tolerable English, and interrogated that gentleman as follows:

"What value, Sir, do you set on the watch of which you were plundered?"

"It was a present from my friend Pickwick," responded Mr. Tupman in a melancholy tone of voice, "and cost him, I believe, fifty guineas. He gave it to me in return for a very handsome patent philter which I sent him a few years ago."

"Yes," said Mr. Winkle, by way of corroborating Mr. Tupman's testimony, "it was about the same time that I bought for our excellent friend here—" indicating Mr. Pickwick—"a microscope which magnified a flea to the size of a large mouse."

"And on the same occasion," added Mr. Pickwick, turning with a glance of pride from his followers, to the great man who listened in silent admiration to the unquestionable reports of the witnesses, "I recollect that Snodgrass treated himself to the most complete rhyming dictionary extant."

The three Pickwickians felt that they had now done their duty as upright and honorable members of society, and the reward of their good actions was gathered in the approving smiles of each other.

"You say, then, Sir," said M. Vidocq, after a pause, "that you value your watch at fifty pounds, English money?"

Mr. Tupman nodded assent, and Mr. Weller encouraged the whole party present

to proceed in the investigation of the matter by assuring them that they might "go it, as crutches were cheap." This information, being in some way connected with the word "cripples," gave a most pleasing aspect to the face of the affair.

"If that be the case then," continued M. Vidocq, alluding to Mr. Tupman's answer, and not to Mr. Weller's observation, "you will not probably be averse to give fifteen pounds, sterling, for the recovery of your watch?"

"On the contrary," replied Mr. Tupman eagerly, "I shall do so with the greatest pleasure—provided I can also punish the delinquents."

"No—no," said Vidocq with a smile: "the watch will be returned on condition that no further notice be taken of the affair."

"Vonders vill never cease," cried Mr. Weller, "as the tailor said to the gentleman ven he paid his bill."

"Sam," exclaimed Mr. Pickwick.

"Here you air, Sir," returned the valet, stepping forward, and pulling his front locks by way of salutation.

"Hold your tongue till you're spoken to," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Wery good, Sir," rejoined Mr. Weller, relapsing into the back-ground.

In the meantime the negotiation, by the advice of the Gendarme, had been effected, and Mr. Tupman's stomach once more overhung the valued watch and chain he had lately despaired of ever recovering.

"You are probably acquainted, then, Sir, with Miss Anastasie de Volage," said Mr. Tupman, when he had counted out the money on the desk of the extraordinary personage in whose presence he stood.

"She has many names, my dear Sir," answered Vidocq, "as I have had in my time—and those are not a few. Her father was a field-marshal of France, and her mother a *figurante* at the Opera. In process of time Mademoiselle Anastasie became a votary of the buskin also; and in that capacity, at the age of fifteen, she attracted the notice of a certain Count, and threw herself into his chariot and keeping at the same time. Her reign in that sphere lasted but a short time, and whenever she appended to herself a new name she added the appurtenances of a new lover also. At length she became notorious—and foreigners are now the objects upon which she preys. At one time she is the daughter of a Marchioness, and at another a Marchioness

herself. Her flights indeed have been so lofty, that the title of Duchess has not unfrequently been assumed to dupe her victims. She is at present, I understand, in a fair way to captivate and espouse an old English Lord, whom she met the day before yesterday, and whom she intends to lead to the hymeneal altar the day after to-morrow. Her mother, the Marchioness de Volage," added M. Vidocq, with a sly glance towards Mr. Tupman's countenance, "has been seventeen times before the Sixth Chamber of Correctional Police—twice before the Criminal Court of the Assizes—and once in the Penitentiary-prison."

So astounded was the unfortunate Mr. Tupman at these overwhelming tidings, that he would have certainly deemed it becoming and prudent to faint upon the spot, had he not perceived, on casting a hasty look around him, that his friends were at too great a distance to catch him in his meditated fall. He therefore applied his hand to his pocket—but, alas! he had accidentally left his handkerchief behind me. There was no alternative left: he could not weep—so he gave vent to his emotions in a sigh of more than decent length, while Mr. Weller muttered somewhat audibly the expressive dissyllable "Gammon!" and then hummed the popular air of "A froggie would a wooing go," to pretend that the ejaculation had not emanated from his especial lips. Mr. Pickwick looked a thunder-storm, and Mr. Winkle a flash of lightning: but no verbal reference was made to Mr. Weller's unaccountable behavior.

It is to this occasion that we must look for the origin of that episode in Mr. Pickwick's adventurous life, which forms so extraordinary and important a feature in the memoirs of his continental tour. It would appear, that when the party was once more seated in the hackney-coach, Mr. Tupman's countenance was still elongated to so deplorable an extent, that Mr. Pickwick's benevolent heart was deeply touched by the consciousness of his friend's unhappiness.

CHAPTER XIII.

This is a short chapter, in which certain particulars relative to Mr. Adolphus Crashem are succinctly detailed.

ABOUT A WEEK after the important date

of the no less important occurrences related in the preceding chapter, two letters were placed in Mr. Pickwick's hands, as he one morning emanated from his bed-room in the eternal black gaiters and a coeval good humor. As the handwriting of both was perfectly unknown to his experienced eye, he did not open the epistles forthwith, but prudently turned them backwards and forwards in his hands, and surveyed with peculiar sharpness the fashion of the folds. As an instance of experimental philosophy—being an essay as to the practicability of reading the interior through the *medium* of an outward inspection—the attempt was indeed a curious one; but as an ordinary and every-day pursuit, it might doubtless have met with many dissentient voices and much disapprobation. Be that as it may—for we must remind the reader of the fact that Mr. Pickwick was no common individual—the letters were eventually opened and perused; and these were the contents of the first.

"Sir:—Your respected letter arrived at a hand-gallop a day or two ago, and I accordingly dispatch you a reply, which I hope will reach you at something better than a canter. Mr. Crashe trotted into my debt so pleasantly and quietly that he did not turn a hair, nor I a shilling. It was about the time that my head-ostler was hanged for horse-stealing, that the bill commenced; and when my second wife ran away from me, I opened my eyes to the tremendous pace at which he was going. The elopement of my youngest daughter, Hyacintha, with Theophilus-Lucius Grubem, the dogs-meat man, scarcely affected me more than the loss of the little filly, whose wind he broke when going to Doncaster in that lovely shay I lent him for the occasion. But that was not all. He borrowed a pair of leather breeches and gaiters of the groom, and forgot to restore them when the poor fellow was sent to the treadmill. He humbugged the under-ostler to accept of some squibs in return for a pair of spurs—told me I was no gentleman when I sent in my bill—asked me to dine with him, borrowed my plate, and never restored it to me, but assured me, with all the impudence in the world, 'that he had lent it to his uncle'—and at length cut me at the theatre, because I went in my top-boots and new checked neckerchief. Under these circumstances, sir, I cannot

consent to take one farthing less than the amount of my bill; and remain,

"Sir,

"Your obedient, humble servant,
"MICHAEL NAGSFLESH"

The second and last letter ran as follows:

"Sir:—I am desired by Mr. Stickemin to acknowledge your favor, and to assure you that he would willingly accede to Mr. Adolphus Crashe's proposition, did not two or three little circumstances prevent him. In the first place, the name of Crashe is but an assumed one, and was printed upon his card about the very time he ever put on the first pair of leather unutterables, made for him by Mr. Stickemin. In the second place, he dressed up a common horse-chaunder as a gentleman, and introduced him to us as a nobleman of rank and fortune, whereby Mr. Stickemin was a loser to the amount of eighty-seven pounds nineteen shillings and eleven pence halfpenny. (See Ledger, page 187.) And in the third place—but there are also a great many other places, if I did but choose to mention them—this Mr. Crashe, or whatever his name may be, persuaded Mrs. Stickemin to purchase a small dancing-bear, which he had himself bought for a paltry sum, at the enormous value of twenty pounds lawful money of this realm.

"Your obedient servant (for A. Stickemin),
"TIMOTHY RUNNITUP."

Scarcely had Mr. Pickwick perused the contents of these letters, and made known their nature to Mr. Tupman and Mr. Winkle, when they all met at the breakfast-table, before Mr. Weller entered the room.

"Vell," said that individual, without waiting to be questioned relative to the cause of the strange smile that curled his lip, "I'm blowed if ever I see such a go as this is. Jack-the-Giant-Killer ain't nothin' to it."

"What's the matter, Sam?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, almost choking himself with the fear of another visit from Mr. Septimus Chitty.

"Vy, sir," responded Mr. Weller, "there's a wery res-spectable old chap down in the coffee-room, as keeps a public in the Borough. I don't know the name o' the tap exactly; but I often see him ven I vos boots at the old inn from vich you took me, sir; and I heerd say in those times—"

"But what is there extraordinary in that?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, somewhat sharply. "A respectable tavern-keeper has as much right to come to Meurice's hotel as ourselves, provided he conducts himself properly."

"Yes, sir—that's all wery vell, and nobody doesn't come for'ard for to contrawert it, as the parson said ven he published the banns for the two Blackey-moors," returned Mr. Weller: "but this old gentleman doesn't live here at all. He's brought a letter o' introduction to a friend of his vich keeps a public in Paris; and is come to the hotel to rekvire some information touchin' and consarnin' his son."

"Indeed," said Mr. Pickwick, beginning to feel himself interested in that which his valet was narrating to him: "And pray what is the name of the individual to whom you allude?"

"Sugden, sir," answered Mr. Weller: "he calls his-self honest Jack Sugden, late o' the What's-his-name, and present landlord o' the Thing-um-bob. He's troubled with a short memory, sir, just for all the world like the ministers of his blessed Majesty."

Mr. Pickwick did not wait to hear the conclusion of his faithful domestic's remarks. He rose hastily from his chair as soon as the name of 'Sugden' met his ears, even at the risk of overturning the breakfast-table into Mr. Nathaniel Winkle's lap, and hurried down stairs to the coffee-room as quickly as his legs could carry him. On his arrival in that sacred fane, he glanced around him in order to ascertain the locality occupied by the proprietor of the aristocratic nomenclature that thus had excited his energies and his curiosity; and in a moment his eyes alighted upon a fat, red-faced, bald-headed individual, whose dress and occupation at once denoted the landlord of the respectable "public" in the Borough. The former of those enlightening characteristics—or in other words, the stranger's attire, was composed of a blue coat and brass buttons, a long buff waistcoat, a white neckcloth, drab trowsers, and gaiters of the same; and his occupation was the important discussion of a mighty plate of cold roast beef, and his second bottle of London porter by way of breakfast. Mr. Pickwick was convinced, after he had cast one glance at the gentleman here described, and another at his agreeable avocations, that no other person in the coffee-room was worthy of bearing so distinguished a patronymic as that of Sugden. To the astonishment, therefore, of the waiters present, and of Mr. Weller, who had

followed his master down stairs, and whose surprise had ere now been so considerably excited by the presence of a tavern-keeper at Meurice's hotel,—Mr. Pickwick stepped up to the individual under notice (as the reviewers would say of a book), and accosted him with a polite bow which could be only intended as a preliminary to a farther and more intimate acquaintance.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Mr. Pickwick, in the blindest tone of voice he had ever yet assumed, "but, if I mistake not, your name is Sugden—Mr. Sugden, I believe."

"Yes, sir, it is," replied the gentleman thus addressed, as he eyed Mr. Pickwick askance, "and you, I suppose," continued Mr. Sugden, "are the landlord of What's-his-name-hotel—ain't you?"

Mr. Pickwick at once pleaded not guilty to his indictment; and in order to inspire his fellow-countryman with confidence, he declared his name and titles with as much correctness as if he were an aristocrat reading a genealogy aloud from Mr. Lodge's "Peerage."

"Perhaps you'll jine me, then, Mr. Thing-um-bob?" suggested Mr. Sugden, glancing towards Mr. Pickwick, and indicating the half-emptied bottle of porter with a subtle jerk of his right hand. Mr. Sugden's powers of recollection were exceedingly circumscribed; and in order to avoid the disagreeable necessity of wearing them out by putting them to a too frequent test, he prudently supplied the places of real names with other compounds of his own invention.

"No, I thank you," returned Mr. Pickwick, politely declining the proffered glass of porter: "my object in addressing myself to you, sir, was to ascertain if you were acquainted with a gentleman of the name of Crashem."

"Don't you think, Mr. What-the-devil's-your name," inquired Mr. Sugden, in slow and measured terms, "that a father ain't a bein' admirably well calculated to recognize his own son?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Pickwick, hastily "and he is not the only son and heir, then, of General Crashem, of Crashem Park?"

"All gammon," laconically answered Mr. Sugden.

"Nor engaged to be married to Miss Grinwell, of Grinwell Lodge, Somersetshire," added Mr. Pickwick.

"No more than you are, Mr. What-is-it," responded the stout gentleman. "His grand-

father, which was a respectable cow-herd in that county, left him a few pounds that was soon squandered away; and I, Mr. Thing-um-bob, am honest Jack Sugden, of the *Lanthorn and Cat*, in the Borough, elector and overseer, and a loyal subject of Great What-d'ye-call-it. Them's my titles;"—and as he gave utterance to these dignified words, he looked around him with an air that seemed to challenge any one to deny his rank or his assertions.

"You are aware, sir," said Mr. Pickwick, after a short pause, "that your son is in the debtors' prison in this city?"

"So I heerd from one of his London tradesmen," answered Mr. Sugden; and that's what brought me over to Frogland. He's my only son, and I can't suffer him to rot in a gaol, which he might do."

"Perhaps he might," said Mr. Pickwick, drily, as the reminiscences of the debauch and the discount flashed across his mind. "But, if it be your intention to call upon him in his place of confinement, I will accompany you. I have not been there lately."

"With pleasure, Mr. Devil-take-the-name, and much obleged into the bargain," exclaimed the proprietor of the *Lanthorn and Cat*; then in the fulness of his heart and the communicativeness of the feelings which Mr. Pickwick's kindness and the bottled porter had together encouraged, he proceeded to favor that gentleman with a slight sketch of his volatile son's past life.

It appears that when Mr. Adolphus Crashem, *alias* Mr. William Sugden, arrived at the age of fifteen, a practised utilitarian and generous patron of the working classes, placed at his unqualified disposal the sum of six guineas *per annum* and a couple of suits of livery, in return for certain duties which the youth was requested to perform.—Amongst those functions, the polishing of boots, waiting at table, and standing behind a cab were the most prominent, and consequently the most onerous. But Mr. William Sugden inherited from his father a remarkable shortness of memory; and this defect was one day developed in the following singular manner. The young gentleman was dispatched to a banker to procure cash for a cheque; it is, however, supposed that he must have lost his way and been robbed of the money, as he certainly forgot to return and report the real state of the case to his master.

About this time, Mr. William Sugden fell in with Mr. Tims—an old school-fellow

—and through the interest made in his behalf by the last-named gentleman, he obtained the lucrative and responsible situation of light porter, in the highly respectable firm of Messieurs. Bodkin and Grogam. The elder Mr. Sugden then interceded in behalf of his son; and the young aspirant was duly promoted to the post of traveller for the house in which his fortunes were now embarked. The prosperity of his masters had been established in the beginning on the solid basis of a floating capital of about eighteen-pence; and Mr. William Sugden did not doubt but that his own glories might as easily be erected and maintained.

But his shortness of memory was again an impediment to his progress in the walks of commercial life; and the various sums of money which he received in the country and forgot to account for in town, were the origin of his disgrace in the opinions of Messieurs Bodkin and Grogam. To be brief, those gentlemen, with unfeeling abruptness, dared to remind Mr. William Sugden of his trivial though numerous oversights, which, in their ignorance of the English language, they denominated "peculations." A police-officer was accordingly summoned to remove Mr. Sugden from the premises; but as that highly injured man was desirous of giving no trouble where his services had been so ill-required, and not deigning to explain his conduct, he manfully threw up his situation and left his employers to shift for themselves without even notifying his intentions. Indeed, he determined, as he subsequently expressed himself to his indignant father, never to show his face in the neighborhood of Messieurs Bodkin and Grogam's abode, so long as he had a nose protruding from his countenance.

It is pleasing to be enabled to trace the progress of great and remarkable men. Being now thrown upon his own resources, and not choosing to walk about London with his hands and nothing else in his pockets, Mr. William Sugden borrowed a few guineas of his father, and opened a discount office under an assumed name, in a fashionable street at the West End of London. His mode of doing business was singular in the extreme, and bears ample testimony to the extent of his organ of inventiveness. Instead of discounting the bills that were left in his hands for that purpose, he usually made his clients pay a hand-

some remuneration to get them back again ; and as those clients were chiefly young men about town, who had a certain appearance to keep up, it did not suit them to expose the bad state of their affairs by commencing legal proceedings against the firm of which Mr. William Sugden was the sole support and representative. But at length, to use his father's own expressive language, "he was blown," and obliged to shift his quarters to the cool and tranquil retreat afforded by a garret in the *Lantern and Cat* itself.

Mr. William Sugden's talents were, however, of too brilliant a nature to be concealed in the unsentimental abode their proprietor had now chosen ; and a farther supply of coin, to which he prudently helped himself from his parent's till, enabled him to make a short tour in the West of England, accompanied by sundry packs of cards and pairs of dice, which he had previously arranged to suit his own peculiar purposes. It is uncertain in what manner this extraordinary young man availed himself, during his tour, of those means which nature and a little art had placed at his disposal. There was, however, a strange story afloat at the time, relative to a certain individual of a certain description having been detected in certain nefarious practices with the dice, at a certain mess-table in a certain town ; and a few other little circumstances that bore collateral reference to this rumor, at once established in Mr. Sugden senior's mind, the conviction of the identity of his son and heir with the individual alluded to.

Be that as it may, it is a well-known and indisputable fact, that Mr. William Sugden returned to London with a few hundred pounds in his pocket, and became a regular visitor to the various gambling-houses with which the West End of the English metropolis is so eminently adorned. Malicious people have ventured to assert that the young gentleman himself became "a bonnet" or decoy at one of the principal establishments he was thus pleased to honor with his presence ; but as to the truth of so gross an assertion there exists no real evidence. Suffice it to say, that in a very short period Mr. Sugden amassed the sum of a thousand pounds, or thereabouts, and that he had created for himself a snug and quiet little circle of acquaintance, the chief members of which were the proprietors and frequenters of the *pandemonia* where

money may be lost in so speedy and highly satisfactory a manner.

Mr. William Sugden now set up in business as a "young man about town," and dropping his own hereditary patronymic, adopted the more aristocratic one of Adolphus Craschem. But in every instance was the extraordinary family failing with which he was afflicted, more and more developed. He not only forgot to pay the stipulated price for the various articles he profusely ordered from about sixteen different jewellers resident at the West End of London ; but, in a state of uncertainty as to the real owner of the goods thus supplied, and with a view to their security which speaks volumes for his prudence and forethought, he conveyed them to the safe and assured custody of the nearest pawnbroker. Indeed, to do him full justice, he subsequently handed over the duplicates to the aforesaid jewellers, when interrogated as to the manner in which the property had been disposed of.

Virtue seldom meets with its reward in this life. The sixteen jewellers, aided by Messieurs Stickemin and Nagsflesh—the two individuals before alluded to, concocted a base and Cataline-like conspiracy against the peace and well-being of Mr. Adolphus Craschem. These misguided men, in a moment of opaqueness not easily conceived by the intelligent reader, ventured to accuse their victim of a variety of nefarious and fraudulent practices, the full meaning of which his upright and correct mind could not readily imagine. The ideas of his conspirators were however conveyed to him through the organ of a police-officer ; but, not choosing to be even suspected of dishonesty, he prudently made his escape from the clutches of B 155, and fled to France, whither the machinations of his enemies, he fondly hoped, could scarcely follow him.

Such was the concise account of Mr. Craschem's early adventures, which Mr. Pickwick gleaned from the statement of that gentleman's father. When the narrative was brought to a conclusion, our venerated hero summoned his domestic and friends, and desired them to accompany himself and Mr. Sugden to the New Prison. This request was immediately complied with ; and in about three quarters of an hour, the little party was unpacked from a hackney-coach, at the gate of the edifice just named. Mr. Pickwick led the way ; and the procession passed on towards the apartment occupied

by the object of this solemn visit. The object himself was seated at the table with his inestimable friends, Messieurs Lipman Jopling, and Tims; and as those gentlemen had already commenced their orgies, the sight was doubtless a very gratifying one to a father who was afraid that his son might be rotting in a gaol.

"Well, Master, what's his name—you've got into Thing-un-bob at last, have you?" inquired Mr. Sugden, senior, as he indignantly surveyed the person of his delinquent son. "Now, mind what I say, young man: if so be as you don't mend your ways—and very speedily too—I'll be d—d if you don't come to be sent abroad for your country's good."

"Indeed," suggested Mr. Pickwick blandly, who did not precisely comprehend the nature of the figure of speech by which Mr. Sugden intended to represent the slight inconvenience called *transporting*; "I should not imagine that your son would so easily obtain a government situation, unless he conducts himself better in future:—" and in order to punish the culprit for the duplicity and systematic deception he had so successfully practised upon the credulity of those who would have been his friends, Mr. Pickwick proceeded to read aloud the contents of the letters he had that morning received from London, and which bore such flattering and highly creditable testimonials to the good character of the subject of them. It is scarcely necessary to remark that the prison-companions of Mr. Sugden, junior, were fairly convulsed at the detail of that gentleman's delinquencies in London; and that Mr. Tims pronounced him to be "the most knowing cove" with whose acquaintance he had ever been honored. Even the respectable landlord of the *Lanthorn and Cat* himself indulged in an ill-suppressed chuckle, as Mr. Pickwick read the aforesaid derogatory epistles aloud to the whole party present.

"Perhaps you'd like to take something to drink, Sir, after that?" said Mr. Lipman, when the letters were again consigned to Mr. Pickwick's pocket.

"Or tip us a stave of the old hundredth psalm," suggested Mr. Jopling.

"Or stand on your head for a wager," added Mr. Tims.

"Come—come, none o' that 'ere, gentlemen," cried Mr. Weller, elbowing his way between the persons of Messieurs Tupman and Winkle, and confronting the three face-

tious friends of the *quondam* Adolphus Crashem, with a threatening attitude. "Don't you see, Sir, that them chaps is humbugging you with their very polite offers to drink, and all other sorts o' gammon? For tuppence I'd pitch into 'em, as the little boy said ven he saw the mince-pies in his mother's larder."

"We had better retire, Sam," exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, casting a withering glance at the three gentlemen, who immediately burst out into a most irreverent laugh, instead of being scorched in their chairs.

"Ve had, Sir," returned Mr. Weller emphatically, "an' for fear o' contamination too, as the street-sweeper said when he made vay for the dustman."

Mr. Pickwick accordingly turned abruptly on his heel, and hastily left the apartment, followed by Messieurs 'Tupman, Winkle, and Weller; while Mr. Sugden, senior, proceeded to take measures for the prompt emancipation of his son and heir from the walls of the New Prison—the subsequent accomplishment of which feat in the course of the day awakened no small feeling of regret in the minds of Mr. Lipman and Mr. Jopling, who probably foresaw a considerable chance of being frequently condemned to have recourse to the baked-potatoes and butter as a cheap and wholesome substitute for those succulent repasts they had been accustomed to partake of at the table of Mr. William Sugden.

When Mr. Pickwick and his companions once more returned to the superb caravan-seray at which they resided, Mr. Weller was dismissed to amuse himself to the best of his endeavors, and the three gentlemen proceeded to their common sitting-room, to write a variety of letters, in the dispatch of which correspondence they were somewhat in arrear. Mr. Pickwick was desirous of communicating with his stock-broker—Mr. Winkle with his beloved spouse and revered father—and Mr. Tupman with a couple of young milliners, the one residing in Pimlico, and the other in Pentonville, who formed part and parcel of the circle of his acquaintance. Other epistles were also to be indited for the perusal of Mr. Augustus Snodgrass and a plurality of friends. It was therefore unanimously agreed to devote the morning to the occupation of writing, and the evening to the less innocent, but more diverting entertainment of visiting the Royal Academy of Music, and the Theatre of the Porte Saint Martin, Mr. Pickwick sagaciously observing that it was better to kill two birds with one stone.

But these plans were in some measure doomed to be disconcerted; for when Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Tupman, and Mr. Winkle entered their sitting-room, their visual organs made them aware of the fact that the chair on one side of the fire was occupied by Mr. Jeremiah Scuttle, who was sedulously occupied in the perusal of Mr. Pickwick's note-book, which had accidentally been left upon the mantel-piece.

"Ah! Mr. Pickwick—Mr. Tupman—Mr. Winkle, how are you?" exclaimed Mr. Scuttle. "God bless me! Why—I declare, that in a fit of absence I have been reading your private *memoranda*, my dear sir!" he added, with a look of astonishment at the mysterious pocket-book he held in his hand.

"Oh! never mind," cried the good-natured Mr. Pickwick, his conscience experiencing a slight twinge of remorse for the beating he had bestowed upon Mr. Scuttle on a certain occasion.

"However—you know how absent I am!" continued Mr. Scuttle. "Indeed, it was only yesterday morning that I was going to add fresh fuel to the fire in my study, and what do you think I did?"

"Let the fire go out, I suppose," said Mr. Pickwick, with a smile at the supposed shrewdness of his guess.

"No such thing, my dear sir," said Mr. Scuttle. "I put a chunk of wood, with my spectacles on it, in my easy chair, and threw myself on the fire as a back-log. Luckily there was no flame—or else I might have been burnt to death."

"Very true," coincided Mr. Pickwick. "Therefore, if you're so imprudent with regard to yourself, I beg you not to mind the inadvertency you have just committed relative to my *memoranda*."

"Well—that is kind of you," said Mr. Scuttle, resuming his seat. "I took the liberty of calling upon you—for you must know that I don't live here any longer; I took lodgings about eight or ten days ago—for the purpose of inviting you and your friends to a small party next Monday at my niece's residence in the Rue Taitbout—Chaussée d'Antin—if you be not better engaged." There was no allusion as yet to the memorable combat which had taken place in Mr. Pickwick's chamber, as detailed in a preceding chapter.

Mr. Tupman thought that the niece must be a young, and very probably a pretty woman: he therefore hastened to accept of

the invitation on his own account, suggesting, at the same time, that he did not think his friends would be otherwise occupied. To this bold assertion Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Winkle assented; and Mr. Scuttle was enchanted at the success of his mission; indeed, it appeared that he had quite forgotten the disagreeable adventure alluded to above.

"My niece is a widow, Mr. Pickwick," said Mr. Scuttle, while Mr. Tracy Tupman heaved a deep sigh: "her name is Weston—Mrs. Weston—and a very handsome person she is, too, I flatter myself," continued Mr. Scuttle, to the unutterable delight on the late admirer of Mademoiselle Anastasie de Volage. "This is her card—I shall leave it, in case you forget the address;"—and the card was accordingly entrusted to the secure keeping of the looking-glass frame forthwith.

"You are very kind, indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, "and we shall do ourselves the honor to accept your generous invitation."

"Thank you—thank you!" cried Mr. Scuttle. "I shall, notwithstanding my absence, never forget that!"

"Perhaps you will dine with us to-day?" suggested Mr. Pickwick.

Mr. Scuttle, who, though an eccentric man, was neither a selfish one nor an adventurer, declined the invitation on the plea of a prior engagement, and then took his leave.

CHAPTER XIV.

Mr. Tupman encounters an old acquaintance.—Mr. Adolphus Crasheam again cuts a conspicuous figure in these Memoirs.—Pecuniary embarrassments, and the truly laughable adventure they engender.—Mr. Tupman adopts a novel costume.

TIME—that space which Cicero designated as a small portion of eternity, and which the English usually mark by certain daily potations of gin—time passed quickly away; and already was the day arrived on which the admired niece of Mr. Jeremiah Scuttle was to give her select *soiree*. On this memorable day, Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Winkle received letters from England, which obliged them to devote several hours to business; and Mr. Tupman, thus thrown, like an individual just ejected from a work-

house, on his own resources, was obliged to hold a consultation relative to the best mode of passing away the time that intervened between breakfast and dinner. The consultation was held in Mr. Tupman's own bed-room at the Hotel Meurice, and was as important as any meeting that has ever yet taken place at the "Crown and Anchor," in London. Mr. Tupman was the president—Mr. Tupman was the vice-president—Mr. Tupman was the speaker—and Mr. Tupman was the audience; and this quatuorinity in unity determined to wander forth at hazard, and call a hackney-coach in case of extreme emergency.

Mr. Tupman walked jauntily up the Rue Saint Honoré; he stared at the pretty milliners in the shop at the corner of the Passage de l'Orme—he ogled the two Auvergne sisters who sell comestibles in a little shed near the church of Saint Rocq—he smiled at an itinerant pastry-girl, who kept a stall at the corner of the Rue Traversiere—and he impressed the sentries at the Palais Royal with an idea of his greatness. Animated with the same spirit of enterprise that originated the voyages of Captain Parry and Sir John Ross, Mr. Tupman was determined to penetrate farther into the Rue Saint Honoré—the longest street but one in the world—and ascertain what might lie beyond the regions of the Palais Royal. Scarcely, however, had he passed the Rue Grenelle, when the noise of a diligence galloping up the street attracted his attention; and in due time he saw the vehicle turn into a handsome white free-stone gateway, on the left hand side in the Rue Saint Honoré. Mr. Tupman immediately concluded that this must be the entrance to a coach-yard; and, thinking that he might as well see a diligence as any thing else, he entered the enclosure through the aforesaid gate-way, and instantaneously recognised the magnificent office of Lafitte and Caillard's *Messageries*.

But at the moment when he became aware of the locality in which he then was, his eyes encountered the fascinating form of a young lady a few yards before him. Mr. Tupman was determined to catch a glimpse of her features, just to see whether they corresponded in loveliness with the figure he so much admired; he accordingly redoubled his pace, and in a minute found himself in the presence of Mademoiselle Anastasie de Volage.

"*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed the young lady,

when her beautiful eyes caught sight of Mr. Tupman's portly form; " 'tis English gentleman me so long look for!"

"Indeed," said Mr. Tupman, with a polite though distant bow, uncertain in his own mind whether to give the young lady into custody or not.

"How you do, *Monsieur?*" inquired Anastasie with a winning smile. "Me so glad to see you—me so afraid you tink badly—but those gentelmen act vary foolish when they got the wine in the head."

Mr. Tupman could not help ogling the young lady as she thus addressed him in her fascinating broken English; and the young lady herself, perceiving her advantage, continued:—

"Me send you back watch by my servant—one nigger-man, you know, Sare—"

"I paid a considerable sum to recover it," said Mr. Tupman drily.

"You pay! Oh! no—dat not possible!" cried Anastasie, vehemently.

"I beg your pardon," rejoined Mr. Tupman, "A gentleman of the name of Vi—Vi—Vidocq, I think was the agent in the transaction."

A flood of tears immediately deluged the fair cheeks of Mademoiselle Anastasie—she declared she had been duped and deceived, but did not condescend to explain the precise manner in which she was so deeply wronged—and commenced the enactment of as affecting a little piece of tragedy as ever one would wish to behold in a diligence-yard. Mr. Tupman prudently withdrew the weeping lady from the gaze of three dozen clerks, and as many porters; and led her into the adjoining coffee-room of the Hotel Rossignol. There, by the aid of a small quantity of consolation and a large quantity of spiced wine, Mademoiselle de Volage recovered herself so far as to grasp Mr. Tupman's hand convulsively, and assure him that he was her first and only love.

"You did not really then invite me to your house for dishonest purposes?" said Mr. Tracy Tupman, growing sentimental with wine and the tender passion.

"Oh! *mon Dieu*—no!" was the agonizing reply.

"And you have never been on the stage?"

A convulsive moan implied a negative.

"And—and—you never loved another?"

A terrific squeeze of the hand, which

might have been meant for tenderness, conveyed a satisfactory answer.

"Nor were you the other day about to marry an English nobleman?"

"'Tis true Inglis nobleman ask me—but me love you," was the response.

"Nor—in a moment of weakness—that is, being deceived by a villain—"

"Oh! what make you tink that?" interrupted the young lady, in a whisper; for, with most extraordinary penetration, she had evidently divined the nature of Mr. Tupman's intended question and implied suspicion.

Matters were now placed on so pleasant and comfortable a footing, that a slight luncheon was ordered, and an agreeable conversation ensued between the lovers thus easily reconciled. Indeed, Mr. Tupman was astonished at the turpitude of the world, when he reflected upon the manner in which the unblemished character of a virtuous young lady had been disparaged; and he almost suspected that the account given of her former life by Vidocq was the result of a trick to separate him from a being he adored. Such were the beautiful and truly rational sentiments which filled his imagination, as he discussed general topics and mutton-cutlets with Mademoiselle de Volage.

"And pray," said Mr. Tupman, when the *dejeuner* was cleared from the table, "what brought you in this quarter of the city?"

"Me leave Paris at five of de clock dis evening," replied Anastasie, in a voice rendered almost inaudible with emotion: "and me come to take place by diligence for St. Omers."

"Do you go alone?" inquired Mr. Tupman hastily.

"Alas! me obliged—my mother vary ill at her aunt's, the Countess von Strackenheim," answered the fair Anastasie; "and me have business with one great lord's wife at St. Omers."

Mr. Tupman appeared to reflect for a moment. He felt a lurking suspicion in his breast, that a conspiracy had been got up against him, to alienate his affections from his present companion; and he prudently resolved to show his friends that he was his own master, and at liberty to act as he chose in that as well as in every other matter. He accordingly made up his mind to accompany Mademoiselle de Volage to St. Omers.

Great men, when their minds are once bent upon a certain purpose, are invariably prompt in the execution of their schemes. They are above the every-day system of maturely reflecting on the prudence of their measures, and demonstrate the magnitude of their talents by the daring promptitude of their actions. So it was with Mr. Tracy Tupman. Five minutes were sufficient for that extraordinary and sagacious individual to communicate his plan to Mademoiselle Anastasie, to combat her modest but ill-sustained objections, and to pay for a couple of seats in the *coupe* of the diligence that was to start the same evening for St. Omers. He then wrote a note to Mr. Pickwick, to inform his friend that business of urgent importance compelled him to leave Paris at a moment's warning, intending to consign it to the two-penny post just as the diligence should be about to start. When these admirable arrangements were completed, he accompanied his fair companion to the *Prefecture de Police*, for the purpose of having their passports signed for the place of their destination.

The morning had passed away as rapidly as time usually flies in that or any other case; and Mr. Tupman hailed with delight the prospect of extending his travels, and of journeying in the society of one whom he was resolved in due season and place to install in the enviable position of Mrs. Tracy Tupman.

The five horses were attached to the vehicle—Mr. Tupman and Mademoiselle Anastasie were safely ensconced in their places, and the diligence was about to issue from the yard, when the arrival of another passenger caused it to stop for a moment. One seat only was vacant—and that was the third place in the *coupe*. The stranger accordingly secured it forthwith; but when he presented himself at the door, Mr. Tupman recognised, to his infinite dismay, the well-known form and features of Mr. Adolphus Crashem.

"God bless me!" exclaimed Mr. Tupman; "I really—my dear sir—"

"Don't disturb yourself, my dear fellow," interrupted Mr. Crashem—for so we shall continue to call him, inasmuch as so he chose to call himself—as he took a corner seat, and gave a nod of recognition to Mademoiselle de Volage, unperceived by that young lady's admirer.

"Very extraordinary encounter, this," observed Mr. Tupman, as the diligence rolled

beneath the archway of the great gate in the Rue Grenelle.

"Vary," coincided Anastasie.

"Accident—pure accident, old fellow," cried Mr. Crashem. "I was obliged to give my respected sire the slip—he took me out of *quod*, you know, and wanted me to go back to England with him; but, deuce a bit—as Sir Thomas Grinwell used to say; I know several tricks each worth ten of that sort, and accordingly left him to shift for himself. But are you going to Calais?"

"No—Oh! no—I intend to stop—that is—" stammered Mr. Tupman.

"Don't be alarmed, my dear fellow," again interrupted Mr. Crashem. "I am going to St. Omers, and if I can assist any of your plans, I would sooner do so than mar them. Did you never hear of my adventures, when I ran away with the nineteenth daughter of the sixty-seventh sister of the great Cham of Tartary?"

Mr. Tupman was undecided how to answer this question. He certainly could not tax his memory with the incident alluded to; and he fancied that his volatile friend entertained a shrewd suspicion relative to his adventure with the fair Anastasie. He therefore deemed it prudent to make friends with the mammon of unrighteousness, an object he forthwith effected in the following original and exemplary manner.

"Crashem, your hand!" said Mr. Tupman in an emphatic tone of voice.

The required extremity was accordingly tendered to the individual who was reduced to it, and was long retained in a friendly grasp. An introduction between Mr. Crashem and Mademoiselle de Volage was then accomplished by the delighted Mr. Tracy Tupman, who might very well have spared himself the trouble, seeing that those two individuals were well acquainted with each other, and that their little jaunt to St. Omers together had not been at all disturbed in plan or execution by the fortuitous circumstance of the lady's having met Mr. Tupman in the manner before described.

"Ah! ah! I see—a love affair," exclaimed Mr. Crashem, when a whisper on the part of Mr. Tupman had put him in possession of those facts which he had already more than half divined. "Well," continued that strictly moral young gentleman, "as your intentions are upright and honorable, I don't care if I lend myself to the business. But we

must stop at St. Omers, and preserve a strict *incog.*; and Mademoiselle may pass off as your sister. As soon as she has transacted her business in that town, we can all run over to Dover, where the marriage-knot may be tied—eh?"—and Mr. Crashem dug his fingers into Mr. Tupman's ribs, which facetious enactment caused them both to laugh heartily, while the object of their discourse concealed her blushes in a cambric pocket handkerchief and a suppressed giggle.

"Admirable!" cried Mr. Tupman, rubbing his side with his right hand, and arranging his shirt-frill with the left.

"Just like my adventure with Sing-chang!" ejaculated Mr. Crashem, alluding to his love affair with the relative of the great Cham.

At this moment the diligence stopped to change horses at St. Denis, and Mr. Crashem assisted himself and his friends to a glass of brandy from a bottle he carried in the side-pocket of his mysterious rough blue coat. A considerable degree of persuasion was, however, required to induce Anastasie to refresh herself with the exhilarating fluid; and she afterwards declared that she could never have finished the whole glass had not a sudden jolt, occasioned by the starting of the diligence once more, urged the brandy down her delicate throat. Mr. Tupman felt it impossible not to adore a being so full of ingenuousness and candor; and Mr. Crashem added to the exciting pleasure of the moment by declaring it to be "a most excellent lark."

At about ten o'clock the diligence entered the little town of Clermont; and there the travellers partook of a cheap and moderate supper, their appetites being tested by the alternatives of coffee and bread-and-butter, or soup and sour wine. When the two friends and the young lady were, however, again seated in the *coupe*, they made their sorry fare an excuse for once more applying themselves to the brandy, Anastasie declaring that nothing but the acidity of the wine could have induced her even to smell "the horrid stuff" a second time. The effects of these potations were exhibited in an immense deal of laughter, and an exceeding talkativeness on the part of all three; and Mr. Crashem, with a view to encourage the prevailing good-humor, volunteered and sang the following sentimental air, to the unspeakable delight of the passengers in the other departments of the vehicle

SONG.

TUNE—"There is not in this wide world a valley
so sweet."

There's not in all London a tavern so gay,
As that where the knowing ones meet of a day;
So long as a farthing remains to my share,
I'll drink at that tavern, and never elsewhere!

Yet it is not that comforts there only combine,
Nor because it produces good brandy and wine;
'Tis not the sweet odor of pipe nor cigar—
Oh! no—'tis a something more cozie by far!

'Tis that friends of the Hell and the Turf are all
nigh,
Who'd drink till the cellar itself should be dry,
And teach you to feel how existence may please,
When pass'd in the presence of cronies like these.

Sweet sign of the Fiddle! how long could I dwell
In thy tap full of smoke, with the friends I love
well!

When bailiffs no longer the alleys infest,
And duns, like their bills, have relapsed into rest!

It were useless to detail the trivial events which occurred upon the road; or how the travellers fell asleep shortly after this beautiful air was brought to a conclusion—how they awoke on the following morning to find themselves at Amiens, where they breakfasted—how they dined at St. Pol at about three o'clock—and how they entered the strongly fortified town of St. Omers towards nine in the evening, after a journey that had occupied very nearly eight-and-twenty hours. They hastened to the Hotel Canon d'Or, where three bed-rooms and a sitting-room were placed at their immediate disposal; and a good supper was ordered for purposes of subsequent discussion.

It is not our purpose to dwell minutely upon this portion of our narrative. Suffice it to say that Mr. Crasheem took charge of the cash that had originally appertained to Mademoiselle de Volage, Mr. Tupman, and himself; and as none of them had carried away a treasure from the French metropolis, it cannot be wondered at if the exchequer were exhausted at the expiration of four days. They were now involved in a little dilemma, and were constrained to hold a consultation to resolve upon measures to extricate themselves from their difficulties. Mr. Tupman could not write to his bankers in London, as he fancied that those gentlemen would be the very first to whom Mr. Pickwick would address himself relative to his absence; and Mr. Adolphus Crasheem and Mademoiselle Anastasie, with the best of all possible inclinations, had no bankers to write to. It was therefore suggested by

Mr. Crasheem that Mr. Tupman should consign his watch to the custody "of his uncle."

"I would willingly do so, my dear friend," exclaimed Mr. Tupman, "but I have not a single relative—much less an uncle, in the whole town."

Mr. Adolphus Crasheem indulged in a hearty laugh, and then condescended to explain himself by declaring that he had alluded to the pawnbroker.

"Oh, I see," said Mr. Tupman; "you are disposed to be facetious. But recollect, that if I consent to adopt this method of procuring money, we proceed to England to-morrow morning; and—"

A glance at Anastasie spoke the rest; for that look expressed as goodly a folio volume as ever issued from the publishing house of Messieurs Sherwood, Gilbert, and Piper.

A blush on the part of Mademoiselle de Volage, and an imprecation against his eyes, coupled with an affirmative, on that of Mr. Adolphus Crasheem, made known a reciprocal concurrence with the suggestion of the enamored swain.

"But who is to go?" inquired Mr. Tracy Tupman.

"You," responded Mr. Adolphus Crasheem.

"And how am I to find it?" demanded Mr. Tupman, alluding to the pawnbroker's shop.

"Leave that to me," exclaimed Mr. Crasheem; and that gentleman glided hastily from the room. In a few minutes he returned with a small book in his hand. It was a "Guide to St. Omers," and happily afforded, through the medium of a lettered map the information required. Mr. Crasheem accordingly conducted his intimate and most particular friend to the door of the pawnbroker's, and there left him to shift for himself.

Mr. Tupman, finding himself thus abandoned, rushed wildly into the shop, or rather office, and, hastening up to the counter, laid his watch upon the dirty board. A thin, sallow-faced man, with short, grey hair standing bolt upright upon his head, and a pen behind his ear, proceeded to the immediate inspection of the handsome repeater, while its owner became the object of attention to half a dozen wretches that crowded near him. A young girl of fifteen, whose features had once worn the traces of beauty, but which were now disfigured with the unhealthy glow of dissipation and irregularity of life, abandoned the old shawl she

had brought, to gaze upon the new-comer. A haggard-looking woman of about thirty, with a child in her arms, also suffered her eye to wander from the three francs her Sunday gown had procured for her sustenance and the nourishment of her half-famished babe; and three withered beldames, that resembled the witches in "Macbeth" rather than human beings, relinquished—the first her ear-rings, the second her ivory crucifix, and the third her son's only remaining shirt for the purpose of taking a near view of the individual who possessed and was obliged to pledge so handsome an article as the gold repeater. But when the chief clerk in the office spread the sum of eight hundred francs, or 32*l.* sterling, on the table before Mr. Tupman, the sunken eye of the young girl recovered some of its lost fire; the miserable mother clasped her hands in agony together, as if the sight of so much money reminded her of better days, and made the present moment a thousand times more painful; and the three old hags peered closely at the glittering heap, as if each one were calculating whether such a sum would not suffice her for the remainder of her years. A decrepit and infirm old man, who had hitherto stood at a distance, now came forward and joined the group; and as his dimmed eye glanced towards the coin, he muttered somewhat concerning "*la loterie*," and appeared to curse his fate that he had no more substance left to consign to the same infernal vortex whither he had doubtless precipitated all the little treasure he had ever possessed. Mr. Tupman hastily gathered up the money that lay before him, put the duplicate into his pocket, gave a five-franc piece to the unhappy mother with the young child, took no notice of the other persons present, and retreated from the dismal scene as quickly as he possibly could tear himself from the spot. But that single phase amongst the thousands which human life presents, was long present to his memory.

On his return to the hotel, Mr. Tupman placed the money in the hands of Mr. Crashe-m, by whom the bill was forthwith paid, and another account commenced, nothing being farther from that gentleman's intention than the proposed departure for England. With a most laudable resolution, however, of doubling or trebling his capital according to circumstances, did he that night repair to the chief café in the town; and there he was speedily engaged in a game of *ecarte*

with the English who frequented that resort, and whose principal employment was the plunder of their unwary fellow-countrymen. A few of the *élite* English from Calais had moreover taken a trip to St. Omer's on the eventful day alluded to; and by them was Mr. Crashe-m as well treated as if he had fallen into the hands of a select party of bush-rangers in New South Wales. Indeed, it is almost to be wondered that they suffered him to return with his coat and boots to his hotel, at half-past three o'clock on the following morning.

When Mr. Tupman descended from his bed-chamber to the breakfast-room, he was somewhat dismayed by the lengthened faces worn by his beloved Anastasie and his sincere friend, Mr. Adolphus Crashe-m; and he already experienced no inconsiderable alarm relative to the projected trip to England.

"What is the matter, now?" inquired Mr. Tupman, almost afraid to speak.

"Oh! dem robbers!" sobbed Mademoiselle Anastasie, as if her heart were ready to break.

"Crashe-m, what is the matter?" demanded Mr. Tupman, in an authoritative tone that he reserved for occasions of urgency and need.

"My dear friend," said Mr. Crashe-m, in a mournful voice, "a terrible misfortune has befallen us. Last evening, King Leopold passed through the town on his way to Belgium—you know he has just been on a visit to England—and curiosity prompted me to go down stairs, after I had bade you good night, to see his turn-out. He bought those lovely pie-balds of my friend, Lord Spurrumup—"

"Well, well," interrupted Mr. Tupman, impatiently; "and the misfortune?"

"Ah! de misfortune," echoed Anastasie, sobbing louder than ever.

"I was looking at the king's equipage," continued Mr. Crashe-m, with difficulty suppressing a laugh, for Mr. Tupman's expressive countenance was contracted into the most hideous contortions; "and it was then that the purse—"

"What?" said Mr. Tupman, in a very faint tone of voice.

"Evaporated like smoke!" added Mr. Crashe-m.

"And the money?" inquired Mr. Tupman, anxiously.

"With it," said Mr. Crashe-m, by way of reply.

Mr. Tupman sank upon a chair, and would have given way to the wildest expressions of his grief, had not the fair Anastasie hastened to console him.

"Never mind, old fellow!" cried Mr. Crashem; "I have been in many a worse storm than this; and have not failed to weather them every one. At six o'clock this morning was I up"—he had not been to bed at all—"and already have I concerted an excellent scheme by which we may realize three or four hundred francs, just to take us on to Dover, where I can get any money I like from the governor of the Castle, who is an intimate friend of mine. I once stayed with him for three months; and he was so fond of me, I never could get of his sight."

Such indeed was the fact; for Mr. Crashem's creditors had certainly consigned him on a specific occasion to the custody and for the time now mentioned. Mr. Tupman's drooping spirits revived a little at the assurances of his friend, and he requested to be made acquainted with the excellent scheme already concocted for the purpose of raising supplies for immediate use.

"It's all cut and dried, my dear fellow," answered Mr. Crashem; "I have arranged every thing myself. The fact is, there's an English company of itinerant actors in this town—they are making a little tour in the north of France—and understanding that they couldn't very well get up a pantomime for want of skilful people, I have engaged myself as Harlequin, Mademoiselle as Columbine, and yourself as Pantaloon!"

"Nonsense!" cried Mr. Tracy Tupman, in mingled astonishment and indignation.

"Fact," said Mr. Crashem, with the most imperturbable coolness.

"But I never was a Pantaloon in all my life," ejaculated the late influential member of the Pickwick Club.

"Nothing more easy," rejoined Mr. Crashem. "I'll take care to tumble you about. Only follow the impulse of my humor, and you'll make an excellent Pantaloon. I gave my name as Thespis, and your's as Buskin; and very classic titles they are. But I see you think I'm joking," added Mr. Crashem, after a momentary pause, during which he surveyed, with ill-suppressed laughter, the ludicrously-miserable countenance and tragi-comic deportment of Mr. Tupman.

"I really do," said that gentleman, scarcely knowing whether to give vent to his irascibility or his mirth.

"Oh you do—do you?" cried Mr. Crashem; "well—I'll devilish soon convince you to the contrary; for here's the very prologue you, as Buskin, are to address to the audience—and it was given to me by Mr. Dowton, junior, for you to study by this evening."

And to the unspeakable dismay of Mr. Tupman, Mr. Adolphus Crashem manifested his sincerity by drawing a paper from his pocket, and reading the following words:—

PROLOGUE TO BE SPOKEN BY BUSKIN.

Ladies and gentlemen, I come
In *propria-persona*—
Announc'd by trumpet and by drum,
With Thespis as my croney.
He as a Harlequin appears,
And I shall be full soon
Converted by the wand he rears
Into a Pantaloon.

As Columbine a lady gay
Upon the stage will caper,
And in the merry dance display
An ankle thin and taper.
The orchestra, to please your ears,
Shall play a merry tune,
While in his drollery appears
Your humble Pantaloon.

Boxes—return another night,
If well our wit you savor;—
Pit—should our frolics yield delight,
I beg the self-same favor.
Gall'ry—with orange-peels dispense,—
And come to see us soon:—
Where is th' amusement or the sense
To pelt the Pantaloon.

"Well," cried Mr. Crashem, in a tone of the most supreme delight, as he laid aside the paper on which this precious Prologue was written,—“and what do you think of that for a go of poetry?”

"Are there no other means of raising money?" inquired the wretched Mr. Tupman.

"None," said Mr. Crashem, striking the table with his clenched fist; "so let's break-fast, and then study our parts. All you've got to do is to learn a few antics. I suppose you can stand upon your head at a pinch?"

Had not the fair Anastasie interfered at this crisis, Mr. Tupman would certainly have adopted some desperate measure to rid himself of the Prologue and of Mr. Adolphus Crashem at one and the same

time. But the winning smiles of Mademoiselle de Volage, and the prospect of acquiring a sufficiency of funds to carry them to Dover, where his happiness would be ensured for life, partially if not entirely reconciled Mr. Tupman to the enactment of the part of Pantaloon in the evening's performance. Mr. Craschem manfully rejected all ideas of studying his portion of the Pantomime, and accordingly retired to a neighboring cafe, where, to use his own expressive and truly original language, "he smoked cigars and played billiards all day with his equals," the chief society of the place being, formed of the English actors, and the attendants upon the itinerant troop.

It was about six o'clock in the evening, that Mr. Tupman, having partaken of an excellent dinner, was summoned from the presence of his fair *inamorata* to don the sentimental garb of a Pantaloon in his own chamber, he having declined passing through that ordeal in the robing-room at the theatre. One of the subordinate actors was placed at his disposal; and Mr. Tupman forthwith underwent the ceremony of a theatrical *toilette*.

"But I am not to appear on the stage in the first instance as a Pantaloon?" said Mr. Tupman, surveying himself from top to toe in the looking-glass, and secretly admiring his deportment in the interesting garb.

"Oh! no, sir," returned the actor; "but we shall be obliged to borrow a jacket from the prompter, a pair of trunk-breeches from the stage-manager, and a few other articles from some of my friends, for you to wear previous to your transformation by the Harlequin; so that you had better walk down to the theatre as you are."

"Very well," said Mr. Tupman, screwing his courage up to a most desperate pitch, and whispering the name of Anastasie at the same time; "I will just throw a cloak over my shoulders, and join you at the street-door."

The actor took the hint, and retired from the room, just as a post-chaise and four drove hastily into the court-yard of the hotel.

Mr. Tupman surveyed himself once more in the glass—breathed the name of Anastasie with holy fervor a second time—and having endorsed his mantle, which fell gracefully over his quaint attire, he emanated with due solemnity from the chamber, and slowly descended the stairs, pondering on the strange adventures which had befallen him during the last few days.

Wrapt up in such important and deep contemplation, he did not perceive that he had nearly overturned a gentleman who was running hastily up the stair-case; but the shock recalled his scattered ideas, and, when he raised his head to apologise for his apparent rudeness, to his horror and astonishment he recognised the never-to-be-forgotten features and intelligent countenance of Mr. Pickwick.

"What! Pickwick—is that you?" exclaimed Mr. Tupman, almost sinking upon the stairs.

"Ah! Tupman!" cried our venerable old friend, starting with mingled surprise and pleasure. "But—God bless me! what does this mean?"—and Mr. Pickwick indicated the theatrical attire through the opening of the cloak in front.

"I—I—" stammered Mr. Tupman, unable to conceal his confusion.

"What is it, sir," demanded Mr. Pickwick, in an authoritative tone, that showed he was determined not to be played with.

"I am going to act at the theatre to-night," said Mr. Tupman.

"To act!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick; "and, pray, sir, what were *you* going to act? The part of Tom-fool, I suppose—eh, sir?"

"No," replied Mr. Tupman, meekly; "I am to be the Pantaloon in this night's pantomime."

Mr. Pickwick was thunderstruck at this intelligence, and for some moments he remained without the power of utterance. At length the presence of mind so seldom lost by that truly extraordinary man, returned; and in a low but impressive tone, he said, "Mr. Tupman, where is your private room?"

"Up stairs—on the second floor," returned that gentleman.

"Lead the way to it, then," said Mr. Pickwick; "I will follow you."

There was no necessity for Mr. Pickwick to repeat his command; Mr. Tupman did not exhibit the slightest inclination to disobey his great leader, but turned round, and ascended the stairs towards his bed-room with a beating heart and a countenance expressive of the most profound misery.

CHAPTER XV.

Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Winkle are informed of Mr. Tupman's departure.—Mrs. Weston's soiree.—The supper, and other equally amusing incidents.—Mr. Weller's anecdote.

YE, who listen with avidity to the anecdotes of life, and follow with ardor the varied paths of romance—who expect that the author will perform the wishes of your imagination, and that the deficiencies of one chapter will be supplied by another—attend to the adventures of Pickwick and of Winkle!

At five o'clock, on the day when Mr. Tupman deemed it prudent to leave Paris with Mademoiselle Anastasie de Volage, did Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Winkle return to Meurice's hotel to dress for dinner. But when Mr. Weller announced the pleasing fact that the repast was served up, and the provoking one that Mr. Tupman was not yet returned, those two gentlemen did that which any other two gentlemen would have done in the same situation, viz., they sat down and dined without him.

"Very singular," said Mr. Pickwick, when the dessert was placed upon the table; "Tupman seldom dines out without letting us know beforehand. I hope no disagreeable occurrence has detained him."

"So do I," said Mr. Winkle, shrewdly suspecting that some love-affair was the cause of their friend's absence.

The wine was passed, and a miscellaneous conversation wiled away the time till the hour approached for preparing for Mrs. Weston's *soiree*. The antepenultimate glass was imbibed—and still Mr. Tupman did not make his appearance. The penultimate potation was drank in silence—and the ultimate was not capable of soothing the anxiety of Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Winkle. The clock struck eight—another half-hour passed away—and then the door was hastily opened. But it was not Mr. Tupman who entered the room, although a person little less illustrious—it was Mr. Weller.

"Letter, Sir," said that gentleman, handing a note to his master, and slowly retreating towards the door, through which he did not, however, think it worth while to evaporate.

Mr. Pickwick immediately recognised the hand-writing of Mr. Tupman, and as speedily made himself aware of the contents of the missive. He uttered not a syllable, but passed the note to his young friend, and sank thoughtfully back into his chair.

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Winkle; "Tupman has actually deserted us—run away—bolted!"—and large tears ran down his cheeks.

"Vell," said Mr. Weller, after a moment's consideration, "here's the devil to pay, and no money to give him! If I vos the gov'nor, blest if I wouldn't drive them wagaries out o' Mr. Tupman's head; I'd rub him down with a oaken towel, and give twenty-five drops o' shillalah-oil in his tea every mornin' for a fornit or so."

"Perhaps he may come back in a day or two," suggested Mr. Pickwick.

"At all events, we musn't let our friends know that he has eloped," said Mr. Winkle. "Scuttle and Walker would only laugh at us."

"That 'ud be too civil by von half," remarked Mr. Weller. "vich vos the very appropriate obserbation made on a certain occasion."

"What was that, Sam?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, endeavoring to force a smile.

"Vy, Sir," responded Mr. Weller, "vonce upon a time a poor vasher-voman vos a val-kin' along Pentonwil with a huge basket o' linen on each arm, and a bundle o' the same on her back. Vell, Sir, she stops at a house—and a wery decent crib it where—and she sees a gen'leman a coming along; so she asks him to knock at the door for her. The gen'leman, vich vos exceedin' obligin', immediately complied with the poor voman's rek-vest; but instead o' comin' it small with a single knock, as becomed the poor vasher-voman's condition, he gives a tat-tat-tat-tat—rat-tat-tat-tat—tat-tat-tat-tat, increasing more violently with every stroke. Vell indeed might the poor voman be dumb-founded, and the passin' chimbley-sveep exclaim, 'Go it, my covey, that's too civil by half!'"

"Very singular," said Mr. Pickwick, rising from his chair. "Sam, get us some hot water—and let's make haste and start to Mrs. Weston's abode."

The two gentlemen soon beautified themselves to their hearts' content, and at about half-past nine o'clock they proceeded to a handsome house in the Rue Taitbout, a portion of which was occupied by Mrs. Weston; and were speedily ushered into the presence of Mr. Scuttle and his niece. Miss Weston was at this period exactly what Madame Vestris was about the same time—viz., fat, fair, and forty; her figure was more in the proportions of a Hebe than of a Sylph—her countenance was, however, pleasing—her

eyes dark blue and languishing—her teeth peculiarly white—and her bust remarkably well formed. She received Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Winkle with a sweet smile, and expressed the pleasure she experienced in becoming acquainted with two such eminently distinguished gentlemen.

"I'm very glad you're come," said Mr. Scuttle to Mr. Pickwick; "but where is your friend Tupman?"

"Obliged to go out of town on very pressing business, my dear Sir," returned Mr. Pickwick, somewhat hastily. "I most sincerely regret—"

"Oh! it is a mutual loss," interrupted Mr. Scuttle; "I should have been happy to have introduced him to my amiable niece—and he would have lost nothing by her acquaintance."

"Uncle Jerry—uncle Jerry"—exclaimed Mrs. Weston, playfully tapping Mr. Scuttle's arm with her fan.

"Well, well, my dear," said Mr. Scuttle, laughing; "I must leave these gentlemen to find out your good qualities by themselves. I suppose. But what do you think I did the other day?" continued Mr. Scuttle, addressing himself to Mr. Pickwick.

"I really don't know," said Mr. Pickwick; "but I hope you will tell me."

"Why," rejoined Mr. Scuttle, "I was smoking my meerschum down stairs in a back parlor, and my niece was seated at the table reading to me, when, in a moment of absence, I took up her fore-finger and used it instead of the tobacco-stopper."

"Indeed," said Mr. Pickwick. "That was an oversight not easily forgiven."

"Oh! I assure you, Mr. Pickwick," exclaimed the amiable widow, "that *that* is nothing to some of uncle Jerry's inadvertencies. About a month ago, I sent him to my shoe-maker to order up some satin slippers—and—but, I never can tell the result;" and Mrs. Weston hid her face with her fan, and tittered behind it in a manner at once interesting and agreeable to a degree.

"Oh! nonsense, my dear," added Mr. Scuttle. "I merely sent up a half-a-dozen pairs of top-boots instead of the satin shoes; that was not so very bad, was it, Mr. Pickwick?"

The gentleman thus appealed to, responded with a smile, and Mrs. Weston retreated to another part of the room to receive a stout lady and her train of seven marriageable daughters who arrived at the moment.

"Charming woman—eh, Mr. Pickwick?" said Mr. Scuttle, alluding to his niece.

"Mrs. Weston appears to be a very amiable lady," was the courteous answer.

Mr. Pickwick was shortly summoned through the *medium* of an intimation on the part of Mr. Scuttle, to attach himself as the favored satellite to the sphere occupied by Mrs. Weston; and as that lady was more intent upon providing for the comforts of her guests, than for her own, Mr. Pickwick's office was not a very arduous one. Indeed, he has since declared that it was not without its charms.

Mr. Scuttle himself, in a moment of the most praiseworthy gallantry, entered upon the undisputed task of ministering to an aged lady whose auricular powers were none of the clearest; and it is but due to her extreme patience and good-humor to mention, that when Mr. Scuttle, in a momentary fit of absence, laid the whole of a cold partridge upon her plate instead of helping her to the wing of a fowl which she had requested, not a murmur of disapprobation escaped her lips. Nor less did the excellent and kind-hearted old lady dispose of the nine glasses of Madeira which her cavalier, in the same strain of mental aberration, poured out for her.

At length the ladies rose from the table, and retired to the music-room; and then the gentlemen occupied the seats thus desirably relinquished to them. Mr. Scuttle ordered in a fresh supply of wine and to judge by the manner in which a German Count, and a few others, commenced their attack upon the viands, one would have thought that the supper was the town of Antwerp, and the guests the French soldiers conducting the siege.

The clock had already struck one, when Mr. Pickwick thought of retiring. He intimated his intention to Mr. Winkle, and they accordingly hastened to take leave of their kind host and hostess. Mrs. Weston bowed politely to Mr. Winkle; but she extended her hand to Mr. Pickwick, and it struck that gentleman that a slight pressure of the fingers on the part of the widow expressed her satisfaction at having formed his acquaintance. He therefore bestowed upon her one of his most benevolent smiles, and when he had gone through the same ceremony with Mr. Scuttle, withdrew from the apartment, followed by Mr. Winkle.

It may be readily supposed that, when Mr. Weller made his appearance in Mr. Pickwick's room on the ensuing morning with a smiling countenance and a jug of

hot-water, his master's first question was relative to Mr. Tupman instead of the usual topic—the weather.

"Any news of Mr. Tupman, Sam?" inquired the great man.

"Don't you wish you may get it, Sir?" replied the faithful valet.

Mr. Pickwick declared that he did, and reiterated his question.

"No Sir," returned Mr. Weller, kindly condescending to favor his master with a direct answer; "there ain't no news of him as yet, and there ain't very likely to be any, I should rayther think."

"Why so, Sam?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Cos, Sir, he's thvarted in love—he's crossed, as the sayin' is—an' I should'nt be at all sup-prised if he did'nt go and shut his-self up in some old hermitage, or turn monk with a shaved crown, or do some ither desperate deed to make a hero of his-self. But, if I vonce caught him, as the shark said ven he saw the nigger a-swimmin' at a distance—wouldn't I hold him? Oh!—no—I'd just let him loose as the banker did the gen'leman of the svell mob in London."

"What was that, Sam?" demanded Mr. Pickwick.

"A verry tidy little annygoat, Sir," was the response.

"You may tell it me while I dress," said Mr. Pickwick, gliding on to the floor, as Mr. Weller did into a chair.

"Vell, Sir," began the domestic, "you must know that this annygoat vich I'm about to relate, vos told to me by the German courier as speaks all langvidges: so there's authority, chapter and verse, as the parson says. There's a banker at Calais o' the name o' Sorely, vich made all his money by straight-for'ard dealin' in the war-time; an' a verry rum chap he is in every partickler sense o' that verry expressive vord. Von day a gen'leman goes to him, and says, 'Sorely—my knowin' von—you must do a small discount for me this blessed mornin'.' Here's a hexcellent bit o' stiff on London!"

"A what?" interrupted Mr. Pickwick.

"Oh! on'y a bill, Sir," explained Mr. Weller.

"Ah! I see," said Mr. Pickwick. "Go on, Sam."

"Is there?" says the banker—"continued Mr. Weller—"with a knowin' shrug o' his shoulder; 'let's have a look at it.'—The gen'leman accordingly pro-duces a

very fine piece o' paper, all cover'd over with black and red vords and figgers—red figgers, Sir, is excellent things on a bill—they make it look business-like—"

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, considerably edified.

"Oh! yes, Sir—an' so it vos appayrently in this here case; for the banker took the bill, an' give the gen'leman fifteen hundred francs, or sixty pounds, vich vos the walley o' the same. So the gen'leman pockets the coin, and makes his-self so verry particklerly scarce, that ven the bill come back pertested, Mr. Sorely couldn't lay hands on him not by no means. In fact, payment didn't seem to form any part o' that gen'leman's monetary calkilations. So Mr. Sorely makes inquiries, and finds that my lord vos off for London the same day as he discounted his bill. To London Mr. Sorely follers him, and finds him a-eatin' muffins and drinkin' chocolate in a hot-tel at the Vest End.—'Ah! good mornin', Sorely, my dear feller,' says the gen'leman, verry coolly.—'Good mornin', Sir,' returns t'other: 'an' about that bill o' your'n?'—'Oh! I'll pay it directly—on'y heard on it yesterday too late for post—mistake at my banker's, that's all,' Mr. Sorely's countenance cleared up, an' he thought his customer worn't a rogue arter all. So they calls a hackney-coach, an' away they goes to a banker's in the city, the gen'leman askin' vether he'll have it in gold or notes, an' old Sorely answering 'In either!'—they stops at the door o' the bank—the gen'leman jumps out, tellin' Sorely to vait a minit, and walks boldly into the bank. But there he stays so precious a long time, that Sorely gets uneasy—goes to ask about his friend—and finds that he vent slap through the bank, arter having made some ridicklous inquiry o' the first clerk he sees, and disappeared by a door vich led into a back street. Sorely rushes back in desperation to the hackney-coach, and orders the jarvey to drive to the hot-tel at the Vest End. As they goes along the Strand, Mr. Sorely tvigs his customer a-vaikin' as coolly as if nothin' had happened: so, in order to lose no time, he opens the coach-door his-self, jumps out—chiveys the svell covey, who soon seed him, up the Strand; an' away they vent like good uns, as the Newgate chaplin said ven the prisoners vent forth to be hanged. It where a prime spree, Sir—I warrant ye: but just as Mr. Sorely, whose face vos red and hiss'n', had

caught the chap by the scruff o' the neck, another chap catches hold of *him*, a cryin' wery loud in his ear, 'You thundrin' thief! this here's your conspiracy, is it? to bilk a poor feller like me, as has got a wife and thirteen small children, out o' his fare. Blessed if I didn't suspect you vos a riglar *do ven* I twigged your precious face at fust.'—This vos the hackney-coachman; and so sudden vos his attack upon the unfortnit Mr. Sorely, that the t'other gen'leman made his escape, and vos never seen arterwards by no von."

"Very extraordinary," said Mr. Pickwick, when his valet had brought this interesting tale to a conclusion. "But, do you know, that I am very uneasy about Tupman? I am afraid he has again fallen into the hands of unprincipled characters."

Mr. Weller appeared to reflect for a moment: then, suddenly relapsing into smiles, he exclaimed, "There's von man, sir, as 'ud do your affair, an' discover vere Mr. Tupman is, even if he vosnt in this world at all."

"Who is he, Sam?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, hastily.

"Johnny-Darney, sir," was the abrupt answer.

Mr. Pickwick instantly seated himself at his writing-desk, and penned a brief note to M. Dumont, which Mr. Weller in due time conveyed to the twopenny post.

But the arrival of this gentleman was anxiously and vainly waited for on that and the three following days. On the fourth he, however, made his appearance, and accounted for the delay by informing his friends that he had been absent from Paris on particular business connected with his vocation. Mr. Pickwick then stated the dilemma in which he was placed with regard to his friend Mr. Tracy Tupman, and was not a little rejoiced when the good-natured Gendarme assured him that in less than three hours the place of Mr. Tupman's destination should be duly discovered.

Thrice did the long hand of Mr. Pickwick's watch perform its revolution round the dial—thrice did the adjacent clocks proclaim the lapse of another hour—and thrice did the great man console himself with the reflection that he would soon be close upon the traces of his absconded friend. At length, true to his promise, M. Dumont returned, and presented himself to Mr. Pickwick with a smile of satisfaction upon his countenance.

"Well, my good fellow, what news?" demanded Mr. Pickwick, hastily.

"I have succeeded," replied M. Dumont, throwing himself upon a chair, and his hat upon the table.

"And where is he?" cried Mr. Pickwick, almost breathless with agitation and curiosity.

"His passport is signed for Saint Omers," said Dumont. "I have been to the *Prefecture de Police* to ascertain the fact."

Mr. Pickwick rang the bell violently, and Mr. Weller immediately answered the summons.

"Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, "tell Mr. Cailliez to get me a post-chaise and four immediately. I must be at Saint Omers's to-morrow evening by this time."

"Know how far you're a-goin'?" inquired Mr. Weller, looking as much inclined to move off in the required haste as the monument to take a walk across the Thames.

"No," replied Mr. Pickwick. "But were it as far as Jerusalem, I must be there in four-and-twenty hours at the outside," added the great man with that peculiar felicity of idea which so eminently distinguished him.

"Must, eh?" observed Mr. Weller, very quietly. "Who's goin' too?"

"You, Sam," replied Mr. Pickwick: "Mr. Winkle will stay behind at Paris."

"Vell, that's a blessin'," cried Mr. Weller. "But, how far air we off, as the gen'leman in the fire-balloon said to his-self?"

"About a hundred and fifty miles," elucidated M. Dumont.

"An' vot's the use o' goin' about the country, and makin' vild beastesses on ourselves?" remonstrated Mr. Weller, placing his arms a-kimbo, and confronting his master with as much respect as might be expected from a Cherokee Indian, were he brought to give evidence at the bar of the House of Commons. "You're past the age for galliwantin', you air, sir, as the gen'leman said to Mathusalem."

"You mean Methusalem, Sam," suggested Mr. Pickwick.

"Vell, sir, p'rhaps I do," cried Mr. Weller, dogmatically: "there ain't no sayin' that I don't, vich vos the obseruation made by the young chap to his tailor, as told him he owed a bili, but, jokin' apart—ain't this a rum start o' your'n all o' sudden, sir?"

Mr. Pickwick declared that whether it were rum or not, he certainly intended a

start, and requested his servant not to oppose his determination, to which that gentleman responded by a dozen emphatic shakes of the head.

"Quite decided, sir?" demanded Mr. Weller, after a pause, during which he brought to a conclusion the exercise he so considerably allowed his head.

"Quite," said Mr. Pickwick.

"An' no mistake, as the sheriff's officer says."

An intimation was given that there was none.

"Vell, then, here goes," cried Mr. Weller, in a state of desperation.

"Pray be quick, Sam," urged the impatient Mr. Pickwick.

Mr. Weller accordingly hastened to obey his master's orders, and M. Dumont undertook to get the immortal gentleman's passport duly signed for him, in order to prevent as much delay as possible.

CHAPTER XVI.

Mr. Winkle's Mistake, and its immediate consequences.—The Jealous Cousin, and the Sojourn in the Cupboard.—Embarrassed circumstances of Madame De L'Amour.—Conversation between Mr. Tupman and Mr. Winkle.

It is a remarkable fact, that neither the private note-book of Mr. Pickwick, or of Mr. Tupman, furnishes us with any particulars relative to the immediate consequences of the latter gentleman's extraordinary trip to Saint Omer's. It is not less worthy of consideration, that a little more than three months was suffered to pass away without the slightest benefit to the said memoranda-books. The faithful historian, as well as the public, is therefore left in the dark relative to the transactions that occupied those Hundred Days, which form the most memorable epoch in this history, on account of the impervious gloom that envelopes them, and which consequently vie in importance with the similar period of time so justly celebrated in French history.

Our present business is connected with the doings of the first day of the fourth month of the year eighteen hundred and thirty-five; and to that business shall we immediately refer.

It was, then, upon that day, in the reign of the good King Louis Philippe, that, about two o'clock in the afternoon, Mr.

Samuel Weller was busily employed in brushing the last remaining specks of dust or lint from the new coat which Mr. Nathaniel Winkle had that morning endorsed. Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Tupman were absent upon some monetary affairs of their own; and Mr. Winkle, recollecting that he owed Mr. Scuttle's fair niece a call, was determined to seize that opportunity of acquitting himself of the agreeable debt.

"I don't think my boots are so well blackened as usual, Sam," said Mr. Winkle, glancing towards that portion of his dress.

"An' yet the blackin's 's good enough," answered Mr. Weller; "Varren's can't do no more; an' I'm sure I scrubbed away till I thought my arms would ha' fell off."

"They charge two *sous* to Frenchmen and four to the English for blacking your boots in the streets," observed Mr. Winkle; "and that is too much by one half."

"Vell, it is rayther too dear," coincided Mr. Weller; "but, then, think o' the science, as the hair-dresser said ven his customer complained that he charged too much."

"You are right, Sam," exclaimed Mr. Winkle, approvingly. "Have you done?"

"Brown, Sir—vich vos the answer given by the cook to the gentlemen as inquired arter his roast meat," responded Mr. Weller, as he surveyed Mr. Winkle from head to foot with an air of peculiar satisfaction.

Mr. Winkle accordingly settled his hat gracefully on his head, gave his hair a parting twist with his finger and thumb, and sallied forth with a smiling countenance and a new suit of clothes. It is impossible to say what thoughts occupied his mind as he strolled up the Boulevards; suffice it to say, that in the course of a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, he turned into the Rue Taitbout, and in fifty seconds more found himself ascending the stair-case that led to the apartments occupied by Mrs. Weston. By some accident, probably caused by that pre-occupation which so often seizes upon great men, Mr. Winkle mounted to the third story instead of stopping at the second, and commenced a harmonious peal at the front-door bell without perceiving his mistake. A neatly dressed servant girl shortly made her appearance, and induced Mr. Winkle, by means of a word and a winning smile, to walk into the ante-chamber, while she hastened to inform her mistress of his arrival. With this request, which was proffered in tolerably good English, he immediately complied; and in a few minutes the



MR. PICKWICK RECOGNISES TUPMAN IN THE COSTUME OF PANTALON.



girl returned to conduct him to the presence of the presiding genius of the place.

Mr. Winkle traversed the dining-room, and fancied that an alteration in the furniture, or the arrangement of it, had taken place since his last visit. He passed through the drawing-room and began to suspect that there was some mistake; and when he was shown into a little *boudoir* at the end of the *suite*, all doubt yielded to conviction of error. But he had gone too far to retreat; especially as, reclining upon a sofa near the fire, and dressed in the most bewitching *deshabiller* he had ever beheld, a lovely female form speedily encountered his astonished glance. The countenance, which was not that of Mrs. Weston, was fascinating in the extreme; and the dark eyes, the vermilion lips, the pearly teeth, and the glossy hair were equally beautiful; add to which a fine and glowing bust, and the reader will agree that these were charms which could not fail to attract the attention of a devoted admirer of the fair sex.

"Madam—I beg pardon—really I am quite confused," began Mr. Winkle; and so indeed he was, if the young lady might judge by the blushes that suffused his cheeks.

"Pray take seat, sare," said the young lady in broken English, but in a most mellifluous tone of voice; "pray take seat—me glad that one accident procure me pleasure of your visit."

There was no possibility of resisting this invitation: Mr. Winkle accordingly suffered himself to glide into a chair and his tongue into a compliment at the same time.

"The fact is," said Mr. Winkle, "that I intended to call upon a Mrs. Weston, who resides—or used to reside—in this house—"

"Ah!" interrupted the young lady; "one Ingliswoman who live underneath—*au second*—I know her by de sight vary well."

"I am however delighted that an accident should have procured me the pleasure of your acquaintance," continued Mr. Winkle, his imagination for the moment rebelling against the absent Arabella; and he proceeded to relate how he had been four months and a half in Paris, how he liked the French capital much better than the English one, and how he was living with two friends in the Rue Royale Saint-Honoré.

"And what your name, sare?" inquired the young lady, who had listened attentively to all that Mr. Winkle had related to her.

"Nathaniel Winkle, at your service," was

the courteous reply; "and my friends' names are Mr. Samuel Pickwick and Mr. Tracy Tupman."

"Ah!" exclaimed the young lady with a most bewitching smile—"me hear your names before—you vary great men—Pickwick very *extraordinaire* man, me understand."

"We have made some noise in the world," said Mr. Winkle, again modestly blushing up to the eyes; "but without the guidance of our great leader Pickwick, we might all have remained in obscurity up to the present moment."

"You then are happy; you vary—vary happy," exclaimed the young lady with an ill-suppressed sigh. "Ah! me not do otherwise than envy your lot!"

"What! are not you happy also?" cried Mr. Winkle, glancing hastily round the richly-furnished *boudoir*; "it appears that you have every thing to conduce to your comfort—every luxury a moderate mind can wish for."

The young lady gazed on Mr. Winkle for a few moments; and the excellent-hearted Pickwickian was grieved at the melancholy which had suddenly overspread her beautiful countenance.

"Do you believe in love at de first sight?" inquired the young lady in an almost inaudible voice, and after a long pause.

Mr. Winkle knew not how to reply, and in trying to look remarkably wise, fell into the extreme, and looked as remarkably foolish.

"But never mind," continued the young lady, her countenance brightening up as suddenly as it had been cast down; "me not intrude my griefs upon others—my breast only must contain them. When vary young, me espouse old man—old enough to be my fader; me only sixteen then—and me not love old man whom parents force me to marry. He try and win my love—he not succeed—he drown himself in despair!"

"God bless me!" ejaculated Mr. Winkle, starting on his chair.

"Yes, he drown himself—he tumble from bridge into de Seine," continued the young lady, relapsing into a sentimental tone and manner, "and leave me at one-and-twenty without protection—a widow, sare."

"Distressing!" said Mr. Winkle, wiping away a couple of tears from his eyes.

"Ah! that not all," resumed the young lady in the same lachrymose style; "me ruined—me lose all—and me dependent on one old

cousin who persecute me to give him my hand."

"Heavens! are the young and the beautiful, and the unprotected thus to meet with monsters instead of champions in the individuals to whom they fly for refuge?" ejaculated Mr. Winkle, his indignation getting the better of his patience; "are honor and disinterested feelings to be exterminated from the face of the earth?"

It is certain that this pathetic appeal to the azure canopy above produced an immediate and deep effect upon the young lady; for she frantically hid her countenance in her pocket-handkerchief, and the motion of her body indicated the emotion of her mind. It is however awkward that, whether in the extremes of bliss or woe, ladies invariably conceal their features in their hands or kerchiefs, thus leaving a spectator uncertain as to whether suppressed laughter or stifled sobs agitate their frames.

"Kind—generous stranger!" said the young lady, subsequently revealing her countenance once more; "how can me repay you for dis-sympathy?"

"First," returned Mr. Winkle, "may I request to know whom I have the honor to address?"

"Oh! me forget to tell you my name!" exclaimed the young lady; "me called *Madame Augustine de l'Amour*—my husband was one great banker in Paris—but, at his death, de partners cheat me out of every sou."

"And this cousin of your's, Madame del—del—" inquired Mr. Winkle.

"De l'Amour," suggested the young lady. "Oh! my cousin—he old, ugly, disagreeable fellow—he pretend love me—me detest him in return."

"It is very natural so to do," began Mr. Winkle; "and if I were in your place, Madame de l'Amour—"

Mr. Winkle stopped, for the door of the *boudoir* was thrown hastily open, and the servant girl, with a pale face and bewildered air, rushed into the room.

"What de matter now?" demanded the widow in English, in order that Mr. Winkle might understand all that was going on.

"Your cousin, *Madame*, your cousin!" exclaimed the girl, also speaking English, and for the same behoof.

Madame de l'Amour sank almost insensible upon the sofa—a step was heard in the adjoining room—the case was desperate, so was the lady's maid—and, before he had

time to collect the ideas which the arrival of the jealous cousin had entirely scattered and disseminated on every side, Mr. Winkle was hastily thrust into an adjoining closet and almost into a foul clothes' bag simultaneously, by the prudent domestic. No sooner was he safely ensconced in his place of concealment, from which he could see into the *boudoir* through a small window covered with a gauze blind, than the cousin walked into the room, and hastened to seat himself by the side of Madame de l'Amour.

But, to the astonishment of Mr. Winkle, the cousin, instead of being old, ugly, and disagreeable, was young, handsome, and apparently very agreeable, if Mr. Winkle might be allowed to judge by the tender smiles and glances with which he was received by the beautiful widow. The conversation that ensued was carried on in French; and thus Mr. Winkle was prevented from ascertaining if Madame de l'Amour expressed in words the distrust she contrived so admirably well to conceal by her behavior.

A copious *dejeuner a la fourchette* was presently arranged upon the table; and while he did ample justice to the succulent viands, the amorous cousin drank a couple of bottles of Claret, with no other assistance than that of a pint of Madeira to settle them upon his stomach. To be brief, which is more than the visit was—after a stay of two hours, he rose to depart, to the inexpressible delight of Mr. Winkle, whose presence of mind had nearly succumbed to the feelings of unmitigated disgust, and the unsavory odor of the foul clothes that oppressed him.

At length, when the young gentleman was gone, and Mr. Winkle's fright nearly so, the cupboard door was unbolted, and a perfect encyclopædia of apologies expressed the sorrow which filled the bosom of Madame de l'Amour on account of the unpleasant predicament in which her visitor had been detained.

"But my cousin is so vary jealous," said the fair widow, resuming her seat upon the sofa, having thrust Mr. Winkle into his own, "that me dare not offend him—not for all de world."

"I thought you said he was old," observed Mr. Winkle.

"He seem old to me," replied Madame de l'Amour.

"And ugly," continued Mr. Winkle. "Oh! he detestable!" cried the lady with great emphasis.

"And disagreeable, too?" added Mr. Winkle.

"Me cannot bear him," was the reply; 'but me obliged to appear civil and glad when he come—me find it *nécessaire* to play de hypocrite a little."

Mr. Winkle did not attempt to controvert the lady's self-accusation; he however thought her conduct was very prudent and very natural; and, in the universal philanthropy of his heart he sincerely pitied her forlorn situation. He then proceeded to assure her, that, if it had not been for fear of compromising her own happiness, he most decidedly should have faced out the danger, and even gone to any extremity to which circumstances and the obnoxious cousin might have impelled him. The lady was about to thank her visitor, who suddenly assumed a fierce and warlike aspect, for his kind condescension and Christian forbearance, when the door again opened, and Mr. Winkle gave so sudden a start and uttered so lamentable a moan, that Madame de l'Amour fancied for a moment he was attacked with apoplexy or some dangerous malady. The entrance of the servant girl to clear away the luncheon, however, apparently relieved Mr. Winkle from that which looked uncommonly like trepidation; and the discourse again turned upon the cousin, the imprisonment of Mr. Winkle in the cupboard, and the private circumstances of the young widow.

"You see," said Madame de l'Amour, me rather bad situated—me dependent entirely on dat cousin of mine—and he only pay my bills—he give me not one obole of ready money. If me had ready money, me commence law-process against my husband's partners, and me recover my rights."

"And how much should you claim?" inquired Mr. Winkle, thinking at the same time that he had never seen so lovely a person in *deshabiller* before.

"Three millions of francs—dat make—let me see how much?" said the widow, counting with her fingers: "dat make one hundred and twenty thousand pounds sterling."

"What is the amount you require, Madam, to commence the law-suit?" proceeded Mr. Winkle.

"About five thousand francs," was the reply, accompanied by a glance that called a smile to Mr. Winkle's lip, and a blush to Mr. Winkle's cheek.

"Singular," said that gentleman, musing

audibly; "this is precisely the sum I have left in my name at Rothschild's. I could very well spare it for a month or so."

"Me not want it for more than one fortnight," suggested Madame de l'Amour.

Mr. Winkle thought he might as well lay the foundation of a Platonic attachment with a young and beautiful woman, by the advance of a loan which would make her rich and independent for life; and, with that promptitude which so eminently characterized his own actions and those of his illustrious companions in travel, he ventured to observe that he could accommodate Madame de l'Amour with a couple of hundred pounds for a period something less than a month, and that he would procure her the sum on the following morning. At first the offer was declined altogether—then, when Mr. Winkle had relinquished the subject, it was again introduced by the lady herself—and eventually the loan was accepted with a multitude of thanks and a host of blushes. Mr. Winkle then took his leave, having promised to partake of a *dejeuner a la fourchette* alone with Madame de l'Amour at two precisely on the ensuing day, and having been strictly enjoined by that lady not to mention his acquaintance with her to a soul—not even to his friends—for fear it should reach the ears of her jealous cousin.

But as Mr. Winkle walked homewards, he began to reflect that he had done wrong in promising to assist a female who might possibly estrange his heart from the wife of his best and purest affections. Although it has been attempted to prove that the wife is of less value than the husband, inasmuch as it has been stated, that the latter is the *sovereign*-lord, while the former is but a *crown* of glory, we are of the opinion that the female is by far the more valuable of the two; and we sincerely hope that it was no other idea which impelled Mr. Winkle to act as he did on his return home. Taking advantage of the half-hour before dinner, when Mr. Pickwick was washing his hands in his bed-chamber, Mr. Winkle beckoned Mr. Tupman to follow him into his own room; and there having cautiously closed the door, he thus addressed his friend:—

"My dear Tupman, I have this morning met with a most extraordinary adventure. Accident has made me acquainted with the most beautiful creature in existence."

"Ah!" said Mr. Tupman, his face expanding like a sun-flower.

"Yes—" continued Mr. Winkle; "and do you know that for a moment—I may say for an hour—my thoughts have rebelled against poor Bella. It is for this that I have addressed myself to you—to make you my confidant—and to put you in the way of serving the loveliest of her sex."

Mr. Winkle then succinctly related that which the reader is already acquainted with save and except the imprisonment in the closet, and the visit of the cousin in *propria persona*. Mr. Tupman was in perfect raptures—he applauded Mr. Winkle's conduct in high terms—and offered to advance the half of the loan himself.

"This is worthy of you, Tupman!" exclaimed Mr. Winkle, forgetting that his own hand was covered with soap as he grasped that of his friend with unfeigned delight; "this is worthy of the next in renown to our great leader! To you, Tupman, be allotted the glorious task of presenting the proffered loan to an injured—a virtuous—an amiable woman; and may you receive the thanks which she will express, and the satisfactory reward which your own conscience will not fail to make yours!"

If ever Nathaniel Winkle and Tracy Tupman might have been taken for beings of another world, it was at this moment, had a third person chanced to witness the impressive scene we have but imperfectly described. Tears stood in the eyes of those great men, as they gazed upon each other, and pondered upon the charitable action they were about to perform; nor would the illusion have been dissipated by the fact that the face of the former was besmeared with the soap he had as yet forgotten to wipe away from his expressive countenance.

"And is she so very beautiful?" inquired Mr. Tupman, after a long pause.

"Angelic," was the reply.

"What is she like?" was the next and very natural query.

"A seraph," was the highly satisfactory answer.

"And her manners?" persisted Mr. Tupman.

"Like a dove's," explained Mr. Winkle, in an equally lucid manner.

"Has she a good voice?"

"Celestial—heavenly!"

"Her figure?"

"Perfect."

"Her eyes?"

"Faultless."

"Her features?"

"Divine."

"Her age?"

"Oh! I really never thought of her age."

And it was no matter that Mr. Winkle had not; for his picture was already so well drawn, so clear, and so complete, that if the vision of the fair lady were not present to Mr. Tupman's mind's eye, it was certainly not his friend's fault. It is, however, very satisfactorily ascertained that Mr. Tupman's curiosity was excited to a most painful extent, and that he anxiously awaited the arrival of the happy moment when he might introduce himself and the two hundred pounds to the notice of Madame de l'Amour.

"Dinner's nearly ready, gen'llemen," said Mr. Weller, as he walked gently into the room where Messieurs Tupman and Winkle had held the above discourse; "an' ve mustn't keep the governor a-vaitin'; that'll never do, as the creditor said to the insolvent vich offered a penny in the pound."

"We are quite ready ourselves, Sam," said Mr. Tupman.

"Bin to see a he-lection to-day, sir," continued Mr. Weller, "an' very fair the principles seems to be. There's no public wotin' as in England; it's all by ballot, as they calls it; consequently there ain't no room for bribery, nor corruption, nor gammon, as von candidit don't know vich vay a constitytent's a-goin' for to wote. It appears that von depitty for Paris resigned—an' so they vos obleeged to he-lect another; an' a very pretty sight it were, too, as the nobleman said ven he see the set-to betwixt the Billin'sgit fish-vimen."

"Was it, indeed?" said Mr. Tupman, abstractedly.

"I rayer think so," returned Sam, with a knowing shake of the head; "but the more I sees, the more I becomes convicted that the English is a d—d sight too proud to borrow anything vich is good in another country. Vy sir, there ain't no chancery-court in France, an' no vay of ruinin' poor devils by keepin' off trials from year to year, till patience and pocket is both veared out. Blest if I don't think I'll write a book myself about them matters, ven ve returns to England; I'm sure it 'ud sell as well as some o' them silly things vich silly vimen

go and scribble about nations with vich they is a little wexed."

"Precisely so," coincided Mr. Winkle; but you will have some difficulty, Sam, to make the English believe that foreign institutions are better than their own."

"Vell, sir," responded Mr. Weller, with a most mysterious shake of the head, "I've heerd say that the French army is the best disciplined in the world, and they don't flog the sogers in France, sir. Vot does that 'ere prove? Vy, that some o' our abuses at home vant rectifyin', as the husband said to his wife ven he gived her the black eye. —But I hear the governor a-askin' if the dinner ain't ready—so look alive, gen'lemen."

The dinner was duly served up to the three gentlemen, and as speedily served round to each, a never-failing appetite and Mr. Weller being in attendance. But scarcely was the soup removed from the table, and its place supplied by a fine piece of Rouen salmon—scarcely had the last drop of a glass of Burgundy's choicest nectar trembled upon the lip of Mr. Pickwick—and scarcely had Mr. Tupman poured *ditto* into his glass, and *ditto* repeated down his throat, when a tremendous peal at the front door bell announced the arrival of some impatient guest. Mr. Winkle started and turned deadly pale—Mr. Tupman played with his watch-chain—and Mr. Pickwick with his knife and fork; but the suspense of the three was not of long duration; and their doubts were speedily removed by the appearance of two individuals in whom it was not difficult to recognise Mr. Lipman and Mr. Jopling, although the former had eschewed for the moment his large wooden pipe, and the latter had declined farther partnership with his old and staunch friend, the faded silk dressing-gown.

"How are you, my boys?" exclaimed Mr. Lipman, shaking hands with the Pickwickians one after another; "pretty tidy, eh?"

"Doesn't Pickwick look lusty, though?" cried Mr. Jopling, appealing to his friend, and indicating the great man by a facetious poke in the ribs. "But don't let us disturb you at dinner," considerably added the late inmate of Ste. Pelagie.

"Thank you," said Mr. Pickwick, resuming his seat; "we shan't stand upon any ceremony with you. But perhaps you would join us?"

Perhaps they would, indeed; especially

as, having vainly sought a dinner elsewhere, these two highly respectable but lately persecuted gentlemen had sought Mr. Pickwick's abode with the firm intention of satisfying the cravings of nature in this respect. They accordingly seated themselves at the table; and while, with becoming decorum, they averred that they had already dined, and would only just "pick a bit" for the sake of society and doing as the others did, they speedily caused the Rouen salmon to disappear from the dish, even to the very tail which Mr. Pickwick had intended to have pickled for next day's luncheon.

"Well, I don't think we've done badly with that, Jopling," observed Mr. Lipman, pushing away his plate; "do you?"

Mr. Jopling declared that he did not, and Mr. Pickwick was of the same opinion, as, indeed, were also Mr. Tupman and Mr. Winkle; and this unanimity of sentiment may be considered as singularly corroborative of the truth of Mr. Lipman's assertion.

"I am glad to perceive that you have left your late abode, gentlemen," said Mr. Pickwick, after a pause, during which Mr. Jopling had filled and emptied his glass three times.

"Well, it isn't amiss, old chap," respectfully observed Mr. Lipman to the venerated traveller. "Jopling's father came down with the rhino—"

"Ah!" said Mr. Pickwick complacently; "I see—he sold an estate situate upon that river. Did it fetch much?"

Mr. Lipman merely replied by an allusion to a gentleman of the name of Cheeks, and to another whose patronymic seemed to be Hookey; while Mr. Jopling achieved a long and undisturbed stare at Mr. Pickwick. The two visitors then precipitated themselves, with the avidity that might be expected from a party of gentlemen just arrived from the islands of the Pacific Ocean, upon the course which Mr. Weller and a large tray introduced at this crisis, and the conversation was only resumed at short intervals, by way of relieving the monotonous, but evidently agreeable, operation of eating.

The remaining portion of the dinner was produced and done justice to in the same manner; and with the dessert came punch and cigars, the discussion of which put Mr. Lipman into so exquisite a humor, that he insisted upon singing a very genteel song

which he had learnt from a house-breaker with whom he had once been incarcerated in a watch-house in London. So, without waiting for assent or dissent, he forthwith began the following pathetic air for the benefit and instruction of the astonished Mr. Pickwick and that gentleman's friends.

THE HOUSE-BREAKER'S SONG.

I ne'er was a nose, (1) for the reglars (2) came
 Whenever a pannie (3) was done :—
 Oh ! who would chirp (4) to dishonor his name,
 And betray his pals (5) in a nibsome (6) game
 To the traps ? (7)—Not I for one !
 Let nobs in the fur-trade (8) hold their jaw,
 And let the jug (9) be free ;—
 Let Davy's dust (10) and a well-fak'd claw (11)
 For fancy coves be the only law,
 And a double-tongued squib (12) to keep in awe
 The chaps that flout at me !

From morn to night we'll booze a ken, (13)
 And we'll pass the bingo (14) round ;
 At dusk we'll make our lucky, (15) and then,
 With our nags so flash, and our merry-men,
 We'll scour the lonely ground.
 And if the swells resist our "Stand !"
 We'll squib (16) without a joke ;
 For I'm snigger'd if we will be trepann'd
 By the blarneying jaw of a knowing hand,
 And thus be lagg'd (17) to a foreign land,
 Or die by an artichoke. (18)

But should the traps be on the sly,
 For a change we'll have a crack ; (19)
 The richest cribs (20) shall our wants supply—
 Or we'll knap (21) a fogle (22) with fingers fly, (23)
 When the swell one turns his back.
 The flimsies we can smash (24) as well,
 Or a tucker (25) deftly prig ;—
 But if ever a pal in limbo fell,
 He'd sooner be scragg'd (26) at once than tell ; W
 Though the hum-box patterer (27) talked of hell,
 And the beak (28) wore his nottiest (29) wig !

When Mr. Lipman had brought this truly erudite specimen of the beauties of his mother tongue to a conclusion, Mr. Jopling was most vehement in his plaudits, Mr. Pickwick most soundly asleep, and Messieurs Tupman and Winkle in a most interesting state of uncertainty as to whether the words they had just heard were Hebrew or Chinese. They accordingly joined Mr. Jop-

ling in his occupation of striking the table with his clenched fist ; and, during the remainder of the evening, the whole party preserved so excellent an understanding with each other, that when Messieurs Lipman and Jopling rose to depart, they kindly expressed their intention of visiting their courteous hosts again as speedily as possible.

CHAPTER XVII.

A Singular Conversation that takes place in a Pastry-cook's Shop.—Mr. Tupman's reception at the abode of Madame De L'Amour.—The arrival of an old acquaintance.—Mr. Winkle interrupts an agreeable discourse.

It is an important fact ascertained by geographers and topographers in general, that the Rue de Luxembourg is bounded on the north by the Rue St. Honoré, on the south by the Rue de Rivoli, on the east by one side of itself, and on the west by the church of St. Hyacinth or the Assumption. Travelers endowed with a Belzonian spirit of research, will also inform us that in the middle of the aforesaid eastern boundary of the equally aforesaid street, there exists a pastry cook's shop of inviting and pleasing appearance ; and the editor of these Memoirs can bear testimony to its being tenanted by people who speak very good English, and who keep a certain select assortment of waiters and oyster-patties.

On the occasion to which our history has immediate reference, the two English shopboys were lounging at the tastefully-arranged counter, about half an hour after mid-day on the second of April, 1835, dipping their fingers into the preserves and raspberry-tarts, when their mistress, who was seated in an inner parlor, did not see them, and discussing with serious faces divers important matters when she did. Their conversation appeared to be compounded of certain agreeable figures of speech more or less connected with their professional engagements ; and as the emblematic synonyms, by which they characterized the different customers who frequented the shop, may prove to be of considerable importance to the fraternity in general, inasmuch as they may enable pastry-venders to designate their patrons the more easily through the medium of those gentlemen's tastes, we have here carefully reproduced the same :—

"Well, I never should ha' thought it

(1) One who betrays his companions. (2) Share of the plunder. (3) Burglary. (4) Inform. (5) Companions. (6) Gentlemanly. (7) Police officers. (8) Old Bailey pleaders. (9) Prison. (10) Gunpowder. (11) An experienced hand at stealing. (12) Double-barrelled gun. (13) Drink freely. (14) Brandy. (15) Depart. (16) Fire. (17) Transported. (18) A hearty choke ; i. e., hanging. (19) A Burglary. (20) Houses. (21) Steal. (22) Handkerchief. (23) Skilful. (24) Pass false notes. (25) Watch. (26.) Hanged. (27) Parson. (28) Magistrate or judge. (29) Handsomest.

Bill," observed the pastry-cook's elder apprentice; "but if I didn't see the sassage-roll a-dancin' away last night at Musard's, and like bricks too, I'm no gen'leman."

"How very odd," responded Mr. William; "for I myself seed the weal pie a-smokin' his pipe at the Cafe Turc like a good 'un. Blest if he didn't blow a cloud just like a steam-hingin' o' height and forty 'orse power. Vonderful! vonderful!"

"The spiced cake gived me a bender for myself yesterday arternoon," continued the first gentleman, who, if he had ever so good a coat of arms, had but very bad arms to his coat; "an' very handsome it were too, seeing that I let the ginger-beer cork jump into his eye on purpose a few days ago."

"The devil he did! But I suppose missus took half as usual," said he with the *prænomens* of Bill.

"Oh! in course," responded the other; "which was just the same trick as she played me when the gingy-bread-nut presented me with the five-franc piece for woppin' the little boy as insulted him at the church door. But here comes the raspberry-tart—so don't talk to me no more; I can't bear it."

As Mr. Winkle walked into the shop the two boys began to busy themselves, the one with handing him a chair, and the other with taking it away and bringing it back again, while the Pickwickian commenced a desperate attack upon the luscious compositions to which he owed the appropriate name his present servitors had bestowed upon him.

"Who's them parcels for, Bill?" demanded the younger shop-boy, pointing to several paper envelopes, with tolerably solid contents.

"That lady as can't pay her bill," was the reply: "an missus says if so be she don't give the money, the goods isn't to be left. Lor! you know who she is!" added the boy in a tone somewhat above a whisper: "don't you recollect that ere 'ooman as called herself—?"

The waiter breathed the name, and the tart fell from Mr. Winkle's hands.

"Oh, ay!" exclaimed William: "and now she passes herself off as—"

The name was once more conveyed in a whisper: but it produced a sudden and violent effect on Mr. Winkle, if the two boys judge by the haste with which he threw down a franc and never waited for the change, and then vanished from the shop as speedily as he could.

The fact is, that, only a few moments before, Mr. Tupman had parted with Mr. Winkle close by the Madeleine, and the latter returned upon his steps to imbibe a small lunch at the shop of the pastry-cook aforesaid, while the former hastened to Madame de l'Amour's abode in the Rue Taitbout. This he had no difficulty in finding, as the *suite* of apartments inhabited by that lady was immediately over the one occupied by Mrs. Weston. So Mr. Tupman's heart palpitated violently against a well-stored pocket-book, as he was ushered into the identical drawing-room through which Mr. Winkle had passed the day before.

Now it appears, that Madame de l'Amour had desired her servant to show Mr. Winkle straight into the sacred *boudoir* so soon as he should make his appearance, and to bid any other less welcome guest to cool himself in the reception-room, until such time as it might suit the convenience of the presiding Goddess of the region to enlighten him with her smiles. The servant, having thus obeyed her mistress's orders in respect to Mr. Tupman, hastened to inform that lady of his august presence, whereupon the following dialogue must be supposed to have occurred in the native tongue of those highly respectable females.

"What sort of a person is he?" inquired Madame de l'Amour.

"Not very much unlike the Marquis, Madam," was the reply.

"In person, then, he resembles—" continued Madame de l'Amour.

"The Count in many respects," added the lady's maid.

"Ah! he is short and stout?" observed the beautiful widow.

"Just for all the world like the German Baron, Madam," was the answer.

"Well-dressed?" was the next question suggested by the very natural and truly high-bred curiosity of the fair lady.

"One would think he had borrowed a suit of clothes from the Belgian Consul," returned the domestic, as she arranged her cap in the looking-glass. "The nasty fellow! he tumbled all my head-dress for me!"

"And what is his name?" at length inquired Madame de l'Amour.

"Ah! that I forgot to ask!" exclaimed the lady's maid; and in a moment she had disappeared, in another obtained the required information at the risk of having her cap tumbled a second time, and in a third

was again in the presence of her mistress. French chambermaids, if they think and act like Venus, are certainly Sylphide in their motions; and the principal noise they make is with their tongues. Otherwise they glide over polished oaken floors, and meander their way amongst chairs and tables, as gently as fairies or spirits walking on the banks of the Serpentine.

"Well? what is it?" demanded Madame de l'Amour.

The lady's-maid pronounced the magic name of Tupman.

"What?" cried Madame de l'Amour, with an incredulous frown. The lady's-maid repeated the undying patronymic; and her mistress fell back upon the divan or sofa on which she was seated, when the terrified servant thought she had fallen into a fit. So indeed she had—and a very long and obstinate one it was too; but being a fit of laughter, no doubts were entertained as to an eventual recovery. This the lady's-maid perceived; so she indulged in a respectful giggle, while Madame de l'Amour gave unbridled vent to her risibility."

At the termination of about ten minutes, during which the fit lasted, Madame de l'Amour condescended to recover from the paroxysm and addressed her maid as follows:—

"You will go into the drawing-room and say that I am so particularly unwell it is impossible I can receive any one this morning. But inquire the nature of his business and take care to make him wait till you have had time to acquaint me with it."

The lady's-maid, who had left off laughing precisely one second after her mistress, hastened to obey these orders; whereupon the ensuing agreeable conversation took place between herself and Mr. Tupman.

"Please you, sare, Madame de l'Amour so ill, she not able to see soul: she got in her legs—how you say dat?"

"The gout, I suppose," suggested Mr. Tupman mildly.

"Oh! no—no," cried the lady's-maid with an arch smile, and tapping Mr. Tupman's arm with her fingers: "we mean de *rheumatique*, you know."

"Ah! the rheumatism—I see," exclaimed Mr. Tupman, making a motion as if he intended to kiss the young female with the pouting red lips.

"Dat what it is," cried the said young lady: "but you tell me your business—and me tell in return all you say to *Ma-mune*."

"The fact is," began Mr. Tupman, screwing his mouth up into a contortion that was intended to express admiration of his companion's charms, but which in point of telegraphic accuracy was a total failure; "your mistress told Mr. Winkle—a friend of mine—yesterday afternoon, that she was somewhat in want of a trifling advance for the purpose of—"

"Ah! de lawsuit!" cried the lady's-maid, with an ill-suppressed smile.

"Exactly," returned Mr. Tupman, with a forced one: "and my friend Winkle has desired me call and leave the required sum."

At this crisis the front-door bell rang violently, and the young lady requested Mr. Tupman's patience for one moment, while she ran to answer the sonorous appeal.

"Mistress at home?" demanded a loud voice, the tones of which were not entirely unfamiliar to Mr. Tupman's ear.

"Yes—but engaged," was the abrupt reply tendered by the lady's-maid.

"That be d—d!" emphatically exclaimed the visitor. "So take care, and let me pass."

"Impossible!" expostulated the domestic.

"It is, is it?" coolly observed the other. "Now, I tell you what it is, my young hair-brushing, bed-warming, sugar-tongued heroine of the curling-tongs and scent-bottle—if you were a man, I'd serve you as the thirteen Jews did Mr. Jemmy Mokhoff, the Siberian youth; but as you are only a helpless female, I'll just walk by without injuring you, as my friend Twankay, the Great Cham, used to say;"—and with these words, the unceremonious gentleman strode coolly into the drawing-room, and disclosed to the wondering eyes of Mr. Tupman the form and face of Mr. Adolphus Crashem.

"Tupman, how are you?" cried that gentleman, when he had recovered from the momentary surprise into which this unexpected encounter had thrown him.

Mr. Tupman coldly replied that he was in a state of peculiar salubriousness.

"Made it up, I suppose, eh?" observed Mr. Crashem, with a knowing wink.

"What?" said Mr. Tupman inquiringly.

"Oh! I see—" cried Mr. Crashem, correcting himself. "Come upon the same errand as myself, eh? old fellow. Well—I shan't interfere with you, if you like to take them first. *Galignani* says in the ad-

vertising sheet of this morning. 'Nice airy drawing-room, healthy dining-parlor, and a cheerful bed-chamber. No children nor dogs allowed.' So if you really wish—"

"Upon my word, Mr. Craschem," said Mr. Tupman, somewhat indignant at being saluted with an ancient fellow by the individual with whom he had no reason to be well pleased; "I did not come to look after lodgings, but to bring a sum of money to a lady whom my friend Winkle became acquainted with yesterday."

"And whom you have not yet seen?" eagerly demanded Mr. Craschem.

"No," replied Mr. Tupman, fondly anticipating that the frankness of the explanation might induce Mr. Craschem to be equally communicative relative to his own extraordinary intrusion.

"Just my business, also!" exclaimed that gentleman, considerably enlightened.

"I fancied," suggested Mr. Tupman, "that you came to look for lodgings which you had seen advertised—"

"Delicacy—my dear fellow—delicacy," interrupted Mr. Adolphus Craschem, looking very much like a man who invariably acted upon the same principle: "delicacy in a case where there's a female concerned, you know—as my friend, the baronet, used to say. And to tell you the truth," he added in a whisper, "I am myself come to assist the worthy lady herself in her temporary difficulties. She is an excellent creature, and now, thank God! a few hundred won't hurt me!"—and with these words, Mr. Craschem chased a solitary five-franc piece into the most profound corner of his breeches' pocket.

"Ah! now I understand you," cried Mr. Tupman, considerably relieved by this explanation: "we are both come then upon the same charitable motive. But—how long have you been in Paris?"

"Only a few days," replied Mr. Craschem. "Since our cursed adventure at St. Omers I have been home to my father, and drawn the old boy. Singular that with his immense wealth, and a General too, he should be eccentric enough to fancy himself a publican, is it not?" inquired the excellent son of Mr. John Sugden.

"Very," responded Mr. Tupman, who was thinking of something else. "But do you know what has become of—of—Anastasia?" added that gentleman, in a very low tone of voice.

Mr. Craschem eyed Mr. Tupman askance

for one or two minutes, and then solemnly replied, "Anastasia is no more!"

"Head!" ejaculated Mr. Tupman, starting from his seat.

"Dead—and of a broken heart," continued Mr. Craschem, pathetically.

"God bless me!" said Mr. Tupman, musing, and fumbling for his cambric pocket-handkerchief.

"Yes—" said Mr. Adolphus Craschem: "defeated hopes—blighted love—disappointment, *et cetera—et cetera*, carried her to an untimely grave."

Mr. Tupman was preparing to weep in a fit and becoming manner, and Mr. Craschem, with equal discretion was about to relate a most pathetic and heart-rending account of the last moments of Mademoiselle Anastasia de Volage, when the lady's-maid, who had been a silent and unobserved listener, and spectator of all that passed between the two gentlemen, was again summoned to the front door by a ring more clamorous and authoritative than that which had announced Mr. Adolphus Craschem. The door was accordingly opened with befitting haste; and Mr. Winkle, the perspiration running down his face, his hair in disorder, his eyes almost starting out of his head, and his lips still smeared with raspberry-jam, rushed speedily past the astonished domestic, crying out for his "friend Tupman," as lustily as he could bawl. Mr. Tupman rose to ascertain the meaning of this extraordinary clamor; and as he hastened towards the drawing-room door, he encountered Mr. Winkle with a somewhat unpleasant shock, and being thereby tripped lightly off his legs, fell heavily to the ground, to the inexpressible delight of Mr. Craschem, who considerably advised the servant "to pick up the pieces."

"Tupman," exclaimed Mr. Winkle, sinking upon a chair, and panting for breath,— "the money!"

"Oh! my nose!" cried the individual thus appealed to, as he rose slowly from the floor, rubbing his nasal promontory as mercilessly as Mr. St. John Long was accustomed to operate upon his patients' backs.

"The money!" shouted Mr. Winkle, foaming at the mouth: "it's all a humbug!"

"What!" cried Mr. Tupman, partially recovering his presence of mind. "Has anything happened? Where's Pickwick?"

"Where's the money?" bawled Mr. Winkle, louder than before.

"Here—here," replied Mr. Tupman, entertaining a vague notion of his friend's

meaning, and striking his left breast forcibly with his clenched fist, like a lover in a tragedy.

"Thank God!" exclaimed Mr. Winkle, throwing his hat upon the floor, unbuttoning his waistcoat, and gasping for breath: "I'm not too late, then!"

"How do you do, Winkle?" said Mr. Craschem, nodding familiarly to that gentleman, and exhibiting unequivocal signs of delight at the scene that was being enacted around him. "Have another go at the dice-box, old fellow—eh? Seven's the main, you know—don't be down-hearted, as my friend the Great Cham used to say."

"Tupman, my dear fellow," cried Mr. Winkle, having now partially recovered his usual breathing-pace, "we have been most egregiously duped throughout this affair. My Madame de l'Amour is no other than—"

"What?" interrupted Mr. Tupman, whose curiosity was excessive on account of his suspicions being now somewhat excited in a certain quarter.

"Than your Mademoiselle Anastasie," added Mr. Winkle, casting a look of the deepest indignation and another of the most sovereign contempt, admirably well blended, at Mr. Adolphus Craschem, who fell back in his chair, and indulged in a roar of laughter that shook the very casements of the apartment.

Mr. Tupman looked the united libraries of London, Paris, and Vienna, and felt a dozen Lardner's "Cabinet Cyclopædias." To think that only a few moments before, he was about to weep for the death of her who at that moment was again indirectly deceiving him!—and then the duplicity of his *quondam* friend, Mr. Adolphus Craschem! The ingenuity of that extraordinary individual, in Mr. Tupman's idea, had elevated a common-place act into a masterly science: he had given to it dignity and grace; his lies had a richness, a persuasive eloquence, a smoothness in them, which rounded off their improbability, as oil often softens down salad, and old port relieves the asperity of the olives. Before he had heard Mr. Craschem, lying was only lying: now it was painting—poetry—drama—music: he was a Correggio for softness of touch, a Rossini for promising sounds, a very Kemble for cajolery! Such were the ruminations of Mr. Tupman, while the subject of them was giving free vent to his mirth, Mr. Winkle was wiping his forehead with a silk pocket-handkerchief, and the lady's-maid

was recounting the adventures of the last half-hour to her disappointed mistress, who had already overheard a considerable portion of the proceedings.

Mr. Winkle having now sufficiently recovered his breath, and Mr. Tupman his presence of mind, to make an immediate *exit* from the apartments occupied by the fair deceiver, they rose, and distantly bowing to Mr. Adolphus Craschem, who prudently tarried behind to console the disappointed Anastasie, withdrew, mutually congratulating themselves and each other upon the narrow escape they had experienced, and promising never to indulge their charitable intentions in future without being aware of the real character of the object of their solicitude.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Drive to Surrenne.—The convenience of an Arbor in a Garden.

It was a fine day in the month of June, that alight green britzka followed, on certain compulsory principles, a pair of somewhat lean horses down the Boulevard, Mont Parnasse. Sitting at ease in the britzka were the illustrious Mr. Pickwick, and three gentlemen who had the supreme honor to be called the friends of that very remarkable man.

"In which direction are we going?" inquired Mr. Tupman, after a short pause, during which the coachman had urged one of his steeds into a canter, and the other into a trot.

"Along the southern bank of the Seine, presently," answered Mr. Walker; "and so on to the village of Surrenne. It is a part of my system to visit the coronation of the Rosiere at that place every year."

"And, pray, what is the object of the institution?" demanded Mr. Pickwick.

"The most virtuous and circumspect girl of the community," replied Mr. Hook Walker, "is elected queen of the festival; and on her is the crown of roses bestowed, together with a donation of three hundred francs."

"How exceedingly interesting!" observed Mr. Pickwick in the true spirit of philanthropy.

"And highly beneficial to the morals of the inhabitants of Surrenne," remarked Mr. Winkle.

"I wonder whether the queen of the day is pretty or not?" said Mr. Tupman.

"She is virtuous, Tupman—she is good," cried Mr. Hook Walker; "and that is better."

This beautiful sentiment, coming as it did, from such lips, and prompted by such a heart, did not fail to make a considerable impression upon Mr. Walker's companions; and Mr. Chitty declared that he should envelop the idea in poetic guise the moment he returned home.

In the meantime, while the carriage was rolling gently along the road which runs parallel with the southern bank of the Seine, and while his masters and their friends were wiling away the time with rum punch and a highly interesting conversation inside, Mr. Weller, perched upon the dickey, commenced a not less amusing dialogue with the driver outside.

"I say, old feller," began the faithful valet, "them hosses o' yourn is run uns to look at; but I des-say they're right down devils to go."

"Dey de good Norman osses," returned the coachman, highly indignant at the ironical tone in which he was addressed. "Dey beat all your Inglis fine-lookin', never-workin, always-eatin' animals, *parbleu*!"

"Not unlikely," continued Sam in the same jeering tone; "but incredulity is my besettin' sin; I can't believe nothin' I don't see:—it's my propensity, as the cricket said ven he chirrupped in the grate."

"*Comment!* you not doubt de Frenchman's vord?" exclaimed the driver, darting a terrible glance at the imperturbable Sam. "Me tell you dem osses only vant de whip to go—go—go—away—for ever!"

"Vell, that is rayther too good, as the nobleman's lady said to the butler, ven he put too much brandy in her grog: partictlar as you ain't never ceased from volloping them hunfortunate dumb hanimals from the fust moment ve left the house. Three-miles-an-hour-'uns, I calls em," added Mr. Weller, as he gracefully suspended his left leg over the side of the dickey.

"In France de law not allow us to run over de people as is valking in de streets," remonstrated the driver, showering dark looks upon his companion, and blows upon the horses.

"Vot are you up to now vith that 'ere gammon?" cried Mr. Weller, with a contemptuous shake of the head. "Vy, ain't this the country like, and vere's the crowds of foot-passengers you so very considerably von't run over?"

"Vary well!" returned the coachman, affecting a laugh. "But, Monsieur Vellair, you know ve must not cut up de roads, *morbieu*?"

"The roads is paved," said Sam, "and so there ain't no great chance o' spilin' them. Stones is stones—and veels on stones don't make quivite so much himpression as a seal on hot wax. So try it again, old chap, as the nobleman said to the executioner ven he didn't cut off his head at the fust blow."

"Ah! vell, me see you vary ignorant, Monsieur Vellair," said the coachman, with a long whistle; "but you ought to know vary vell, dat me not dare break chaise."

"That's vot it is, eh?" said Mr. Weller, complacently.—"Vy, von 'ud take you for a logician, vith all your excuses and rigmarole ewasions. But ve are all apt to aspire, now-a-days, as the pickpocket observed to the gallows;—so that's vot you're a aimin' at, eh, old dot-and-go-von?"

"Me only repeat, Monsieur Vellair, dat me not dare go too vite, 'cause me break dis damn old chaise; and den de proprietor put me in de prison for de damages."

"Wery prudent you air too," said Mr. Weller, with a patronizing nod.

"Have you dem prisons in your country for gentlemen vot cannot pay dere debts?" inquired the driver by way of changing the conversation.

"I should rayther think ve had," answered Sam; "an' a blessed thing it is, too, else vot 'ud become o' the lawyers?"

The Frenchman was apparently confounded by the wide field of speculation opened to him by this remark; for he did not reply to the query; and Mr. Weller himself did not think it necessary to continue the conversation.

In a short space of time, from the sudden cessation of the above highly edifying discourse, the britzka entered the village of Surrenne, and speedily deposited its inmates at the door of the principal tavern or *auberge*, where to their great delight they encountered Mr. Scuttle and his amiable niece, Mrs. Weston. The latter was escorted by a gentleman, who was introduced to Mr. Pickwick and his companions as Mr. Nassau Siffkin; and a very singular-looking person he was. His age might have been about sixty-two, but he endeavored to make people believe that he was fast verging upon forty only. His brown surtout-coat was exceedingly tight

at the waist—his boots were exceedingly narrow over the instep—his hand was exceedingly white—his hair and whiskers exceedingly well dyed—and his teeth did infinite credit to Mr. Desirabode, the dentist in the Palais Royal. As to his character, the reader may gather its peculiarities from his conversation.

"Well, this is very fortunate," said Mr. Pickwick: "the more, the merrier—you know, my dear Mrs. Weston."

"Of course you are come to see the village-coronation," said that lady: "and of course we shall all dine together afterwards?"

"Oh! dear me—may I be called old and ugly for the rest of my life, if this isn't delightful!" observed Mr. Siffkin, screwing up his lips, and appealing in a truly fascinating and finnikin manner to Mr. Pickwick.

"It is a part of our systems to enjoy ourselves, sir," said the grave Mr. Hook Walker.

"The last time I came to Surrenne," remarked Mr. Scuttle, "I was on horseback; and what do you think I did?"

"I am sure I shall never guess," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Why," continued Mr. Scuttle, "I led my nag into the *table-d'hôte* room, and desired him to seat himself next to an old lady at the table, while I proceeded to the stable, where I began eating the oats, and only found out my mistake when I undertook to neigh as the ostler came to rub me down."

"Convey me henceforth straight to perdition, if that isn't the most extraordinary thing I ever heard in the whole course of my life," screamed Mr. Nassau Siffkin, in a perfect paroxysm of delight.

"So it is," coincided Mr. Pickwick.

"Have you been long in France, sir?"

"Only three days this time, Mr. Pickwick," returned the gentleman thus appealed to. "But let the winds for ever efface all traces of my eyes—"

"Vy don't ye say, 'blast them!' then, sir?" interrupted a voice from behind, which Mr. Pickwick shrewdly suspected to belong to his faithful attendant; but when he turned to ascertain the truth of the matter, Mr. Weller looked so very innocent and unmoved beneath his master's searching glance, that no notice was taken of the occurrence.

"All traces of my eyes," continued Mr. Nassau Siffkin, "if the fashionable world

didn't go into mourning when I withdrew my lustre from its sphere. And between ourselves," added Mr. Siffkin, lowering his voice, and glancing suspiciously around him, "the clerk at the *Morning Post* Office behaved very well on the occasion. He only charged me a guinea for announcing my departure, and the procrastination of my great dinner-party till my return;—if he didn't do this, may my teeth never be again called white!"

"How very handsome!" said Mr. Pickwick. "But while we are standing chattering here, we are losing the preliminaries to the day's diversion. Suppose we order dinner for five o'clock, and in the meantime put ourselves under the direction of our friends, Scuttle and Walker, who have been here before?"

This proposition was immediately agreed to; and Mr. Weller having requested the company, in a tolerably audible voice, "never to say *die*," the necessary commands were issued to the landlord, and the parties sallied forth in the direction of the church, whither Mr. Scuttle led them over a muddy field, which he was pleased to denominate a "short cut."

The village church of Surrenne was thronged with gaily dressed people of every rank and condition. On one side might be seen the high-born ladies from Paris, whom gorgeous equipages had set down at the door of the sacred edifice; on the other the quiet and unassuming trades-people, who had performed the short journey from the metropolis in a *cuckoo* (a species of curiously contrived short-stage van). Here was the gay young man about town, with his mistress: there the wealthy banker from the Chaussee d' Antin with his wife. Many a young heart was there beating with anxious hope and expectation: The young girls each fancied that haply the election might terminate in favor of herself; and the young men wished for the honor of being favored with the rural queen's hand in the anticipated dance. The mayor, the commissary of police, the justice of the peace, and the vicar were all seated near the altar, and close to the ballot-box which was soon to decide the result of the election. Three or four Gendarmes were present to maintain order, and provide with seats those who were fortunate enough to be possessed of tickets; amongst which number were Mr. Pickwick and his several companions, Mr. Hook Walker having previously attended to that portion of the ceremony.

At about three o'clock, the election commenced; and when the ballot was examined by the above-named authorities, it was found that the choice had fallen upon Mademoiselle Pauline-Josephine-Jesu-Maria Tronquette, a tradesman's daughter of about twenty years of age. A lady of high rank presented her with the crown of roses, and the dower; and she was then led by a grand procession towards the altar, where a priest pronounced his benediction upon her head. A subscription was opened amongst the numerous visitors, in order to increase the amount of the pecuniary honors thus awarded to the happy Mademoiselle Tronquette; and Mr. Pickwick has never been heard to regret the generosity which prompted him to throw a Napoleon into the plate which she herself handed round. The sweetest smile of a very sweet girl was his reward; and the five-franc pieces of his companions rattled in full succession upon the silver dish. We find in Mr. Winkle's note-book a *memorandum*, relative to this occasion, which induces us to believe that he was the individual to whom Mr. Hook Walker applied for the loan of the wherewith to supply his portion of the donation.

When the collection, which amounted to about fifteen hundred francs, or sixty pounds sterling of English money, was completed, the priest ascended the *rostrum*, and proceeded to deliver a very eloquent and excellent discourse; and to Mr. Scuttle's kindness was Mr. Pickwick indebted for the slight insight he obtained into its character. It is therefore from Mr. Pickwick's note-book, that we have extracted the following brief summary of the principal topics touched upon by the reverend clergyman who officiated in the pulpit.

The priest commenced by congratulating the queen-elect upon that circumspection and good conduct which had procured for her the honors she then wore. He next besought her companions to follow her example; and proceeded to warn them against the many temptations to which they were exposed in this world. The principal temptation, he said, was Love; and it was the more dangerous, inasmuch as it came in so many questionable shapes. He observed that it was necessary to particularize the various kinds of Love to which they might yield. There was the Love arising from admiration—a very dangerous sort of Love; the Love arising from gratitude—a very suspicious sort of Love; the Love arising from conti-

nued neighborhood—a very natural sort of Love; the Love arising from pity—a very insinuating sort of Love; the Love arising from friendship—a very bastard sort of Love; and a thousand other kinds of Love, the distinguishing epithets of which not even the gigantic brain of a Pickwick could retain.

"Beautiful!" said Mr. Hook Walker, who had been asleep the whole time, when the discourse was brought to a conclusion.

"Excellent!" cried Mr. Winkle, unable to comprehend three words of French.

"How very affecting!" exclaimed Mr. Tupman, as he wondered whether dinner was nearly ready.

"Bravo, old chap!" whispered Mr. Weller, respectfully alluding to the clergyman. "Rayther good that!"

"Excessively tiresome!" said Mrs. Weston to her *chaperon*.

"Let the light of heaven, and of your eyes, fair lady, desert me," returned Mr. Siffkin, "if I am not quite stupid with this discourse."

So indeed he was without it, but on that head Mrs. Weston did not consider it necessary to enlighten him.

As the rural queen had by this time headed a procession which was to move from the church to the ball-room, the company left their seats, and our little party hastened to the inn where they had ordered their dinner.

"What a very pleasing ceremony" remarked Mr. Pickwick, as they issued from the church.

"Eminently interesting," acceded Mr. Hook Walker.

"Very beneficial to the morals of the young girls of the village and the neighborhood," continued Mr. Pickwick.

"It's a pity that anything should ever happen to defeat the good purpose," said Mr. Walker, calmly.

"What do you mean me to infer by that observation?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, somewhat sharply.

"Only that the queen *Rosiere* of last year, produced a male heir to her dower and her honors in a little less than four months after her coronation," was the highly satisfactory and quiet answer.

"Accidents will happen in the best regulated families," said Mr. Weller; "vich vos the remark made by the nobleman as had a brother hung at the Old Bailey."

"Sam!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick.

"Vell, Sir," returned that faithful follower.

"You need not join in the conversation till you are desired to do so," suggested his master.

"That's vot I call a broad hint," muttered Sam to himself, "as the gen'leman said ven they told him he'd stole the di'mond ring."

By this time the party had arrived at the inn, and in a few minutes dinner was served up, to the inexpressible delight of those who were destined to partake of it. Mr. Weller was accommodated with a similar repast in the kitchen; and so merrily passed the hours, that the clock might have struck twelve at midnight before even Mrs. Weston would have expressed the slightest inclination to return to Paris.

It was in the garden at the back of the house, that the ever memorable conversation took place between Mr. Pickwick and Mrs. Weston. It seems that at about half-past eight o'clock, Mr. Winkle proposed to quit the room in which the party had dined, and smoke a cigar in the open air—a suggestion that was immediately agreed to by every one present, save Mr. Pickwick and the lady. Mrs. Weston accordingly assented to that gentleman's offer, to take a stroll in the garden; and although Mr. Nassau Siffkin felt the influence of the green-eyed monster, and attempted to look Mr. Pickwick through and through, the great man was glance-proof, and the widow accompanied him to the botanical territories in the rear of the tavern.

"What a beautiful evening," exclaimed Mrs. Weston, as they drew near a secluded arbor at the bottom of the garden.

"Very," said Mr. Pickwick, feeling himself quite overcome with philanthropy and wine. "And what a beautiful summer-house there appears to be here," he added, after a momentary pause.

"Is there? Well—I declare, so there is," cried the fair widow, who had been admiring it for the previous five minutes.

"The weather is still rather close," observed Mr. Pickwick, looking towards the arbor with a wistful eye.

"Do you think so?" returned Mrs. Weston. "Perhaps—that is, may be the walk fatigues you?"

"I certainly think it would be more agreeable to sit down somewhere," said Mr. Pickwick.

"But where could we find a seat in this garden?" asked Mrs. Weston, hastening straight towards the summer-house.

"I really don't know," rejoined Mr. Pickwick, abstractedly conducting his fair companion into the arbor.

"Nor I," said Mrs. Weston, as she sank upon a chair in the recesses of the summer house.

"Well—here *are* seats, after all," whispered Mr. Pickwick, as he settled himself on a high stool next to his fair companion's chair.

A pause of five minutes ensued, during which Mrs. Weston looked down upon the ground, and Mr. Pickwick watched the motions of a snail that was winding its perpendicular way up a post.

"Your uncle is a very singular man, Mrs. Weston," said Mr. Pickwick, suddenly relapsing from his agreeable occupation of studying the efforts of animated nature.

"So very eccentric," observed the lady.

"One would scarcely take you for his niece," continued Mr. Pickwick, accidentally laying his right hand upon Mrs. Weston's left.

"Indeed!" said the widow, gazing timidly round.

"No, indeed," added Mr. Pickwick, gently pressing the hand, which was not withdrawn.

"So, you don't think I'm like my uncle?" said Mrs. Weston, with no other idea than that of saying something.

"I do not," returned Mr. Pickwick, with a sigh; for at that moment his memory retained not the fact of Mrs. Weston's being a widow: he had a good dinner, and a couple of bottles of strong Burgundy only upon his conscience.

"Do you intend to remain long in Paris, Mr. Pickwick?" inquired the lady, after another pause.

"Only as long as it is agreeable to you," murmured this most extraordinary man, the motives of whose actions invariably turned upon so important a pivot.

"Lor, Mr. Pickwick!" said the widow, returning in her confusion the pressure of that gentleman's hand.

"Mrs. Weston—adorable woman," cried the impassioned hero of these memoirs, falling, as he spoke, upon one knee and a thistle at the same time: "my feelings overpower me,—and I must now seek an explanation. That heart—that enviable heart of yours——"

"My heart, Mr. Pickwick?" sighed the lady, gently.

"Your heart," reiterated the great man,

with a sentimental hiccup, which not a little added to the interest of this most affecting scene: "tell me—dear Madam—it is not—oh! no, it cannot be—it is not Siffkin's?"

Mrs. Weston blushed a negative.

"And it may be Pickwick's?" continued the ardent lover.

The widow looked an affirmative.

"You, then, may suffer me to hope?" demanded the venerable traveller.

Mr. Scuttle's niece whispered an assent.

"I must make a note of your permission," said Mr. Pickwick, with that prudence and presence of mind which never deserted him.

"It can be scarcely necessary," objected the widow, with a deep blush; "and vulgar eyes may peruse your *memoranda*."

"Right—very right," said Mr. Pickwick, pressing his lips to the fair hand which he held imprisoned within his own, and rising lightly from his suppliant posture and the thistle. "I shall reveal my views and wishes to Scuttle in the course of to-morrow, and have no doubt——"

At this interesting crisis, a profane voice dared to break upon the silence of the evening; and the following song suddenly burst forth to burden the air with its measures:

EVENING.

How gorgeously the sun is sinking
In his enamored Thetis' lap:
He seems the ocean to be drinking,
Before he takes his evening nap.

Upon the clouds the moon is riding,
As if a charger she bestrode:
Through endless paths her courser guiding,
She trots along the usual road.

The stars above our heads are twinkling,
As if they pined at human woe;
Or e'en as if they had an inkling
Of all that's passing here below.

And as the voice repeated the words "here below" a number of times, with pleasing variations, and in a rich volume, Mr. Pickwick became aware that he and his fair companion could be indebted to no other than Mr. Nassau Siffkin, for the harmony and the interruption. They therefore prudently determined to avoid any encounter at that moment with the poet, and hastened towards the house, both not a little pleased with the confessions and avowals mutually given and received.

The horses were now harnessed to the vehicle, and every preparation was made

for departure. Messieurs Pickwick, Scuttle, Siffkin, and Mrs. Weston, occupied one carriage; and Messieurs Tupman, Winkle, Chitty, and Walker, established themselves in the green britzka. Mr. Weller mounted the dickey of the latter—for once being obliged to separate for an hour from his beloved master; and the cavalcade rolled leisurely on the road which leads to Paris.

CHAPTER XIX.

The arrival of another celebrated personage in France.—The Count Boloski of Bolosk, and Mademoiselle Loveminski.

BOULOGNE-SUR-MER, as far as regards the English portion of its inhabitants, stands with respect to Calais in the same way in which the Queen's Bench may be compared to the Fleet prison. Boulogne is the receptacle for the more gentlemanly and accomplished allotment of those English swindlers and black-legs who visit the continent, because they find it somewhat inconvenient to reside in their own country; whereas the coarse and the low adventurer contents himself with Calais. The very equipages which may be seen in the streets of Boulogne denote the characters of their proprietors: the liveries of their servants are also another means of betraying the secret of temporary credit at a tailor's, and a certainty of the said tailor losing every item of his account. The individuals who grace the open carriages and phaetons just now alluded to, are fine specimens of the impudent and unprincipled portion of mankind. The men wear fierce whiskers, fur collars to their coats in winter, and velvet fronts in summer, satin stocks, straw-colored gloves, and empty green purses, (always) in their pockets. The ladies are decorated with pink crape bonnets in July, and green velvet ones in January; and their dress and manners altogether assimilate much with those unfortunate females who parade the streets of London. The *Agnus-Castus*, or Chaste-Tree, might be planted with considerable advantage in the principal streets and squares at Boulogne; for in no town under heaven is the protection of its shade and the influence of its presence more required than in this. The French portion of the inhabitants scrupulously avoid all connexion with the English: the only class of citizens that transact any business at all in

Boulogne with our fellow-countrymen residing there, are the bailiffs and the gaoler of the debtor's prison. With them the English are tolerably intimate, in consequence of the frequent intercourse that takes place between them.

But the English in Boulogne are not very particular amongst themselves; that is to say, they even cheat, and traduce, in their own little domestic circles, with as much unconcern and independence as if they had already arrived at Botany Bay, which eventually proves to be their usual place of destination. Few of the couples living together as husband and wife have deemed it necessary to go through the fatiguing ceremony of marriage, which is so generally esteemed elsewhere; and the young ladies do not suffer themselves to be at all uneasy when they make a slight addition to the population of the town without their offspring being born in lawful wedlock. These manners and customs certainly savor of primitive freedom and independence; but they are, however, supposed to be occasionally accompanied by a few slight disadvantages.

Duels are of very frequent occurrence in this liberal community. Their causes are, for the most part, accusations of cheating at cards, the seduction of an individual's mistress or daughter, the trifling offence which one gentleman commits when he tells another, in unvarnished language, that he has uttered an untruth, or in some such every day occurrences, which speak so well and so much for the civilization and progressive improvement of the age we live in. The principal amusements of the gentlemen in Boulogne are gaming and getting drunk; those of the ladies, flirting and scandal—all equally innocent in their way, and absolutely necessary to the well-being of a fashionable community. The only variation to these modes of pastime is walking on the quay or pier, to see the steam-boats arrive, and exhibit a new cloak or bonnet which the tailor or milliner, with an extent of faith sufficient to remove several mountains, has sent home the night before upon credit.

In the middle of the Rue de l'Écu, in the good town of Boulogne-sur-Mer, stands the Hotel du Nord; and on the occasion which we seize to introduce our readers thither, a tall slim young gentleman was standing in the middle of the court-yard of this splendid hotel.

"What time did you say the diligence starts?" demanded the tall slim young gentleman, whose age might be about six or seven-and-twenty, and who carried over his arm a large cloak with a canine-skin collar.

"At five dis evening," was the reply, given by a French Commissioner, who had pounced upon the English gentleman the moment he landed from the packet, and dragged him by force to the Hotel du Nord.

"Will you see about my luggage, then, if you please?" continued the tall gentleman; "and take me a place in the *coupe* (as I think they call it) for this evening?"

"Vary well, milord," said the Commissioner. "But vot your name, for me see arter your von trunk?"

"Snodgrass—Mr. Augustus Snodgrass," was the answer.

A gentleman, with large black whiskers, who had been lounging in the court-yard while the above dialogue was going on, now stepped up to Mr. Snodgrass, and addressed him with that ease and familiarity often adopted by modern travellers.

"Going to Paris to-night?" demanded the gentleman.

Mr. Snodgrass replied in the affirmative.

"Know the language?" was the next question.

A negative was the answer in its turn.

"Wouldn't like to go in a post-chaise, eh? It's a devilish deal better than humbugging in that cursed diligence, as the baronet used to say," continued the gentleman with the black whiskers; "and if you choose to go halves in the expense, I'm your man—and no mistake."

Mr. Snodgrass reflected for a moment that he was ignorant of the French language, and that the stranger appeared to be a very gentlemanly, though somewhat off-hand individual; he accordingly made a few inquiries about the expense of travelling post, &c., and eventually consented to accompany his new acquaintance in the manner proposed.

"Snodgrass is your name I believe," said the gentleman, leading the way into the coffee-room. "I think I've heard some of my friends mention that name before—but I can't recollect who or when. Mine is Boloski—Count Boloski of Bolsk, Varso-vitch: I'm a Pole by birth, but I speak the English and French languages fluently."

Mr. Snodgrass bowed with great respect

to Count Boloski, and felicitated himself in his own mind that he had fallen in with a nobleman of so distinguished a rank on his first arrival in France. He had heard that the foreign title of Count is equivalent to our's of Earl; and he immediately assumed a most complacent smile and graceful attitude in the presence of the Polish peer.

"Has your lordship been long in France?" demanded Mr. Snodgrass, by way of saying something.

"I only came yesterday," returned the Count. "But I pass five or six months every year in this country, and usually travel post. I hate the trouble of valets, and carriages of your own, and all that. Comfort is my study, as the Great—as my friend, Prince Poniatowski used to say," added the Count, correcting himself towards the termination of the sentence.

"Your lordship is quite right—comfort is the essential," said Mr. Snodgrass. "Thank you, my lord," and Mr. Snodgrass took a pinch of snuff from a box which the Count presented to him.

"This box is a great curiosity," observed the Count, carelessly consigning it to his pocket. "It belonged to the Marquis of Bilkokrankovitch, my great, great, great, great-grandfather; and it saved his life at the battle of Killorlas by turning a musket ball when in his waistcoat-pocket. That's the reason I value it; or else it's no great beauty."

This last statement was a self-evident truth; for the snuff-box, although so highly prized, had every appearance of being an old three-and-sixpenny article worn and discolored by long use. Mr. Snodgrass, however, viewed it with the most profound respect and admiration.

"Two o'clock," said the Count, musing, as he drew a watch from his fob: then, in an apparently reckless manner, he added, "Here's another heir-loom which I value more than a thousand gold repeaters set round with pearls. This watch belonged to my great-grandfather's grandfather's mother's sister's uncle, the general who beat the Russians in the sanguinary combat of Slayemorlovitch."

"How very much it resembles one of the cheap English hunting-watches," observed Mr. Snodgrass, surveying this curiosity with the same respect he had bestowed upon the snuff-box.

"Yes—so it does," exclaimed Count Boloski: "I never noticed that coincidence

before. But since our minds are made up to go post, we'll just order some dinner and then start in the cool of the evening. We shall get to Paris to-morrow night. You go to some hotel, of course?"

"My friends have lodgings in Paris," said Mr. Snodgrass, with a slight hesitation. "They live in the Rue Royale, where your lordship will always be welcome. But perhaps your lordship has already heard of the name of Pickwick? He has made a little noise in the world."

"Pickwick!" exclaimed the Count, with a sudden start. "Oh! decidedly—I know that great man well—by name."

"He is my friend," continued Mr. Snodgrass, delighted to perceive by the Count's manner, as well as his words, that the exploits of the illustrious hero of these Memoirs were so extensively known. "He has been upon the Continent some time; but his universal philanthropy has led him into acts of generosity which have been greatly abused by unprincipled men. There was one Crasheem—Adolphus Crasheem," continued Mr. Snodgrass, "who swindled him and our other friends, Tupman and Winkle, to a great amount."

"The scoundrel!" exclaimed Count Boloski, with an emphasis which admirably displayed his abhorrence of Mr. Adolphus Crasheem's conduct.

The Count, having thus given vent to his indignation at the moral turpitude of a degraded fellow-creature, proceeded to order dinner with a great deal of pomposity and ceremony, which Mr. Snodgrass thought were the necessary qualifications of a nobleman. The repast was speedily served up; and a very copious one it was. The Count ordered the most expensive wines, and drank his share of them with a facility and speed which quite astonished his companion. He told a number of anecdotes relative to his high and mighty ancestors, invited Mr. Snodgrass to accompany him into Poland and stay with him at his paternal castle of Bolosk, and proved himself to be one of the most condescending and generous noblemen living. In process of time the dinner was discussed, the carriage ready, and the bills made out, respectively, for the Count and Mr. Snodgrass.

"Got change for a hundred pound Bank of England note?" demanded Count Boloski of the waiter, as he took his purse from his pocket and flourished it round his hand.

"No, milord, I have not," answered the

waiter. "We cannot change a note for such an amount."

"That's devilish awkward," said the Count, referring to his bill. "One hundred and sixty-seven francs—and I have but a couple of napoleons in gold, and no silver."

"If your lordship," began Mr. Snodgrass—

"Eh? did you speak?" cried the Count.

"If your lordship would allow me to offer you—"

"Oh! can you oblige me with change?" interrupted the Count, having instant recourse to his purse, in one end of which was a play-bill of the Strand Theatre, which looked uncommonly like a heap of bank-notes.

"I don't think I can, my lord," replied Mr. Snodgrass. "But if your lordship would accept a part—we can easily settle on the road—"

"Oh! very easily—very easily, indeed," exclaimed his lordship. "Nothing's more easy, I declare. I'll just take a cool thousand," and he helped himself to ten piles of twenty-five franc-pieces each, which stood on the table before Mr. Snodgrass.

The bills were now speedily settled, the two gentlemen stepped into the carriage, the postillion cracked his whip like a madman, and in a few minutes the town of Boulogne was far behind.

"Cozle travelling, this," observed the Count.

"Very, my lord," said Mr. Snodgrass. "Has your lordship travelled much?"

"All over the world, Sir," was the instantaneous reply. "I was employed on a mission to the Emperor of China some time ago, by the Czar of Russia. The fact is, we wanted to make a rail-road from St. Petersburg to Peking; but the narrow-minded Chinese Government wouldn't agree to it because they would be obliged to knock down a part of their great wall, and thus allow my friend the Cham of Tartary to penetrate into the country with his barbarous hordes."

"Are the Chinese good poets, my lord?" inquired Mr. Snodgrass, peculiarly edified with this conversation.

"Oh! yes—tolerably," was the answer.

"There's Southi-fum, who wrote an entire epic poem in six weeks, about some heroine or another. He's poet-laureate to the Emperor; and if he has a single fault, it is that he has purloined every idea he ever clothed in words from his brother-poets. Next there's—"

"Don't you think this a very dull part of the road?" interrupted Mr. Snodgrass, as they left Samer, where they had changed horses, a couple of miles behind them.

"Just the spot on which I was robbed three years ago," coolly observed the Count; "and where the old nobleman, his wife, and seventeen lovely infants were all massacred by banditti about six weeks back."

"You—you—don't think—there's—really any cause for alarm?" whispered Mr. Snodgrass.

"The devil I don't!" exclaimed the Count. "But I do, though."

"God bless us both!" murmured Mr. Snodgrass, falling back in the vehicle, and giving vent to the most piteous lamentations.

"Thank heavens, I have my pistols," said the Count, putting his hands into his great-coat pockets, and drawing them out again. "Gad, they'd have a little difficulty to get my purse out of me! I'd die first, as General—as the great Cham used to say."

"You wouldn't—you couldn't do me such a favor—Oh! no—I dare not ask you!" said Mr. Snodgrass: "your lordship would think I was too bold."

"Speak—my dear friend—speak!" cried the Count, with the most affectionate interest. "In a moment we may be attacked—and any thing that I can do to serve you, I will."

"My—my purse, my lord," murmured Mr. Snodgrass, handing that useful little piece of portable furniture to the Count: "would you keep it for me?"

"Oh! certainly," returned the Count, with amiable condescension: "most certainly!"—and his lordship kindly conveyed the purse to his pocket, much to the satisfaction of his companion, who merely retained a couple of hundred francs of his own.

"I have, as you may suppose," observed Mr. Snodgrass, after a moment's pause,— "I have myself cultivated poetry to a considerable extent. I have composed a poem, called the *Pickwickiad*, which I intend to publish one day. Are you a poet, my lord?"

"Mr. Snodgrass, I'm every thing," returned the Count. "When a man has travelled as I have travelled, he is every thing. He is his own barber—his own banker—his own baker. He becomes a politician as well as a poet. Why, what do you think was my scheme, when I proposed to my

unfortunate fellow-countrymen, the defeated Poles to emigrate to South America? We should have formed a Republic; and as specie would have been somewhat scarce amongst us, I should have adopted a scale like this for the remuneration of the officers of the commonwealth."

Count Boloski drew a paper from his pocket; and, as it was still just light enough for him to read, he edified Mr. Snodgrass with the ensuing rates of salaries:

"His Excellency the Governor (per annum) 1000 deer-skins;

"His Honor the Chief Justice, 500 ditto;

"The Attorney-General, 450 ditto;

"The Governor's Secretary, 500 racoon skins;

"The State Treasurer, 450 otter skins:

"Each County Clerk, 300 beaver skins;

"Members of Assembly (per day) 3 racoon skins;

"Justice's fee for signing a warrant, 1 musk-rat skin;

"To the Constable for serving a warrant, 1 mink skin;

"And fees in the same proportion," added Lord Boloski, once more consigning the paper (on which it at first struck Mr. Snodgrass that there was nothing written) to his pocket.

"And why was such an admirable scheme never put into execution, my lord?" demanded Mr. Snodgrass.

"The jealousy of the southern republics of America would have rendered the thing impracticable," explained Count Boloski. "But, by the bye, I have got myself into a little scrape, when I think of it," cried his lordship, after an instant's pause.

"Indeed—I hope not," said Mr. Snodgrass. "You have not forgotten your pistols?"

"Oh! they're as right as a trivet," returned the Polish nobleman. "But the fact is, that I promised to take up a cousin of mine—a devilish handsome girl—who is staying with a French Marchioness at Montreuil. She was to be at the hotel where the diligence stops, and was to proceed with me to Paris. How shall we manage? I really quite forgot her."

"This chaise might hold four people," suggested Mr. Snodgrass, timidly.

"So it could," said the Count; "I never thought of that. On the whole we shall be very comfortable together. The Countess Loveminski's a very fine girl. She is a widow—with a large fortune, and has no one to control her."

For some reason or another, Mr. Snodgrass did not at this moment avow that he was married. His note-book not being in so perfect a state as those of his three great friends, the editor of these *memoranda* cannot elucidate the causes of this extraordinary circumstance. It is therefore fair to suppose that the Count Boloski fancied him to be a single young man.

It was about twelve o'clock at night when the post-chaise stopped at Montreuil; and on inquiry, Count Boloski ascertained that the Countess Loveminski had been waiting for him upwards of three days. Mr. Snodgrass was introduced to her ladyship in due form; and the meeting between her and her cousin was affecting in the extreme. A long embrace and many kisses demonstrated the friendship which can exist in aristocratic as well as in vulgar minds; and indeed the smack which the Countess Loveminski gave the Count Boloski was so loud, that Mr. Snodgrass felt a tear of tender sympathy trickle poetically down his countenance.

"This is my intimate and most particular friend, Snodgrass," said Count Boloski.

"Me vary happy to make de acquaintance of Monsieur Snowgrass," returned the young lady, with a very bewitching smile, which revealed a set of such pearly teeth, and did such justice to two ruby lips, that the heart of Mr. Snodgrass began to palpitate audibly.

A slight refection was then prepared and partaken of; and at the expiration of half an hour the three travellers were agreeably ensconced in the chaise, the Count and his cousin occupying one seat, and Mr. Snodgrass the other.

"Have you seen the Duke lately?" demanded the Count.

"No—the Marquis called last week," was the reply.

"And the Baron?" said the Count.

"Very well," was the answer.

"The Prince—you know who—hasn't sent to inquire after me again," continued Lord Boloski, "has he?"

"No: but the old dowager Marchioness says she will leave you out of her Will, if you don't call on her," answered the Countess Loveminski; and at this moment it struck Mr. Snodgrass that the young lady, who sat opposite to him, had placed her foot inadvertently upon his own. He accordingly hastened to withdraw his, fearing he might irritate the high-born widow; but, to his great astonishment, her foot followed his;

and he soon became aware that the Countess Loveminski must be desperately enamored of him. The Count grew very sentimental, talked of strangers falling in love with each other the first time they ever met, asked his cousin if she had transferred her certain sixty thousand pounds from the English to the French funds, and then sang the following affecting song, when he had imbibed the contents of a small flask which he carried in his pocket, for the express amusement of his cousin and Mr. Augustus Snodgrass.

SONG.

AIR.—*The Soldier's Tear.*

Upon the drop he turned
To swear a parting oath;
He cursed the parson and Jack Ketch,
And he coolly d—d them both.

He listened to the hum
Of the crowds that gathered nigh;
And he carelessly remarked,
"What a famous man am I!"

Beside the scaffold's foot
His mistress piped her eye,
She waved to him her dirty rag,
And whimpering said "Good bye!"

She mourned the good old times
That ne'er would come again,
When he brought her home a well-lined purse;
But all her sighs were vain!

Poor Jack was soon turned off,
And gallantly was hung;—
There was a sigh in every breast,
A groan on every tongue.

Go—gaze upon his corse,
And remember then you see
The bravest robber that has been,
Or ever more shall be!

The Count having achieved this exceedingly interesting air, fell back in his seat, and fast asleep at the same time; and the Countess Loveminski, being fain to imitate so excellent an example, commenced a genteel chorus of nasal music which would have afforded an agreeable variation to the performance of the orchestra in an English provincial theatre. Mr. Snodgrass was delighted with the idea of being in the company of such illustrious individuals; and he shortly began to dream of nothing but noble Counts, lovely Countesses, castles on the tops of Polish mountains, and small feet insinuated between his own.

CHAPTER XX.

The honesty of the Landlord at the principal Hotel in Amiens.—A most edifying conversation, in the course of which Mr. Snodgrass receives considerable instruction.—The exchange of titles.—Lawson's Hotel.

THE Count Boloski having expressed a wish to pass by Amiens, the travellers stopped to breakfast at the Hotel de France in that ancient city. The Countess Loveminski smiled very sweetly upon Mr. Snodgrass as he handed her from the carriage; and when they had each performed the ceremonies of the toilet in separate bed-rooms, they met in a parlor, where the Count had already ordered a superb repast.

"Whom have you got there?" demanded the landlord of the postillion in their native French. "He, who gives orders, does not appear to speak our language very fluently."

"They pay deuced well, though," returned the postillion. "'Drive quick,' said the Count, 'and you shall have an extra five-franc-piece for yourself.'"

"The devil!" exclaimed the landlord. "Thirty-two posts between Boulogne and Paris, paid at that rate, make a hundred and sixty francs more than the regular charge. What countrymen are they?"

"He who seems to be the commander-in-chief," replied the postillion, "is a Polish Count—and—"

"A Polish Count!" cried the landlord. "Does his name end in 'oski'?"

"Yes—that I'll be sworn to," answered the postillion, "although he hasn't got it on his portmanteau."

"I have it, then!" cried the landlord; and he hastened to the chamber in which the Count Boloski was shaving himself.

His lordship desired the host to explain his business.

"Your most obedient humble servant," began the obsequious host; "I have something important to communicate to *Monsieur*."

"Make haste, then," was the Count's encouraging remark.

"The truth is," said the landlord, drawing very close to his lordship, and whispering in an almost inaudible tone of voice—"the truth is, I'm the bearer of a very important trust; but I won't betray you."

"That's exceedingly kind," cried Count Boloski, applying the lather-brush to his face, and listening to the landlord whom he strongly suspected to be laboring under some delusion.

"A few day ago," explained the landlord, in the same mysterious tone, "a foreign gentleman came to this house, and lived, while he was here, like a prince. He went away yesterday morning; and when he had paid his bill, he took me on one side, and addressed me as follows:—'Landlord,' said he, 'I must throw myself upon your mercy. The fact is, I am a noble Polish refugee, obliged to leave France for England, without delay. I am, moreover, the bearer of six thousand francs for a friend of mine whom I was to meet at this hotel.'"

"What was that friend's name?" hastily demanded the Count, as he wiped the lather from his face.

"Something ending in '*oski*,'" returned the host.

"And you forget the rest?" continued the Count, leisurely wiping his razor upon a napkin.

"Entirely," answered the landlord.

"Read that," said Count Boloski, handing a card to the host.

"I thought as much," cried the landlord joyfully; "Your friend assured me you would reward me handsomely for my trouble. I swore to acquit myself of the trust confided in me. You see I have not forgotten it."

"Worthy fellow!" cried the Count, considerably affected at this extraordinary display of generosity and integrity; "your reward shall be a hundred francs, besides your bill being paid in the most liberal manner. But which road went my dear friend?"

"By way of Abbeville," was the answer.

"And I come from Boulogne," exclaimed the Count. "How very unfortunate! But, in order to relieve your mind of any doubt as to my identity with the individual to whom the money is to be paid," continued his lordship, quietly seating himself upon his trunk and staring steadfastly upon the landlord, "I will give you a distinct and correct description of my much esteemed friend. He is a man—"

"Of about forty," interrupted the host.

"Yes—of about forty," said Count Boloski.

"His hair—"

"Nearly as black as mine," added the host.

"Precisely," cried the Count. "And his nose—"

"My wife said aquiline," elucidated the landlord.

"Right—quite right," assented the Count.

"His height—"

"A little taller than you," observed the host

"Well, he may be," returned the Count. "In person—"

"Somewhat stout," added the anxious Boniface.

"There, haven't I hit it?" demanded the Count in triumph; and the landlord who felt himself convinced beyond all doubt of his guest's identity with the rightful claimant of the money, in consequence of the lucid and satisfactory description of the friend just given, hastened to his own private room, and speedily returned with six thousand francs, which he placed in the hands of Count Boloski!

"Boloski! Boloski!" murmured the Landlord to himself, as he tendered the coin. "Well—I am certain the name ended in '*oski*.'"

"It is the only name in Poland that has so peculiar a termination," carelessly observed the Count, as he placed the money in his writing-desk, after having bestowed the promised remuneration upon the landlord. The founder of our family was the great Gulligowski, and from that root have sprung numerous branches, of which the Boloskis, the Loveminskis, the Cramitorlinovitchkis, and the Creduloskis are the principal. In fact, they say that it was one of our ancestors who handed Noah out of the ark."

The landlord did not perceive that the Count had evidently been misinformed in reference to this fact; he therefore left his illustrious guest to perform his ablutions, and retired to superintend the repast which had been ordered.

Count Boloski was in a most unexceptionable good humor when he made his appearance in the breakfast-room; and as soon as a little whispering and a good deal of laughing had taken place between him and the Countess Loveminski, he condescended to devote a small portion of his attention to Mr. Snodgrass.

"Excellent room this, Snodgrass," observed the Count with an amiable degree of familiarity.

Mr. Snodgrass respectfully assented to his lordship's remark, with the additional venture of an opinion that the postillion's boots and hat were really classical and poetical, in every sense of the expressive words.

"Quite antique, are they not?" said Count Boloski; "but nothing to the boots and hats in Poland. Why—on emergencies, they make portmanteaus of the former, and punch-bowls of the latter."

"How very extraordinary!" cried Mr. Snodgrass. "I really should not have thought it."

The Count declared that he should have wondered if he had, and was about to narrate another anecdote connected with his native land, when the breakfast made its appearance.

The beauteous Loveminski seated herself exceedingly close to Mr. Snodgrass, chattered to him a great deal during the repast, and terminated the conversation by assuring him that "she did so love de Inglis gentel-mans, dey were so vary insiniwating and gallant." All this was very flattering and pleasant; and that, together with plenty of wine and liqueur (at the second glass of which latter the Countess accidentally placed her foot upon Mr. Snodgrass's toes and neglected to withdraw it in the excitement of the conviviality), served to render the meal exceedingly social and agreeable. When it was brought to a conclusion, the Countess hastened to her room to tie on her bonnet, the Count proceeded to the yard to see that the luggage was properly stowed away, and Mr. Snodgrass, having nothing else to do, paid the bill.

Another quarter of an hour elapsed, during which the trunks were corded behind the vehicle and the horses before; and then the equipage proceeded on its way, accompanied by a cloud of dust and the best wishes of the landlord and his dependents.

"How very civil and attentive every one appears to be," observed Mr. Snodgrass, as the chaise rattled rapidly along the paved road.

"A title, my dear Snodgrass, does every thing," exclaimed the Count, tapping the writing-case which he carried upon his knees.

"Oh! de title vary good ting," assented the fascinating Loveminski.

"I really do begin to think that it must be rather agreeable," said Mr. Snodgrass, slightly envying the aristocratic appendages to the names of his fellow-travellers. "One certainly experiences more civility at the hotels where one stops."

"No doubt about that," said the Count. But I am sure I care little for my rank and title," he added, stretching himself lazily back in the vehicle, and yawning desperately as if with *ennui*.

"An' me sure me not care more dan de wal-u of dis button for my title," cried the Countess, a smile of contempt for all worldly vanities curling her pouting lips.

"How beautiful are condescension and humility in aristocracy and wealth!" ejaculated Mr. Snodgrass, almost involuntarily. "The lowliness and meekness of the high-born and the noble are as—as—"

"Wonderful as they are rare," said the Count, perceiving that his friend was somewhat at a loss how to round his period.

"Exactly what I should have myself observed, my lord," returned Mr. Snodgrass.

"Well, Snodgrass—I'll tell you what it is," cried the Count, starting as if a very sudden idea had struck him; "let us have a bit of fun. I am tired of always being a lord—and you are anxious to try it. Now I'll tell you what we'll do. During the remainder of the journey you shall be the Count, and I will be Mr. Snodgrass. What say you?"

Mr. Snodgrass had a great deal to say against the propriety of this arrangement; but all his objections were over-ruled by the Count, who laughed heartily at the joke, and declared, in a peculiar style of aristocratic eloquence, that it was "the rummest go *he'd* ever known in the whole course of *his* life." And so it was, indeed. But Mr. Snodgrass was compelled to submit, because the Countess Loveminski besought him to lend himself to so excellent a piece of fun. The matter was accordingly arranged to the satisfaction of the Count and his fair cousin; and a great deal more laughing, and joking and quizzing succeeded, to make the means of amusement complete.

Now, be it observed, that Mr. Snodgrass was not more vain than his fellow-creatures; but he felt his importance in the world of letters as a poet, and in that of utility as a traveller: and he knew that if he were not a nobleman in reality, he fully deserved the title at the hands of his countrymen. Perhaps he was persuaded that himself and his three illustrious friends whom he was hastening to join in Paris, would certainly attain that eminence shortly: but, be this as it may—he adopted the Count's title with an ease which set it off to advantage, and was pronounced by both that individual and his beauteous cousin to have every appearance of a legitimate noble. The Count, however, ventured to suggest an increase of swagger, and a little drawling in the voice, on their arrival at inns; and these hints having been duly attended to, Mr. Snodgrass's style of personating his superiors was pronounced to be inimitable.

"How vary well you do it, milord Snow-

grass," observed the Countess Loveminski, just after they had changed horses at a small village: "ven de Count call you *Count* before dem people at de inn, you look so noble, and dey all bow wid respect."

"Your favorable opinion is exceedingly flattering," said Mr. Snodgrass, with a low salaam, at which the Count Boloski nodded approvingly, and tendered his friend a pinch of snuff from the box of his illustrious relative. "It seems very easy to be a lord," added Mr. Snodgrass.

"O yes," exclaimed Count Boloski; then, with great frankness, he began to detail the modern qualifications of aristocracy. "You must take care," said he, "and keep pace with the other lords of the day; and in order to do so, you must be exceedingly skilful in wrenching off knockers, thrashing police-officers, fighting hackney-coachmen, and getting bills discounted. If you can seduce a man's wife, you will be esteemed the very essence of gallantry—that is, an individual a little too fond of intrigue; and the ladies will say behind your back, 'Oh! the naughty man: he's a charming creature, however!' You need not be afraid of committing any disturbance in the street at night, because the police magistrates never punish you, if you be a lord, beyond a paltry fine of five shillings: they would not dare think of sending you to the treadmill, such is the happy state of the aristocracy in England. You must moreover be deeply in debt, and have all the sheriff's-officers in your pay—bespeak the benefits of the fashionable actresses—drive a coach every now and then on the Bath or Brighton Road—attend the gambling-houses—get up prize-fights—nod to all the jockeys and blacklegs upon town—and pass six weeks every now and then in the King's Bench."

"God bless me!" exclaimed Mr. Snodgrass, who had listened to this tirade in hitherto silent astonishment; "is that all that's necessary to make a nobleman?"

"That—and knowing how to tie a cravat, talk nonsense, play at billiards, and despise every thing connected with the poor," added Count Boloski.

"And yet," pursued Mr. Snodgrass, "if a person in the middle walks of life were to be guilty of such performances, he would be for ever disgraced and slunned."

"That's the very thing," returned Count Boloski; "for if the aristocracy hadn't the

little privileges I mentioned, what's the use of their titles?"

"Vot indeed?" repeated the beauteous Loveminski. "De poor mans is but de shuttle-cock which de aristocrat strike wid his bat at his pleasure."

"Sweet illustration!" exclaimed the enraptured Mr. Snodgrass, as he exchanged a tender glance with the Countess, which her cousin of course would not perceive.

"That very aristocracy is the glory of the English nation," observed Count Boloski, after a momentary pause: "and I should like to know what would become of the splendor of the throne without such lovely ornaments."

In such conversation as this the time was passed agreeably away, and every moment served to convince Mr. Snodgrass that he might consider himself exceedingly happy in having formed the acquaintance of his fellow-travellers. A slight repast at Clermont put them all in a better humor still, and at a late hour in the evening they entered Paris by the faubourg St. Denis, the splendid gate of which attracted Mr. Snodgrass's most particular attention.

"You had better sleep at the hotel to which we are going, to-night," suggested the Count; "and to-morrow morning you can join your friends."

Mr. Snodgrass reflected that it was just probable that there might be no spare bed for him at Mr. Pickwick's lodgings; and he therefore accepted this proposition.

"Which hotel are we to put up at—Meurice's?" inquired Mr. Snodgrass.

"No—hang Meurice's," cried the Count Boloski, who had evidently some deeply-rooted aversion to that splendid caravanse-rail. "Lawson's Bedford Hotel—to be sure; Rue St. Honoré 323. I have already ordered the postillion to drive there."

In due time the carriage entered the yard of Mr. Lawson's extensive establishment; and the landlord himself, together with his wife, Mr. Lane, (the commissioner,) and a dozen waiters, chambermaids, "boots," porters, &c., rushed out to welcome the travellers.

"Now, then, Count Boloski—now, then," cried the real nobleman, at the top of his voice, to Mr. Snodgrass; "take care of the steps, my lord—there—now you have it—that's right, my lord;" and in a low whisper, as Mr. Snodgrass descended from the chaise, he added—"Keep up your title for the fun of the thing."

Mr. Lawson, Mrs. Lawson, Mr. Lane, the waiters, the chambermaids, "the boots," the porters, and the *et cetera*, all made a low bow to Mr. Snodgrass, when they heard him saluted by the title of Count; and that gentleman was too much pleased with the civility he experienced at the moment, to convince any one present of the mistake under which they all labored as to his rank.

When the postillion had been settled with, the three travellers were shown up a magnificent staircase into a *suite* of apartments on the first floor, that looked into a little garden on one side of which were the Rivoli Baths; and all the saucepans in the kitchen were put into immediate requisition to provide a supper worthy of the Count Boloski and his friends.

CHAPTER XXI.

Mr. Snodgrass receives a little comfortable and refreshing information relative to certain matters in which he was more or less interested, and which the integrity of his fellow-travellers was intimately connected with.—The Gendarme.

How delicious is the downy couch, to use the high-flown phraseology of the fraternity of poets, after five-and-twenty hours of weary travelling! A bed is the most indispensable of mundane comforts. It is the place in which we are born and pass the happiest portion of our lives, and yet which we never wish to keep. But at one time it appears much more luxurious than another; at least such was the opinion of Mr. Augustus Snodgrass—and he was no mean authority—on the occasion of his retiring to one for the first time at Lawson's Bedford Hotel.

Mr. Snodgrass did not, however, remain awake long to indulge in his reflections. He satisfied himself with the conclusion at which he had so sagaciously arrived relative to the comforts of his couch, and resigned the custody of his person into the care of the Genius of Sleep. In other words, he began to snore most manfully, and would doubtless have continued the same interesting occupation until nine on the following morning, had not a disagreeable noise awoke him just as the clock of the Louvre proclaimed the hour of two. Mr. Snodgrass started, rubbed his eyes, and then protruded his head, which was adorned

with a night-cap, through the opening in the curtains of his bed; but he as speedily withdrew it, for, by the sickly light of an expiring candle which he had forgotten to extinguish, he became aware that some one was in his chamber; and his extensive imagination, aided by all his native romance of poetry, immediately transformed the intruder into "a midnight robber or lurking assassin" who had come to plunder, if not to murder him at two o'clock in the morning. In a moment he was, however, agreeably undeceived.

"Snodgrass, my dear fellow," whispered a voice which the gentleman thus amiably adjoined forthwith recognized to be that of Count Boloski, "are you awake?"

"Quite," replied Mr. Snodgrass. "But for God's sake, what is the matter?"

"You must know that I am a great revolutionist—a terrible republican—a political offender," returned the Count, speaking very quickly; "and that my arrival in Paris is known. The Gendarmes—"

"The Gendarmes!" interrupted Mr. Snodgrass in the greatest alarm.

"The Gendarmes have got scent of me, and are already in the court-yard," continued the Count. "Now—will you stick by a friend? can I rely on you?"

"Certainly—oh! certainly," almost screamed Mr. Snodgrass, with so piteous a face beneath his white cotton night-cap that the Count, even in the midst of his difficulties, could not forbear from laughing.

"Then keep them at bay—do not deny that you are the Count till I have had time to escape," said the noble and persecuted Pole: "Loveminski is safe. She cannot be implicated in the matter:—and what is more, I don't care a curse if she is," added this generous martyr in the cause of freedom.

Mr. Snodgrass murmured an assent to his friend's request; and the Count, who was dressed in his travelling garb, as if he had never divested himself of it, opened the window of Mr. Snodgrass's bed-room and leapt lightly out upon the ledge on which it looked; for, on account of the other chambers in that department of the building being unusually full, our three travellers had been lodged on the top floor. Mr. Snodgrass was quite bewildered by all that had occurred within the last few moments; and fancying that his safety also depended upon flight, he jumped from his

bed, and followed the Count through the window upon the ledge, which was happily guarded by a parapet about three feet and a half high.

"Go back, you fool—go back," vehemently exclaimed the Count, as the noise of Mr. Snodgrass's descent upon the ledge fell on his ear.

"But, my dear Count," cried Mr. Snodgrass, remonstrating in a plaintive tone against the unceremonious injunction of his friend, while his shirt fluttered to the breeze of the chill morning.

His voice was lost in the air—the Count had turned the angle of the building—and not even his footsteps were any longer audible. Mr. Snodgrass struck his forehead in despair; but as that did not relieve him from his embarrassment, he thought it more prudent to return to his bed, and await the result of the visit of the police.

He was about to adopt this rational method of proceeding, when a loud knock at the door of his chamber, and the clattering of swords and the stamp of heavy boots in the passage beyond it, plunged him into such a state of alarm and trepidation, that, if there had been no parapet, he would have fallen from the ledge into the garden. The knocks were repeated; but Mr. Snodgrass's tongue refused to utter the necessary words to bid the Gendarmes enter; so they adopted a more speedy though less ceremonious way of obtaining ingress to the apartment than waiting for its inmate to unlock the door, which they smashed into two or three pieces with one kick of a jack-boot.

"Where is this Count Boloski?" demanded the leader of the Gendarmes of Mr. Lawson, who accompanied them with a candle.

A low moan from the vicinity of the window, and the circumstance of that article of convenience being open, attracted the officer of the police to the spot; and his visual rays encountered the shivering form of the miserable Mr. Snodgrass.

"The tall one is the Count, is he not?" inquired the officer in excellent English.

Mr. Lawson replied in the affirmative.

"Then here he is to a certainty," observed the Gendarme; and he put his foot upon a chair, to leap through the window and secure his prey.

The appearance of the formidable cocked-hat at the open window, surmounting a face in which whiskers and moustachios

were amongst the most prominent features, gave a sudden impulse and energy to the paralyzed limbs of Mr. Snodgrass. Reflection was out of the question; but in obedience to the sudden dictation of his own alarms, he started and rushed along the ledge, in the direction already pursued by the Count, with the speed of lightning. The Gendarme uttered a terrible oath in French, and sprang from the window after him. Mr. Snodgrass had already gained the angle before alluded to, and was preparing to turn round it, when an immense cat, whom the extraordinary apparition of a gentleman in his shirt had doubtless terrified, made so desperate an attack upon him, that, in the confusion and fresh terrors awakened by this unexpected onslaught, he turned round to retrace his steps, and fell against the Gendarme, into his power, and then backwards upon the cold leads simultaneously.

"Oh! let me die—let me die!" exclaimed Mr. Snodgrass, whose mind had been worked up to a pitch of almost poetic frenzy by the occurrences of the night "let me die—I am a wretch not fit to live!"

"The devil!—he speaks English very well, though—this Polish Count," exclaimed the Gendarme, as he proceeded to pick Mr. Snodgrass up and conduct him back to his chamber.

"Use no violence—I will follow you," said Mr. Snodgrass, somewhat recovering his presence of mind and a little of his lost composure.

"Now dress yourself, and prepare to follow us to the guard-house," cried the officer of Gendarmes, when he and his prisoner had once more passed through the window.

"He's no more a Polish Count than I am," exclaimed Mr. Lawson, placing the candle upon the drawers. "He speaks English as well as I do."

"I am not a Count—I am an Englishman," observed Mr. Snodgrass, sullenly, as he proceeded to put himself into his clothes.

"I thought it was all a sham," said the Gendarme.

"The Count himself has—" began Mr. Snodgrass.

"What? which Count? who?" demanded the officer.

"Why, since the truth must be told," continued Mr. Snodgrass, fancying that his friend had now had sufficient time to make

his escape, "I only adopted the Count's title for the fun of the thing. He has sought safety in flight—and my name is Snodgrass, as you may convince yourself by looking on the lid of that trunk, or into my pocket-book, or even on my passport."

"Snodgrass is the name of the other swindler," cried Mr. Lawson.

"Snodgrass is my name," indignantly exclaimed the sole proprietor of that far-famed patronymic; "and my friends can prove it."

"You haven't any friends," persisted Mr. Lawson, using a term of reproach much in vogue amongst cads and gentlemen in the same distinguished walk of London society.

"My friends are well known in this city, sir," retorted Mr. Snodgrass; and he proceeded to extol the excellencies of his three former associates in travel.

"Pickwick—Tupman—Winkle!" exclaimed the officer: "there must be some mistake here. You may retire;"—and the two Gendarmes who had accompanied their superior, and to whom this hint was addressed, withdrew accordingly.

"What's the matter, now?" demanded Mr. Lawson.

"You are the friend of the gentlemen you just mentioned?" inquired the officer of Mr. Snodgrass, without heeding the interrogation of the landlord.

Mr. Snodgrass, of course, replied in the affirmative.

"And how came you to travel with the Count, as you call him?" continued the Gendarme.

Mr. Snodgrass succinctly stated how he had fallen in with Count Boloski, at Boulogne; and then detailed those particulars with which the reader is already acquainted.

"You have been the victim of the most consummate swindler under heaven," cried the Gendarme, when Mr. Snodgrass had brought his narrative to a conclusion; "and if I do not labor under a very great mistake, he has already taken in your friends more than once. But let us see."

The Gendarme desired Mr. Lawson to conduct them to the chamber which had been occupied by the *soi-disant* Count Boloski; and when they were shown thither, he commenced a most unceremonious investigation into the carpet-bag which the fugitive had left behind him. Two or three letters speedily revealed the truth; they had been addressed and delivered in London, through the medium of the two-penny

post; and their superscriptions were various inasmuch as some were addressed to "Mr. William Sugden, *Lanthorn and Cat*, Blackman Street, Borough,"—and others to "Adolphus Crashe, Esq., No. —, Maddox Street, Regent Street."

"This is as I thought," said the Gendarme, as he handed the letter to Mr. Snodgrass.

"I know this swindler, by repute, well!" exclaimed the Pickwickian, in the deepest indignation and astonishment. "But by how singular a combination of circumstances have I become the victim of him who has so successfully duped my friends!"

"And the lady," suggested Mr. Lawson.

Mr. Lawson led the way to the chamber which had been allotted to the fair Loveminski; but its supposed occupant was not there.

"And there was a quantity of plate locked up in the cupboard!" exclaimed Mr. Lawson, a sudden paleness overspreading his countenance; then, having handed the candle to the Gendarme, he rushed to the corner in which the little articles hinted at had been concealed. "God bless me! she's decamped with my best dinner service!" he added, after a moment's investigation: "not a spoon—not a fork—not a thing left behind!"

"But here also is a trace of her," said the Gendarme; and he took from the fugitive lady's trunk a pair of gloves, on the inside of which the magic words "*Anastasie de Volage*" had been written with blue ink.

"And my money?" ejaculated Mr. Snodgrass, as he suddenly recollected the purse he had consigned to the Count near Samer.

"Not one stiver will you ever recover of that," answered the Gendarme.

"And my plate?" cried Mr. Lawson.

"In a condition equally hopeless," was the consolatory reply. "But I must at once put my men upon the alert after the fugitives; and then we will talk over the matter," continued the Gendarme: "for, I suppose," he added, with a smile, "you have neither of you any inclination to sleep."

Both Mr. Lawson and Mr. Snodgrass declared that they had not; and while the Gendarme hastened to send his followers in pursuit of the Count and the Countess, *alias* Mr. Sugden and Mademoiselle Anastasie de Volage, the landlord and his guest proceeded to the private sitting of the former, near the office, in which there was a cheerful fire, by the aid of which and a little hot brandy-and-water, they managed

to instil a trifle of comfort into their souls and bodies at the same time.

"Altogether this is one of the most extraordinary adventures I ever met with," observed the Gendarme, when he had returned from the performance of his duty, and was seated in the private parlor aforesaid.

"It is very remarkable," assented Mr. Snodgrass.

"But there is one coincidence with which you are not yet acquainted," continued the Gendarme. "Have your friends ever spoken to you in their letters of one Dumont?"

"Yes—often," exclaimed Mr. Snodgrass, a light breaking in upon him.

"That's my name," added the Gendarme; "Alfred Dumont, at your service. Why—I know Mr. Pickwick and his companions well: or else do you think I should be sitting so quietly over this fire and that brandy with you now? If I were not convinced that you were a gentleman who had been most vilely duped, I should have arrested you as a conspirator in the fraud which was practised upon the landlord at Amiens, and which was discovered a few hours after your departure from that city; for the real Count Smoloski, for whom the money was destined, arrived there and was arrested by the police. The whole affair was then explained."

"And wherefore was the Count arrested?" demanded Mr. Snodgrass, when he had expressed his delight at meeting with M. Dumont.

"Merely to be re-conducted to Calais and sent back to England," was the answer. "He is a Polish refugee, and therefore cannot be allowed to remain in France, so long as his mind is perpetually bent upon revolutions and conspiracies. But, to return to what I was saying just now,—is not the whole adventure a combination of the most singular coincidences?"

"Very," rejoined Mr. Snodgrass: "but I am sorry for Mr. Lawson's loss."

"On second thoughts I'm glad of it," said that gentleman. "The account of the whole affair will get into the London as well as the Paris papers, and will be the best advertisement I could have for my hotel."

"Indeed! Well—I should never have thought of that," exclaimed Mr. Snodgrass.

"Oh! yes," returned Mr. Lawson, helping himself to some more brandy and water. "Why, when I first came into this place, the custom was so slack, and the business so dull, that I actually thought of setting

fire to one of the wings of the hotel to create notoriety."

"That would have been very expensive, would it not?" said Mr. Snodgrass, a little astonished at what he heard.

"It would, rather," answered Mr. Lawson; "so what do you think I did?"

"I really can't guess," observed Mr. Snodgrass. "Set *yourself* on fire, perhaps; or may be, your head waiter?"

"Oh! no—not quite so green as that," returned Mr. Lawson. "But I hired an English gentleman, who was reported to have lost a large sum of money at Frescati's, to attempt suicide in the principal suite of apartments. A subscription was raised for him, and all his acquaintances went to condole with him. For a whole fortnight he ate three breakfasts and five dinners every day."

"How was that?" demanded Mr. Snodgrass, in increased astonishment.

"Why, every time any illustrious person, such as the Bishop, or an *attache* to the Embassy, called upon him," explained Mr. Lawson, "up went the best breakfast or dinner that could be provided, according to the time of the day; and as his visitors were sure to question him about the charges, he always replied 'that they were so moderate it was a wonder how Lawson could do it for the money.' I attribute nearly all my business to that happy idea of the attempt at suicide."

"Most extraordinary!" exclaimed Mr. Snodgrass. "But is this sort of thing usual in France amongst the hotel keepers?"

"And in England as well," returned Mr. Lawson, "I should hope."

A desultory conversation in this style wiled away the time till eight o'clock or so, and then the Gendarme proffered his assistance in showing Mr. Snodgrass the way to the lodgings occupied by that gentleman's friends in the Rue Royale. To this Mr. Snodgrass assented with many thanks, and having directed Mr. Lawson to forward his baggage and account to Mr. Pickwick's lodgings in the course of the morning, he accompanied M. Dumont to the place of his destination. Dumont purposely led Mr. Snodgrass through the back entrance to Lawson's hotel, and conducted him up the Rue de Rivoli, with the view of enabling him to form a favorable impression of Paris at the first glance. The young Englishman was astonished at the splendor of the street, and stood for a considerable time to admire

the mighty piles of the palace of the Tuileries, with its beautiful gardens on one side, and the uniform range of lofty houses upon the other. It was with something bordering upon reluctance that he pursued his way towards the Rue Royale, where he arrived in about a quarter of an hour, and where he and the friendly Gendarme were cordially welcomed by Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Tupman, and Mr. Winkle.

CHAPTER XXII.

A most interesting chapter, in which certain particulars and discourses, which it would be impossible to detail at the head, are very properly and lucidly presented to the reader.

THE reader has yet to be informed of the motives which induced Mr. Snodgrass to visit France. He received a letter from his respected and venerable friend, Mr. Pickwick, in which that gentleman's intentions relative to Mrs. Weston were duly mentioned, and which terminated with an invitation to be present at the wedding. The eventful day had been fixed; and we now bring our readers to it, specifying at the same time, for the behoof of posterity, that it was the Fourth of October, 1835.

We said that we should introduce our readers to this day, or the day to them—it matters but little. Suffice it to say, that in imitation of other days, this one dawned, and that it was ushered in big with the fate of Pickwick and of Weston!

"What sort of a morning is it Sam?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, as that gentleman entered his master's apartment, at an earlier hour than usual.

"Rayther foggy, sir," was the reply; "but good enough for the purpose, I des-say, as the gen'leman observed ven he took the blunderbuss to blow his brains out vith. How d'ye feel yourself this mornin' sir?"

"Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, mysteriously beckoning his servant to draw near the bed.

"Vell, sir," said Mr. Weller; "you ain't agoin' for to funk now, and make a hobject o' yourself for all your friends to pint at, air you?" inquired the faithful domestic.

"Tell me, Sam," continued Mr. Pickwick, speaking in a low tone of voice; "how did you feel the day you were married?"

"Vy, preshus qveer, sir," answered Mr. Weller; "cos I'd drunk such a nation lot o' Ginness's stout to keep my sperets up, that I'm

blessed if I knew vether I vos standin' on my head or my heels. A very excitin' day it is vith us all, sir, as the thief said ven he vos goin' to be hung."

"Well, I think it is, Sam," observed Mr. Pickwick. "Has the tailor sent home my new clothes?"

"Tights, veskitt, coat, gaiters, and all," returned Mr. Weller, pointing to a chair on which the articles he had just enumerated, lay; "an' a new tile a-hangin' on the peg outside o' the door. Do you know, sir, vot the gen'leman said to t'other gen'leman as threatened to give him a good volloping for cheatin' at cards?"

"No: what did he say, Sam?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"I say my very partickler and independent friend, says von gen'leman to t'other, I'll jist give you a good dressin', I vill,—'And wery much obleeged I shall be if you do,' says t'other, 'cos I'm blow'd if my tailor vill.'—That's the story, sir," added Mr. Weller.

"A very clever retort, too, Sam," remarked Mr. Pickwick. "But to return to the subject of marriage, Sam. What did you do the first thing in the morning of your wedding-day?"

"Had a pint o' half-an'-half, Sir," was the very candid reply; "an' then I eat two pounds o' cold weal-pie for breakfast. I couldn't drink water on that there mornin', cos it's nerwous. Bohay don't agree with von on them kind o' days: so I valked into the bottled porter. Ven nerves is bad, malt drinks is good."

"Is that a fact, Sam?" said Mr. Pickwick. "I have a very great mind to try a glass of something to compose myself."

"A glass o' beer, or a go o' summot short, ain't no bad thing on these oc-casions," returned Mr. Weller. "But you must mind an' look wery doleful ven Bishop Luscombe goes for to pro-nounce the blessin' at the Hambassador's Chapel. It ain't respectful to be grinnin' away like clock-vork. The wisage ought to accord vith the ceremony, as the clown said at the theaytre ven they asked him to perform Hamlet."

"And as you went to church, Sam," pursued Mr. Pickwick, "how did you behave to your intended?"

"Vy, Sir," was the immediate answer, "I couldn't wery vell kiss her afore the t'other people, so I jist squeezed her elber, an' vhispered in her ear that she vos as pretty as a pocket Venus. Then as ve passed a shop, I

made her look in at the vinder and choose summat for herself. I think a squeeze round the waist is as good as anything else. Vimen likes little attentions, as the vatchman said when he handed the nobleman's wife a flask o' brandy.

"I think I shall profit by your advice, now," said Mr. Pickwick, as he merged with exceeding ease and elasticity from his bed.

In half an hour the great man had completed his toilet; and when he entered the dining-room he was forthwith congratulated by his three friends, whose felicitations were delivered in such a strain of simultaneous enthusiasm that Mr. Pickwick did not understand one word that was uttered by either.

"Now then to breakfast," cried Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Walker having as yet alone commenced an attack upon the viands: "and then we must be off to Scuttle's."

"Notice in *Galignani* this mornin'," said Mr. Weller, drawing a paper from his pocket; and without any farther preface, he read the following extract: "'Ve understand that Mr. Samivel Pickwick, the celebrated traveller and antikvarian, is about to lead to the himymneal haltar the lovely vidder, Mrs. Sophia Weston, niece of Mr. Jeremiah Scuttle, who has so long been a distinguished resident in Paris.'—Vell, that ain't nothin,' I don't think, as the doctor said ven the gen'leman womited the kitchen poker."

The breakfast lasted till about twelve o'clock; and at that hour a series of hackney-coaches was brought up to the door, and the whole party proceeded to the lodgings occupied by Mr. Scuttle and Mrs. Weston. Mr. Weller was seated upon the dickey of that vehicle in which the four great travellers were ensconced; and as the cavalcade passed up the Boulevards, the facetious domestic waved his hat joyously over his head, and performed several other antics to the great delight of all who beheld him.

At length the party arrived at Mr. Scuttle's abode, and found that gentleman in his best clothes and an excellent humor. It is true that when he was attiring himself in the morning, he had slipped his legs into the sleeves of his coat, and his arms into his drawers; and that he did not detect his error till he looked at himself in the glass to see if his toilet was complete; but this little recurrence of his old malady had not ruffled his temper: and he received his intended nephew and the party of gentlemen who followed in the rear, with the utmost urbanity and kindness.

Mr. Pickwick opened the conversation by playfully reminding Mr. Scuttle that the hour was already past at which the bishop had promised to be in attendance at the Ambassador's chapel. Mr. Scuttle then, for the first time, recollected that he had not seen his niece since breakfast; he accordingly summoned a female domestic and dispatched her to Mrs. Weston's apartment with a message to intimate that the bridegroom and his friends were waiting.

In the mean time, it having been proposed by Mr. Scuttle that the gentlemen should join the ladies who had been invited to attend the ceremony and partake of the bridal dinner in the evening, a tumultuous rush of males from the adjacent apartment put an end to the very interesting conversation which was going on amongst the female portion of the visitors. But time wore away, and still Mrs. Weston did not make her appearance. Mr. Pickwick grew impatient, and Mr. Scuttle uneasy; and at length the housemaid announced that the lady's-maid was nowhere to be found. Mr. Scuttle intimated that she was with her mistress: but upon further inquiry, it was also ascertained that Mrs. Weston herself had disappeared.

Swift as an arrow shot from a bow by the hand of a stalwart archer—or fleet as the fall of a quarrelsome gentleman, when his friends pitch him out of the window—did Mr. Scuttle descend the stairs and hasten to the porter's lodge, to question him relative to the movements of his niece. After a great deal of hesitation—for the porter's eyes had been closed by the weight of two five-franc pieces which had been administered, and could only be opened on a counter-irritating principle of applying a double allowance to the palms of his hands—the Cerberus intimated to Mr. Scuttle that Mrs. Weston and the lady's-maid had departed in a hackney coach about two hours previously, and that a gentleman with black whiskers met them at the door and accompanied them.

Mr. Scuttle applied his hand to his head, to ascertain if he were standing upon that part of his body or upon his heels; and having satisfied himself as to the nature of his position, he rushed out of the porter's lodge as fast as his fat legs could carry him, and pitched himself head-foremost into the nearest cabriolet.

"English Ambassador's—drive like fury," said Mr. Scuttle to the cab-man.

And if the simile be a correct one, then certainly fury was properly imitated by the speed with which the horse tore along the ground. In six minutes the animal stood panting at the gate of the English Ambassador's hotel.

Mr. Scuttle leaped from the vehicle like a chesnut bounding from the hob, and propelled himself into the hotel, through the hall, and up the passage to the right hand, and stopped at the door of the chapel to recover breath. He then walked leisurely into the sacred building, where he found the clerk occupied in closing registers, adjusting stools, and preparing to roll up the bishop's surplice.

"What has taken place here to-day?" demanded Mr. Scuttle.

"A marriage," was the clerk's laconic reply.

"Between whom?" said Mr. Scuttle, panting for the means of respiration.

The clerk gave no answer, but opened the register, and pointed to the last entry which had been made in it. Mr. Scuttle darted his glance with lightning force at the register, as if he intended to scorch it to a cinder: but as the ink was scarcely yet dry, it did not take a light; and so Mr. Scuttle was enabled to peruse the following words:

"I hereby certify that Nassau Siffkin, of the parish of St. George, Hanover-Square, London, Bachelor, and Sophia Weston, of the parish of Saint James, Piccadilly, in the county of Middlesex, Widow, were married in the house of his Britannic Majesty's Ambassador at Paris, according to the United Church of England and Ireland, &c. &c.

"(Signed),

"M. H. LUSCOMBE, BISHOP AND

"CHAPLAIN TO THE BRITISH EMBASSY."

Mr. Scuttle could scarcely believe his eyes, as he perused the fatal entry: he therefore read it a second time to convince himself of its truth. The clerk gazed upon him with astonishment, but said nothing.

"She could scarcely have done this in a fit of absence of mind," mused Mr. Scuttle, within himself, as he slowly issued from the Chapel, and regained the cabriolet that was waiting for him. "But what the deuce can I say to Pickwick?"

Mr. Scuttle now desired the driver to proceed as slowly as he chose, in order that he (Mr. Scuttle) might have as much time as possible to reflect upon the impression

the conduct of his niece was likely to make upon Mr. Pickwick and the numerous guests assembled to witness the marriage. There remained but one alternative—and that was to tell the truth.

Mr. Scuttle was anxiously awaited by all those whom he had left behind; and as he re-entered the apartment, a solemn silence indicated the impatience with which his return had been looked for.

"Mr. Pickwick," said Mr. Scuttle, moving slowly into the centre of the circle which was speedily formed around him; we are all deceived; and you are—"

"What?" demanded Mr. Pickwick.

"Jilted!" returned Mr. Scuttle: "she has married Siffkin."

"Siffkin!" cried Mr. Tupman.

"Siffkin!" exclaimed Mr. Snodgrass.

"Siffkin!" muttered Mr. Winkle.

In the mean time Mr. Pickwick put on his gloves with a very serious countenance, shook hands with Mr. Scuttle, bowed to the remainder of the company, and retired, without uttering another word, followed by Mr. Tupman, Mr. Snodgrass, and Mr. Winkle.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The visit of Mr. Tracy Tupman to a very extraordinary professional gentleman.—An odd encounter brought about in a very odd manner.—Mr. Tupman's heart melted by lovely woman's tears.

MR. PICKWICK and his three friends, attended by Mr. Weller, returned home. Not a syllable had been uttered by either during their progress from the Rue Taitbout to the Rue Royale; and when they were once more in their own lodgings, the moment was anxiously awaited for Mr. Pickwick to untie his own tongue and those of his followers, by the utterance of some remark that might originate a general conversation. That moment—a moment so anxiously looked for—arrived: the great man laid aside his hat and gloves, and then spoke as follows:

"Sam," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Sir," cried Mr. Weller.

"Lunch," returned Mr. Pickwick; "and bring up a bottle of our best Madeira."

"Di-rectly, sir," said Mr. Weller, rejoiced to perceive that his revered master meditated a meal instead of a murder upon himself.

"My dear friends," began Mr. Pickwick, when Mr. Weller had left the room, "I am not sorry for the turn which the events of this morning have taken. I was about to commit a folly—a most egregious folly, I may say——"

"No—no!" interrupted both Mr. Snodgrass and Mr. Winkle; while a very dubious sound, something between a grunt and a short cough, emanated from the lips, or rather the throat, of Mr. Tupman.

"Yes, my dear friends," continued Mr. Pickwick, softened almost to tears; but whether through the ejaculation of Messrs. Winkle and Snodgrass, or on account of the less affecting conduct of Mr. Tupman, does not appear: "I should have lived to repent the match. You see that Mrs. Weston is a versatile character, and easily swayed by the influence of others: she is therefore a weak, though a well-meaning, woman. It is better as it is; and now let us dismiss the subject from our minds."

At this moment Mr. Weller made his appearance with the tray, which contained a variety of good things. These were speedily arranged upon the table, together with the Madeira that Mr. Pickwick had just slightly alluded to.

"Now, gen'lemen, pitch into 'em, as the prize-fighters say," exclaimed Mr. Weller. "I feel very vell convinced you must be a-hungry arter the excitin' ewents o' the mornin'."

"I have not lost my appetite, for one," said Mr. Pickwick, whose countenance was as good-humored as if nothing disagreeable had taken place.

"Wery narrer es-cape you've had on it, sir," observed Mr. Weller; "wery narrer, indeed. Blow'd if I didn't think yesterday that by this time you'd a-been spliced in indissiyable bondage, as they say in fashionable langvidge, cos it's more politer on account o' the hard vords. A wery near go it were, as the minister observed to old George the Third, ven Bonaparte vos a-go-in' to invade England."

"My foolish conduct in reference to that woman," said Mr. Pickwick, "will be the only thing in my life I shall ever have real cause to regret."

"My father, sir," observed Mr. Weller, "always swore as how a man vos a great idiot if so be he married a vidder. But that there feller, Siff kin, as he calls his-self, vill find out his mistake afore long. He's made a old curiosity of his-self, an' in a

year or so ve'll jist see vot he'd take for his bargain."

"I hope that they will make a happy couple, Sam," said the kind-hearted Mr. Pickwick.

"A friend o' mine, as vos a huckster in Cambervell," returned Mr. Weller, "used to recite these lines venever any von talked to him o' marriage:

'Till the honey-moon is gone,
Happy does the days glide on:
Ven the honey-moon is over,
Then you doesn't lie in clover.'

I don't know vether he made 'em his-self," added Mr. Weller; "but wery pretty they air."

"Very, indeed, Sam," answered Mr. Pickwick, somewhat abruptly. "But I still maintain that Mrs. Siff kin, as we must now call her, is a very amiable, although a weak, woman."

"A amiable 'ooman!" ejaculated Mr. Weller: "so they all is afore marriage. Butter ain't notlin' to the softness o' their dispositions, nor mild ale to their tempers."

"Let us now drop the subject of my late matrimonial views for ever," said Mr. Pickwick, in an authoritative tone of voice. "The lesson has been a salutary one to me; and I am not too proud to acknowledge that I shall profit by it. At all events, we will drink to the happiness of the bride and the husband of her choice in a glass of Madeira."

The toast was accordingly drunk; and Mr. Tupman, who had sat uneasily on his chair during the previous half-hour, looked at his watch, and declared that he had an appointment to which he was compelled to pay immediate attention. He accordingly left his friends to enjoy themselves in each other's society, while he hastened to transact a little private business of his own.

Geographers have thus traced the path pursued by the immortal Tracy Tupman on this occasion. He walked up the right-hand side of the Boulevards till he arrived at the Rue Nueve Saint Augustin, into which he turned; he then walked straight on to the Rue des Filles Saint Thomas, and continued his way till he arrived in the Place de la Bourse, where he halted for a moment to admire the splendid building which forms the Exchange of Paris.

For a few minutes did Mr. Tupman stand to survey this magnificent edifice, which he had nevertheless often seen be-

fore; and having compared his watch with the clock of the Exchange, he hurried onward towards the Rue Montmartre. When he was convinced that he had arrived in the right street, he cautiously examined the numbers on the gateways of the houses; and then pursued a certain direction to a certain address which he read upon a little card that he every now and then took from his pocket and referred to. During the whole of this extraordinary walk, Mr. Tupman's countenance was animated in the extreme.

At length Mr. Tupman stopped at a certain house, and asked the porter if no less a gentleman than Mr. William Terry, the Matrimonial Advocate, were at home. His question having been understood with some little difficulty, an answer in the affirmative was given; and Mr. Tupman was requested to walk up a few flights of stairs, and he would see Mr. Terry's name upon one of the doors. Every thing, like the prophecy of a fairy in an oriental romance, turned out as the porter had intimated: the door was up the stairs—the name was upon the door—and when the door was opened, it admitted Mr. Tupman, through a little hall, into a large parlor, where sat Mr. William Terry in a cotton dressing-gown and a morocco leather chair.

"Your most obedient," cried Mr. William Terry, as soon as he espied his visitor.

"Punctual, am I not?" said Mr. Tupman, by which we are to understand, we presume, that Mr. Tupman had, by some mysterious process peculiar to his own lofty genius, had a former interview with the matrimonial agent, and made him familiar with the names and business of himself and friends.

"Why—my watch is gone to be mended," returned Mr. Terry ("at the pawnbroker's," he might have added); "and the time-piece in the other room doesn't go." (it most likely would have gone, and after the watch too, if there had been one).

"Oh! it isn't three yet," said Mr. Tupman, referring to his own repeater. "I left Pickwick and the others at lunch; and so there's no danger of their knowing that I came here."

"Nor have they guessed that we have any communication together, I suppose," added Mr. Terry.

"God forbid!" replied Mr. Tupman. "But, is she—that is, the young lady—come yet?"

"I expect her every moment, Mr. Tupman," was the solemn assurance of the Matrimonial Advocate. "Of course you will not be offended if she brings her confidential lady's-maid with her. Decency, you know, my dear Sir—decency is the order of the day."

"Certainly—oh! certainly," exclaimed Mr. Tupman. "On the contrary—so far from being annoyed at this instance of propriety on the young lady's part, I am excessively pleased with it."

"You recollect the terms, Mr. Tupman?" asked Mr. Terry, fidgeting somewhat in his chair, as he was most likely a very modest man, and detested all considerations of filthy lucre.

"Five *per cent.* upon the fortune, if the match takes place, I think," returned Mr. Tupman.

"And a thousand francs beforehand for my trouble in bringing about the interview," continued Mr. Terry. "I've already received half, you know."

Mr. Tupman's bright imagination instantly comprehended the meaning of this hint; and a note for five hundred francs, being the other moiety due, was immediately tendered to the Matrimonial Advocate, who turned away his head, most likely for the purpose of concealing his blushes, as he received it.

Scarcely was this important little matter adjusted, when a low ring at the front door bell made Mr. Tupman's heart beat quickly. Mr. Terry himself ran to answer the peal, which was also an appeal; and in a few moments he returned to Mr. Tupman with the gratifying news that the young lady, who had kindly consented to grant him an interview, and to receive him as a partner for life, if in the course of a quarter of an hour or so he should be fortunate enough to please her, was waiting in an adjoining room.

"What sort of a looking-person is she?" hastily inquired Mr. Tupman.

"Very handsome, as I have before said," returned Mr. Terry.

"And you are certain that she doesn't know me, even by sight?" demanded Mr. Tupman: "because, if by any accident we did not suit each other—"

"You may safely rely upon my honor," interrupted the Matrimonial Advocate, laying his hand flat upon his left breast.

"That's quite enough," whispered Mr. Tupman: but whether he meant to infer

that he had asked a sufficiency of questions, or that he was perfectly satisfied with the asseveration of Mr. Terry, does not appear.

"You must not keep her waiting," suggested Mr. Terry, seeing that Mr. Tupman stood somewhat undecided in the middle of the room.

"It is so very awkward," murmured Mr. Tupman.

"It would be more awkward still to lose a lovely wife and a large fortune," returned Mr. Terry. "A vineyard at Bordeaux—three houses in the Chaussée d'Antin—an estate in Spain—a share in several of the banking-houses in Paris—and she herself connected with the first French families. She moreover speaks English like a native."

These inducements operated like magic upon the sensitive heart of Mr. Tracy Tupman; and having bestowed a squeeze of gratitude upon the hand of Mr. Terry, whose eyes watered at this practical illustration of his client's joy and satisfaction, the gallant Pickwickian opened the door of communication with the next apartment, and hastened into the presence of the young lady and her servant, both of whom were seated, closely veiled, upon the sofa.

When Mr. Tupman entered the room, the young lady, whom he distinguished from the servant by the superiority of her dress, kept her eyes modestly fixed upon the ground; but the moment Mr. Tupman began to stammer out a neat compliment, in praise of a beauty he had not yet seen, the young lady started, gave a violent scream, and fell back fainting on the sofa.

"Well," thought Mr. Tupman, as he hurried to her assistance, "my person must be more imposing than ever I suspected it could be. She evidently fancied she was going to meet some old snivelling fellow; and her surprise at seeing such a promising young man as myself was enough to overcome her!"

Thus musing, Mr. Tracy Tupman aided the servant to disembarass the young lady of her bonnet and veil; and when these were laid aside, the young lady partially recovered. But who can depict the rage and astonishment of Mr. Tupman, when he recognized the too well-known features of his once-beloved Anastasie de Volage? The Matrimonial Advocate himself arrived to the succor of the fair one at this juncture; and as he had no camphor nor salts in an ordinary smelling-bottle, he ran to the

kitchen and brought a quart-bottle of vinegar, which he immediately applied to her nose. These means were effectual; and in a few minutes the fair Anastasie was recovered.

"Well, sir, and what have you to say to this?" demanded Mr. Tupman, folding his arms, like Bonaparte and other great men, across his chest, and confronting the Matrimonial Advocate, with a stern countenance.

"Really, my dear sir," began the discomfited Mr. Terry, "I am not aware—"

"The vineyard at Bordeaux and the estate in Spain are like the castles in that latter country, I think," said Mr. Tupman, with an ironical smile, which added greatly to the grandeur of his attitude and deportment.

"Upon my word," exclaimed Mr. Terry, "I do not yet understand you."

"Me understand him, vary well," suddenly cried Mademoiselle Anastasie; "me understand him, me assure you."

This was perfectly true, as was demonstrated by the result of the adventure. Mademoiselle Anastasie requested the Matrimonial Advocate and the female domestic to quit the room and leave her and Mr. Tupman alone together; and when her solicitation was complied with, she turned with a tragic air to Mr. Tupman, and then burst into a very excellent imitation of a flood of tears and a torrent of grief.

At first, Mr. Tupman paced the room moodily and sulkily, and said nothing. But the young lady, as she herself had declared, understood him perfectly well; and so she continued crying more furiously than ever. Mr. Tupman's walk up and down the room grew gradually shorter, and at length he stopped altogether: but by some accident he had arrested his movements just opposite the sofa on which Anastasie was weeping.

"Now—now—this is foolish," exclaimed Mr. Tupman, his voice assuming a consolatory tone in spite of himself.

The young lady did not, however, seem to coincide with the truth of his remark, if her opinion may be tested by the fact that she burst into a still loftier key of grief when Mr. Tupman had done speaking.

"Pray now—don't make this disturbance, my good girl," said Mr. Tupman, after a moment's pause: but the more he attempted to soothe the afflicted Anastasie, the more violent became that fair person's grief. "Well—this is very provoking," mused Mr. Tupman; "I hate to see a woman cry;—"

and having uttered these words, he began crying himself.

Mademoiselle Anastasie, finding that she had now reduced the Pickwickian to the point of tenderness which rendered him as malleable to her purpose as red hot iron in the hands of a skilful artizan, gradually abated the violence of her woe; and in process of time she relapsed into a pleasing little calm.

"Dis vary disagreeable," she at length murmured, with only one sob and two sighs: "me always meet you under de unpleasant circumstance."

"You do, indeed," responded Mr. Tupman, glancing towards Anastasie's eyes, and wiping his own: "and if I did my duty, I should call in the police and give you all in charge, for this infamous conspiracy to defraud me."

"It no conspiracy," cried Mademoiselle Anastasie: "that Monsieur Terré not know dat I ever see you."

Mr. Tupman's reasoning faculties told him that this was certainly true.

"But you need not be under any alarm," said he, after an instant's rumination: "I shall make this Mr. Terry refund me my money, and you may depart in safety. By the bye, how is your friend, the Count Boloski?" inquired Mr. Tupman, with an ironical curl of his expressive mouth.

Mademoiselle Anastasie, perceiving that her safety was in no way compromised with Mr. Tracy Tupman, burst into a violent fit of laughter at this query, and seemed to have entirely forgotten all previous grief in the hilarity of that moment.

"Do you make your turpitude a subject for mirth and merriment?" said Mr. Tupman, in a tone of such severity that it elicited a peal of laughter much louder than ever, from his fair auditor.

The exhilarating shouts were heard in the adjacent apartment; and the Matrimonial Advocate and lady's-maid rushed in to ascertain the cause of the unexpected sounds. But Mr. Tupman cut the matter very short by taking the astonished Mr. Terry aside and speaking to him as follows, while Mademoiselle Anastasie and her domestic made good their retreat with all desirable expedition.

"You do not intend to keep my money, I nope," said Mr. Tupman to the Matrimonial Advocate, "in addition to having thus made a fool of me?"

"I pledge you my word as a gentleman, Sir," returned Mr. Terry, "that I am not conscious of any deceit on my part."

"And all that flaming account of this young lady's wealth?" demanded Mr. Tupman. "Why—she hasn't got a farthing in the world that's honestly obtained."

Mr. Terry declared that nothing was more likely.

"And as for her character, it is the most infamous in all Paris," continued Mr. Tupman. "She has swindled me two or three times already, and my friends besides. In fact, she has no character."

Mr. Terry intimated that he was not answerable for that.

"And therefore I should thank you to refund the forty pounds I have advanced in this foolish affair," added Mr. Tupman.

Mr. Terry did not absolutely refuse to restore the money to Mr. Tupman: he merely expressed his conviction that Mr. Tupman could only want it "with a hook at the end of it." This mode of settlement was, however, by no means satisfactory, and high words ensued. Mr. Tupman demanded, and Mr. Terry resisted. Mr. Tupman desired to know once for all whether Mr. Terry intended to disgorge the cash; and Mr. Terry on his part was solicitous of ascertaining whether Mr. Tupman "did not wish he might get it." Thus a feud would in all probability have arisen, had not Mr. Tupman, upon the principle that something is better than nothing, proposed a compromise, which was immediately accepted.

"I will allow you to retain half—that is, a five-hundred-franc note," cried Mr. Tupman,

"And you shall pay me my fees into the bargain," urged the Matrimonial Advocate.

"Very well," returned Mr. Tupman, anxious to bring the business to a conclusion.

"Here goes, then," continued Mr. William Terry; and drawing a slip of paper from his pocket, he wrote a short debtor and creditor account with a pencil that emanated from the same *sanctum*. The following is a correct draught of the bill:—

Francs

"Receiving your visits upon several occasions, and conferring with you on the choice of a wife. . . . 50

"My servant answering the door to you on three different occasions, when I was not at home. . . . 15

"Correspondence with several ladies on your account, and reading their answers. . . . 50

"Acknowledging the receipt of a brace of pheasants and a hare, which you sent me. . . . 5

* To anxiety of mind relative to your business, and deprivation of sleep occasioned thereby, for seven days, at five francs <i>per diem</i> .	35
"As I. was walking down the Rue St. Honore on your business, I was run over by a cab. Doctor's bill, and fees for loss of time during confinement to my bed.	100
"Having dined with you and got drunk at the Cafe de Paris, I lost the whole of the next day, during which I was obliged to drink continual draughts of Hock and soda-water; for the whole of which I charge.	50
"To time lost in endeavoring to get a wife for you, which I have not been able to do.	50
"Writing a letter to you to ask you for the loan of twenty francs, which you sent me; and for receiving the same, and reading your answer, in which you stated that you had sent the money with the greatest pleasure.	10
"Bringing about an interview with Mademoiselle Anastasie de Volage, and opening the door to admit you both, with loss of time upon the occasion.	15
"General commission.	20
Total.	400

"I have now," continued Mr. Terry, "to hand you over just one hundred francs. Here they are—I shall not deduct any thing in the shape of commission for having retained the money in my possession; I am not one of those professional men who live upon the good-nature or ignorance of their clients."

"You don't mean to say that your bill amounts to four hundred francs?" inquired Mr. Tupman, in the most unfeigned astonishment.

"If you like to have it taxed, you can," returned Mr. Terry; "and I will hold all the money till it has gone through that process."

"Thank you," said Mr. Tupman; "but I do not wish to incur any fresh expenses. I have been most shamefully treated in this affair, and shall not fail to expose the transaction."

"No, you won't, old boy," cried Mr. Terry, manifesting great indifference to this menace.

"And why not?" demanded Mr. Tupman:

Frans. "why should I not expose a rogue and his associates?"

"Shame, my dear friend—shame," rejoined Mr. Terry: "you would suffer more than us all by giving publicity to the affair. In these cases *that* is my pull."

"Your what?" indignantly ejaculated Mr. Tupman.

"My pull—or my safeguard, if you like it better," was the reply.

Mr. Tupman perceived that further contention would be useless; he therefore consigned the remnant of his thousand francs to his pocket, and departed with a face considerably increased in its longitudinal proportions by the afternoon's adventure.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The infamous conduct of Messieurs Halfmaine and Lovewood, Inn-keepers of Bridge Street, Blackfriars, London.—Mr. Weller's anecdote.—A Carnival Masquerade, its particulars, and results.

ABOUT four months had passed away since the marriage of Mr. Nassau Siffkin and the accomplished Mrs. Weston; and during that period Mr. Winkle had returned to London to pass a few weeks in the bosom of his family, as the pathetic language of modern days expresses a short sojourn in one's own house. He then rejoined his friends in Paris; and as the day of his arrival in that city once more was only a month or so after the sixth of January, he brought an enormous twelfth-cake with him from one of the most approved pastry-cook's shops in London.

"You have just come back in time, my dear Winkle," said Mr. Pickwick, when the usual welcomes, inquiries, and congratulations, incidental to the meeting of friends, had taken place. "We are all going to a grand masquerade at the Hotel de Ville to-morrow night."

"Where there will be crowds of the prettiest girls in Paris," added Mr. Tupman. "It is Carnival time, you know."

"And where the brows of the poet shall be covered with laurel in reality," observed Mr. Snodgrass.

"Quite right," said Mr. Pickwick; "and where they give you the best rum-punch you ever tasted."

These inducements were too strong to be resisted even for a moment: Mr. Winkle accordingly expressed his willingness to accompany his friends; and another ticket was

immediately procured through the agency of Mr. Samuel Welier.

"Did you hear anything of Siffkin, when you were in town?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, without the slightest traces of emotion manifested upon his countenance.

"I believe he is tolerably well contented with the match," replied Mr. Winkle. "But how do you think he was served by a rascally inn-keeper a few weeks after his arrival in London?"

Of course Mr. Pickwick did not know; and so Mr. Winkle satisfied his curiosity as follows:—

"When Siffkin and his bride were safely arrived in London," said Mr. Winkle, "they went first to a hotel, till the house, which Siffkin had occupied as a bachelor, could be prepared for them. Well—they put up at the Hotel in Bridge Street, Blackfriars; and very freely they lived; for Siffkin had plenty of ready money at the time. They invited their friends, and gave large parties; and every Monday morning the bill was sent up, and it was paid with the utmost regularity. The amounts were never less than thirty pounds a week, and very often a great deal more. So, the dinners which Siffkin gave, led to others which his friends gave in return at the same place, and all for the purpose of benefiting the proprietors of the hotel, whose names are Halfmaine and Love-wood. In fact, those gentlemen (the landlords, I mean) acknowledged themselves that they never had had such good customers as Mr. and Mrs. Siffkin and their friends. Well—to make the story short—one Monday morning the bill was sent up as usual; and when Siffkin looked into his desk, he found that he had not enough to settle it. So off he walked to his stock-broker to obtain some more ready money (for they say that Siffkin is worth upwards of twelve or fourteen hundred a year)—but his stock-broker was out of town, and was not expected back for two or three days. He did not, however, choose to employ another; and so he returned to the hotel, and informed the landlords that they should have their money in the course of a day or two. But it appeared that Mr. Halfmaine is the worst man in the world, if you once miss payment; and he was on this occasion anything but civil to poor Siffkin. Siffkin did not, however, notice the fellow's insolence, but hastened to his own room. In two days he received a very peremptory note, demanding immediate payment, at which conduct he was naturally very indig-

nant, having paid upwards of two hundred pounds during the previous six weeks in the hotel. He therefore hastened into the city to obtain some funds, accompanied by his wife. It was, unfortunately for him, a holiday at the Bank, and he could not sell out. On his return to his hotel, he found that Mr. Halfmaine had seized his boxes, locked up his rooms, and ordered the waiter not to serve him with anything more till his bill was paid. He did not hesitate a moment what step to pursue; but hastened to borrow the money of a friend, and discharge the amount forthwith."

"I never heard of such infamous treatment in my life," said Mr. Pickwick, when Mr. Winkle had thus detailed the vile proceedings of the inn-keepers.

"Nor I," observed Mr. Tupman. "If such conduct were made public, it would ruin the hotel."

"Siffkin advertised Halfmaine's behavior in the *Satirist*," continued Mr. Winkle, "and told all his friends of the way in which he had been served. But what do you think was the landlord's excuse?"

"I really can't say," cried Mr. Pickwick.

"Oh!" continued Mr. Winkle, "that he was only a beginner, that he had very heavy debts to pay, and was so pressed for money he did not know where to turn to get it. As Siffkin very naturally observed, why the deuce did he keep a hotel, if he hadn't the means to behave with even decent liberality?"

"Talkin' o' hot-tels," observed Mr. Weller, who had been an attentive listener to the above narrative, "puts me in mind o' the way in vich an advertising clerk chiselled the lady out o' the advertisement."

"What was that Sam?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"The lady, Sir," resumed Mr. Weller, "vos a stayin' at Vebb's in Piccadilly; and as she'd jist come from France and a-tired o' travellin' as the sayin' is, she advertised a very nice carriage to be disposed on. But she didn't insert her advertisement in the *Nightingale*, vich vos Dusty Bob's look out. So he goes straight away to Vebb's, and asks arter Lady Catamaran, for that vos the lady's name.—'Vot's your bisness, old feller?' says the vaiter; for Bob's clothes vasn't the best in the world.—Bob didn't make no reply, but pintoed to the advertisement in the *Eagle*, and assumed a very important look indeed.—'Blowed if this ain't some old miser come about that there carriage,' says the vaiter to his-self:

'them as has money doesn't care about dress; and them as hasn't can't care.'—So Bob vos introduced to Lady Catamaran's sitting-room, jist as the old dowager had put her brandy-flask under the cushion of the sofy.—'Dress don't make the man,' says old Lady Catamaran to herself, as she glanced her eye at Bob's coat, the elbers of vich vos precious vite, sure-ly; 'but manners does,' she added, seein' that Bob vos a-bowin' away like a master o' the ceremonies at a county-ball—So she wery perlutely rekvested the gen'laman to be seated, and inquired vot he'd be arter proposing' for the carriage.—'Oh! the carriage is it, my Lady?' cries Bob. 'Och! and sure you're not thinkin' I'm come to spake about that? Is it me, your Ladyship's honor, as can't afford to step into a clane shirt, that can step into a coach?'—'Vot, then, may be your hobject in callin' on me, my good Sir?' says her Ladyship.—'That's it entirely, my Lady,' says Bob: 'to do you good—to perwent you havin' the trouble o' sendin' your advertisement to the *Eagle*, I'm come jist for to fetch it for the *Nightingale*. At vot hour shall I call to-morrow, my Lady?'—'I'm wery much obleeged, Sir,' says Lady Catamaran; 'but I ain't a-goin' for to insert it no more.'—'Och! an' you vill, plase your Ladyship's honor,' says Bob, 'both for your own good and the good o' the *Nightingale*, as is the best of all the evening papers. And then, only think vot a dale o' trouble you'd save yourself, my Lady,' continues Bob, 'if, ven you're in your own house, and inclined for to give a swarry, instead o' sendin' out five hundred invitations by a futnan, you vos jist to throw in a bit of a advertisement in the *Nightingale*;—*Lady Catamaran expects all her friends to tay an' a dance on Vensday*. Och! an' it ud soon be the fashion!'—'It's a wery bright hidear,' says Lady Catamaran, 'an' I'll sartainly think on it. In the meantime—'—'In the manetime I'll call every day, my Lady, wid your lave,' says Bob, 'till you've got a *invite* for me to put into the *Nightingale*.'—Vell, Sir, all this ended in Bob's so insinivatin' hisself into the good graces o' the old lady, that she orders him a go o' someot short, an' gives him her advertisement for the carriage every day till she disposed on it. Wery generous conduct it where too, as the poor man said ven the overseer gived him half a loaf for his wife and nine small children."

Thus, conversation, eating, drinking, and sleeping passed away the time as usual; and on the following evening the Pickwickians prepared for the masquerade.

Mr. Pickwick himself determined to maintain his celebrated and well-known character, and to personate in a fancy dress the Traveller he was in reality. He therefore composed his attire of the characteristic vestments of many nations, which he commingled together in the most interesting and harmonious fashion his fertile brain could suggest. He wore a pair of large Turkish trowsers tied loosely just below the knees; and his feet and ankles were embellished with Scotch sandels. His waistcoat was of rein-deer skin, to indicate the attire of the Laplander; and his coat was the one he was in the daily habit of wearing, and which had been fabricated in England. His gloves were formed of the hide of a Russian bear; and his neckcloth was a musk-rat skin imported from the wilds of America. On his head he wore a Mandarin skull-cap; and in his right hand he carried the tail of a lion originally caught in the interior of Africa. Around his neck hung a chain of shells such as the savages of distant islands use for the current coin of their realms; and lastly, his expressive features were concealed by a Spanish mask.

Mr. Tupman had not been less ingenious than his great leader in the choice of suitable raiment; and with that disdain for a too servile imitation which often characterizes the minds of eminent men, he, properly regardless of the discrepancy in cubic proportions between himself and the fabulous little deity of the heathen mythology, determined upon the personation of Cupid. He accordingly obtained a mask which bestowed upon him a pair of good fat cheeks and a very pouting mouth; and as he could not exactly preserve the primitive state of nature in which the God of Love is usually represented, he wisely adopted the dress of an ancient Roman, with the addition of a pair of large wings which he and Mr. Snodgrass fabricated with wires and pink gauze-paper. Add to these little articles of vestment, a bow and a quiver full of arrows; and the portrait of Mr. Tupman is complete.

Mr. Snodgrass ably sustained the character for talent and ingenuity which so highly distinguished his illustrious friends. He had taken upon himself the enviable but somewhat difficult task of personating the

character of Pegasus, the winged horse of the Muses; and, in order to do the more honor to the quadruped beloved by the poets, (and not as malicious tongues have asserted, the better to suit his own convenience,) he retained his upright position, thus making the Parnassian animal walk upon his hind legs. A dress had been contrived for that purpose; and a good deal of wadding, added to a considerable quantity of skilfulness, rendered the attire as perfect as could have been expected. The wings, the mane, and the tail were all complete; a large mask, in the shape of a horse's head, disguised the animated countenance of the poet; and all he had to do was to keep his arms stretched out in the manner in which a horse would be supposed to hold up his fore legs were it in a sitting posture.

And lastly comes Mr. Winkle, to whom had been assigned the part of Nimrod, the mighty hunter of ancient days. There was nothing very peculiar in this gentleman's garb, save that it was composed entirely of skins. His cap, to which a sort of vizor, that entirely concealed his face, was attached, was cut from the hide of a leopard; his tunic was a lion's skin, the tail serving as a girdle; his breeches had once adorned a panther; and as he was uncertain what kind of boots his great prototype might have worn, he had prudently retained his own, having, with admirable forethought and ingenuity, had a pair of leathern tops affixed to them. His arms consisted of javelins, a hatchet, a sword, and a bow and arrows; and over his shoulder hung a large bag filled with straw, to represent the one in which Nimrod doubtless carried his game.

Such were the several characters, and such the dresses, fancifully chosen by the immortal heroes of these Memoirs: and when we contemplate the magnitude of those minds which could thus harmonize and associate so many grand difficulties and discrepancies into one uniform whole, we are lost in astonishment at the extent of that assemblage of genius, which has shed immortal honor on the pages of its country's history!

At nine o'clock a coach was called, and the four masks introduced themselves into the vehicle; not, however, without imminent peril to the wings of Messieurs Tupman and Snodgrass, and to the general arrangements of the whole of the latter gentleman's toilet. Mr. Winkle's spears

and javelins pointed out of the window, and when Mr. Pickwick stepped into the coach, he switched his lion's tail backwards and forwards in a manner which threw a crowd of curious spectators into convulsions of delight.

In a very short time the vehicle arrived at the Hotel de Ville—a building remarkable for its being one of the first attempts to depart from the Saracenic or Gothic style which distinguished the public edifices of the Middle Ages. The Salle St. Jean, or Hall of St. John, is an extensive parallelogram, decorated with twelve magnificent Corinthian pillars; and it was into this splendid room that Mr. Pickwick and his friends—or rather, the Universal Traveller, Cupid, Pegasus, and Nimrod were introduced by the proper ushers or attendants upon the ceremony.

The hall (which, by the bye, had once been a church) was splendidly fitted up for the occasion; and although it was in the very depth of winter, the most lovely flowers were arranged in profusion around. The hall was crowded with people when the Pickwickians arrived; and all the efforts of imagination had been used to create variety of character. But, to do the justice they deserve even to great men, no characters were so truly original or so exceedingly remarkable as those which were enacted by Mr. Pickwick and his companions. Mr. Snodgrass in particular attracted universal attention; and his presence in the room was immediately welcomed by a burst of admiration expressed through the unequivocal meaning of an universal shout of laughter on the part of the gentlemen, and an irrepressible titter on that of the ladies. Mr. Tupman was then the object of general scrutiny; and as he was an exceedingly fat, not to say overgrown, Cupid, it was some time before his character was understood.

It was imagined by many, but with what degree of justice we leave the reader to determine, that Mr. Pickwick cut a very comical figure in his oriental trowsers and European coat. Mr. Pickwick, however, did *not* think so; and though we would rather take the opinion of a learned man like him to be the correct one, in preference to the united sentiments of two or three hundred common observers, we must ourselves confess that his appearance was in some way calculated to excite the merriment of the foolish and laughter-loving portion of the

company. As for Mr. Winkle, he was taken for an imitator of the keeper of a menagerie of wild beasts, whose skins he converted to his own personal use at their deaths; and so he escaped any particular notice.

We said the spacious hall was crowded with a variety of characters. There were kings enough to govern all the nations of Europe, and two or three to spare; and there were queens sufficient to drive the aforesaid kings, including even those to spare, out of their regal senses. There were Generals in quantities great enough to form an army by themselves; and Turks so numerous that all good Christians, if any were present, must have been put to the blush. Then there was a Columbine—a character which in England is usually personated by a slim young lady, who, after dancing a season or two at the Opera, marries a nobleman; and there was also a Harlequin to keep her company. Then a mother and her two daughters represented the Three Graces; and a bevy of boarding-school girls fulfilled the parts of the Nine Muses in another part of the room. There were at least a dozen Bonapartes—three Pompeys—two Julius Cæsars—four Cleopatras—and half a score of Jews—Several individuals, doubtless under the fear of being improperly conspicuous, had assumed such non-descript dresses that their wearers might as well have passed themselves for decayed gentlemen of the sixteenth century as for heroes of any other; and not a few had made slight but venial mistakes in the characters they *did* assume. Such was the case with an Englishman who was personating Othello through the medium of a black face and a pair of tops and cords; and with a Scotchman who carried a musket over his shoulder as Sir William Wallace. One of the Julius Cæsars wore a watch and seals, and a Cleopatra a pair of diamond ear-rings: a Pompey had a ring with a crest on his finger; and a Bonaparte ran out of the room and retired very rapidly to his own lodgings, when he became engaged in a dispute with one of his own marshals, who threatened to pull his imperial nose in the presence of the whole company.

For some time the Pickwickians kept together, because the several masks that at first accosted them spoke in French, and were unable to receive any intelligible replies. But at length a lady who was attired as Diana, (some mistook her for a

Turkish lady on account of the crescent which she wore upon her forehead,) entered into conversation with Mr. Tupman, as did another, who had assumed the character of a *Lovely Savage*, with Mr. Pickwick. Messieurs Snodgrass and Winkle were therefore separated from their companions, and cast for amusement upon the resources of each other.

"How exceedingly amusing," said Mr. Winkle, who had just run the point of his javelin about a quarter of an inch into his shoulder.

"Very," returned Mr. Snodgrass, his arms aching to distraction on account of the posture in which he was obliged to hold them.

"So gay," added Mr. Winkle, wishing in his own mind that there were only a few more English people present, or that he knew how to distinguish those who were.

"I never was so much delighted in all my life," rejoined Mr. Snodgrass.

At this moment Pegasus and Nimrod were accosted by a Gipsy.

"English?" said the Gipsy, very abruptly, and in a tone of voice evidently feigned.

Messieurs Winkle and Snodgrass replied in the affirmative.

"Don't know me, s'pose?" asked the Gipsy.

"No. Do you know us?" returned Mr. Winkle.

"Arabella quite well?" demanded the mask.

"That's a coincidence only," said Mr. Snodgrass in a whisper to Mr. Winkle. "Now—my good woman—do you mean to say you know *me*?" continued Mr. Snodgrass, addressing himself to the Gipsy.

"How's Emily?" asked the mask.

Mr. Snodgrass and Mr. Winkle exchanged significant glances, the one through his horse's head, the other through his bearded mask.

"Vell, this is rayther too strong, as the alderman's lady said ven she sipped her iced punch," cried the Gipsy, with a pleasing laugh. "Blow'd if Jack Ketch ud a-knowed me here!"

"What, Sam, is that you?" inquired Mr. Winkle, sternly. "How did you get here?"

"Through the very common means of a hackney coach and a pair o' osses, sir," was the immediate answer.

"But for what purpose, Sam, do you intrude into a room where gentlemen and ladies only are admitted?" continued Mr. Winkle.

"I rayther think that any von as has got a ticket can go to the balls in France," answered Mr. Weller: "at all ewents I'm here; an' a self-evident propysition it therefore is. As for motives, Mr. Vinkle, I has a dozen on 'em, cut an' dry, as the undertaker said to the 'ooman ven she asked him arter a coffin for her husband as vos at the pint o' death."

"Well, what are they, Sam?" continued Mr. Winkle.

"Beg pardon, sir," said Mr. Weller, "but I thought as how that your dresses vos so wery orkard, there might be a little inconvenience re-sulting from their wery pekooliar effect. So I jist dropt in to keep a look out arter the governor. You needn't say I'm here, Mr. Vinkle—nor you, neither, Mr. Snodgrass: an' if so be there ain't no row, you needn't remark as how I've been, vich is vot the new police says ven they go in disguise to public meetin's."

Having delivered this caution, Mr. Weller mingled with the throngs of masks, and amused himself in a variety of original and intellectual ways. He pulled the pig-tail of a Voltaire, flattened the crown on the head of a king, kindly offered to box with an emperor for a bowl of punch, and assured a duchess "that she was the prettiest gal as ever he'd seen," although she wore a mask. These jokes were taken for the forced ebullitions of an assumed character, and not for the spontaneous effusions of innate facetiousness.

Towards one o'clock the ladies began to take their departure, and the gentlemen were consequently enabled to give more scope to their merriment, and to a small system of practical joke. A party of young Englishmen, who were considered, or considered themselves, (the phrases are synonymous in modern fashionable life,) to be wags in their way, now paid more particular attention to the fancy dresses of the Pickwickians than they hitherto had done; and upon the suggestion of one of them that the Poet or Bard ought to be mounted upon Pegasus, they very deliberately seized hold of Mr. Tupman and pitched him upon the back of Mr. Augustus Snodgrass, who fell, beneath the weight, a heavy load upon the floor.

Mr. Pickwick, whose brain was somewhat confused with hot punch and the excitement of the evening, rushed valiantly forward, and laid about him amongst the young English assailants with his ponder-

ous lion's tail; but those young gentlemen, not relishing this species of warfare, were preparing to make a desperate onslaught on Mr. Pickwick and his friends, when there suddenly appeared amongst them an individual, habited as a Gipsy, who began knocking two or three of them down without the slightest reference to any modern ceremony, and in the most masculine manner in the world.

The warfare soon became general. Mr. Pickwick continued to lay about him *with* his lion's tail, and *without* any attention to which side he attacked; Mr. Tupman caught hold of his great leader's coat-tails, and begged him to moderate his anger; Mr. Winkle hastened to conceal himself behind one of the Corinthian pillars; Mr. Snodgrass had somehow or another got his arms and legs entangled in his quadrupedian attire, and could not rise from the ground.

But Mr. Weller fought for himself and his masters too. He knocked one antagonist over Mr. Snodgrass, and then knocked him off again; he noticed that another had a somewhat prominent nose, and so he flattered it a little, to harmonize the better with the rest of its proprietor's countenance; he perceived that a third had two fine large blue eyes, and he therefore varied their usual appearance by making them black ones; and lastly, he perpetrated a little miniature Marengo by the numbers he levelled with the ground. The assailants, however, rallied again; and the combat would have been sanguinary in the extreme, had not a couple of Gendarmes made their appearance, and separated the pugilists in the twinkling of an eye.

"Vell, this is rayther hot vork," said Mr. Weller, as he yielded to the advice of a Gendarme, and retreated from the field of action. "Drinks is in, vits is out."

"What! is that you, Sam?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, as he sank upon a seat.

"My own wery na'tral self, an' no sangvinary mistake, as the speret o' Mrs. Weale used for to say on wery partickler occasions," returned Mr. Weller, laying aside his mask. "An' wery glad I a'n for to see you, Sir, as the gen'leman said to the ghost vich told him of a treasure."

"Is any assistance wanted to thrash those fellows?" exclaimed Mr. Winkle, suddenly emerging from behind the pillar with his javelins in his hand. "Only tell me where they are—"

"There they be, Sir," said Mr. Weller, very coolly.

"And must I pitch into them, Sam?" demanded Mr. Winkle, in a very curious tone of voice for a man who talked of pitching into people.

"Pray reserve that there wery high double-pressure ower-bilin' courage o' your'n, Sir," returned Mr. Weller; "for in the present state o' your excited mind, I'm blowed if you wouldn't rush slap through 'em and get away on t'other side."

"I vos quite sure," continued Mr. Weller, "that there ud been some kick-up on account o' them galliwanting dresses. Vere's the use o' goin' an' makin' osses o' von's self in the fust place, vild beastesses on ourselves in the second place, vith all kinds o' outlandish skins, an' hides, an' young Cupids an' Poets in the third place? You're men, and not brutes or gods; so vot's the good o' bad imitations?"

The dispute was now brought to a termination, so was Mr. Weller's eloquence; the whole party therefore proposed to depart; and in obedience to this unanimous wish, as well as to the advice of the *Gen-darmes*, the *Salle St. Jean* was speedily vacated by the belligerents.

CHAPTER XXV.

Mr. Adolphus Crashem, alias Mr. William Sugden, alias Count Boloski of Bolosk, alias Capt. Horatio Clarence Walsingham, founds an Institution which promises to benefit mankind, if mankind could only be persuaded of that and other similar facts.

SOME of the most brilliant specimens of human ingenuity and invention have emanated from a garret; and if the scheme, which a great man lately published to the world, and of which we are about to treat in this chapter, did not spring from quite so elevated a source as an attic on a fifth floor, it at all events originated in a three-pair back, in that salubrious and fashionable quarter of London, which has been denominated the New Cut.

The New Cut (our readers are suddenly transported to England) is a wide street, running from the Waterloo to the Blackfriars road. It is adorned with many spacious buildings, of which *Maber's gin-palace*, and the *Victoria Theatre*—both sources of innocent amusement in their way—are the principal. If you walk up the Cut from

east to west, on your left hand is an almost unvaried series of old furniture shops, and on your right the attractive warehouses of pawnbrokers and pork butchers. The foot-paths of the street themselves are also embellished with little portable shops, belonging to the purveyors of fried fish, toasted bread smeared with grease, baked potatoes, and little glass ornaments. The inhabitants of this select spot divide their time between their commercial operations and the gin-palaces; and as they issue in little crowds at a time from the latter, they just stop for one moment to listen to the itinerant preacher, who holds forth against the vice of intemperance and improper amusement, under the arcade of the *Victoria Theatre*, or in an empty shed close by. Fashion, in reference to clothing, is not much observed in the New Cut; nor are the distinctions of male and female attire very scrupulously attended to. Ladies may be seen with large great-coats upon their backs, disbursing their fried fish to those who honor them with their custom: and gentlemen, whose professional duties in the baked-potato line call them abroad, stand without any coats at all, on the edge of the pavement.

Discord is strangely mingled with peace in all mundane affairs: nor is the New Cut without its jars, either of jam or of battle. Some fair Helen is occasionally seduced by a wily Paris, through the medium of a glass of cordial gin, to desert her injured *Mane-la-us*; and then shirt-sleeves are turned up, blows are exchanged, and the trio is eventually walked off by a policeman to the office at Union-hall, where a wretched *ignoramus* of a magistrate disposes of the case according to his own caprice and whim, the executives at that justice-room being notoriously the most profoundly stupid, vulgar, and impertinent in London.

It will be perceived that the manners and appearance of the inhabitants of the New Cut are peculiar to that happy quarter. We must therefore suppose that some very prudential or profound motive could alone have prompted so fashionable an individual as Captain Horatio Clarence Walsingham to select a temporary abode in one of the little houses on the left hand side, at the commencement of the Cut, by the Blackfriars-road. But such was the fact. Captain Walsingham, whom the reader has already known by the various names of Crashem, Sugden, and Boloski, was the happy tenant of a three-pair back sitting-room, and a

four-pair back bed-room, *alias*, an agreeable and airy attic, in the locality above described.

On the morning upon which we are desirous of introducing our readers to Captain Walsingham, the breakfast things had been swept away, there not being many to sweep—the room carefully dusted out—and the table duly covered with a green-baize cloth which the landlady had borrowed from the pawnbroker's over the way. Captain Walsingham surveyed all these preparations with the most unfeigned delight; and when the little dirty servant, who ministered to his comforts and to those of the whole family (thirteen in all, besides the pigs in the back yard) had retired, Captain Walsingham placed about a dozen sheets of foolscap paper at equal distances round the table, and then laid a new pen, a small piece of blotting-paper, and a couple of wafers upon each of the sheets of foolscap thus disposed of. The ink-stand was stood in the middle of the table, around which chairs were speedily arranged, a large Langham gracing the top, and a Windsor the bottom: and this being accomplished, Captain Walsingham expressed a wish to his landlady, whom he summoned to witness the preparations, "that the Directors would make their appearance."

No sooner were the words uttered, than a loud knock at the street-door seemed to proclaim that the wish they expressed stood some chance of being immediately attended to. The landlady rushed down stairs—Captain Horatio Clarence Walsingham assumed a most business-like and sedate air, and a sober attitude—and in process of time, the vice-chairman was ushered into the room.

"Mr. Cherryburton, sir, if you please," screamed the landlady, as she flung open the three-pair back door with as much importance as if it would admit the visitor into a palace.

"How are you, Mr. Cherryburton?" ejaculated the Captain, rushing forward to welcome the deputy-chairman of the infant Company whereof he himself was the managing director. "You see that I do the thing economically: it is no use taking offices and all that, till some of the advances upon the shares are made. I expect the printer to send me up the book with the printed forms every minute."

"Very good," returned Mr. Cherryburton, who was a very short and a very fat gentleman, with no neck, but plenty of head.

"Mr. Snuffery, sir," cried the landlady, after a short interval of about five minutes: and the treasurer, whose place was quite a sinecure, walked into the room.

"Welcome, Snuffery, old boy," ejaculated Captain Walsingham, forgetting, in the excitement of the moment, the respect due to a treasurer, even by his great employer.

"Mister Snuffery, here," suggested the treasurer: "Snuffery at the ale house, if you like;" it having been at the ale-house that the idea of establishing a Joint-stock Company first occurred to Captain Walsingham and Mr. Snuffery, as they discussed a pot of mild intermediate beer and a yard of clay some weeks previous to this meeting.

"Very good, very good," exclaimed Mr. Cherryburton: "there's nothing like standing up for etiquette;" and with these words he stood himself exactly before the fire, so that neither Captain Walsingham nor Mr. Snuffery felt the slightest benefit from that fraction of a vast elementary whole.

"Mr. Stephen Muzzlewhite and Mr. Watkins Welladay," chaunted the landlady, as two more full-grown directors of an infant project sallied into the room.

"Well, we shall be pretty numerous, I see," observed Mr. Cherryburton, pretending not to notice the desperate energy with which the new-comers rubbed their hands, and persisting in the retention of his enviable position in front of the fire.

"Yes, there'll be a tolerable sprinkle," coincided Mr. Snuffery; "and if every one will only subscribe for a certain number of shares and pay the earnest money, I may open my books at once."

"Oh! certainly—decidedly—we are all very ready to pay the earnest money," cried Captain Walsingham, instinctively glancing with great feeling to a pile of fourpence-halfpenny in coppers, with a sixpence upon the top, which he had prudently placed upon the mantel-piece, probably with an eye to a little display.

"Mr. Molesworthy," cried the landlady; and a very large nose, with an exceedingly small man behind it, entered the room; "and Mr. Muggins," continued the lessee of the house, in an unusually shrilly tone of voice.

"Come in, Mr. Muggins," ejaculated Captain Walsingham: "pray come in—don't stand in the passage."

"A-don't now be foolish," echoed the landlady's voice in a whisper from the passage just alluded to; "I'll fetch you a

slap over the face, I will. There now—you've quite tumbled my best cap, I declare."

Mr. Muggins, having been shrewdly suspected by his brother directors of perpetrating a kiss *vi et armis* upon the comely countenance of the landlady, now entered the room and paid his respects to the company.

"I think we are all assembled now," observed Captain Horatio Clarence Walsingham; and, as if he had any moral doubt upon the subject, he pretended to count those present, referred to a list of names in his pocket-book, and then precipitated himself into the Langham chair. Mr. Snuffery fell into the Windsor ditto; and the remainder of the directors slid into their's without any further invitation.

A general silence then prevailed throughout the room. This was at length broken by the chairman, who informed the meeting that they were sitting in Committee of Ways and Means, for the purpose of taking into consideration the financial department of the Universal Stone-expelling and Asphaltum-Substituting Equitable Company.

"In opening the business of the day," observed Captain Horatio Clarence Walsingham, "I have to observe that the prospects of the Company are most smiling and favorable. When I calculate the immense advantages which the introduction and use of the asphalt will confer upon society in general, I am lost in a wide field of admiration and delight. To see the streets, not only of London, but of every town, village, and hamlet, throughout this vast empire, composed of asphalt instead of paving-stones, is my most sanguine wish; and that such will be the result of our labors, gentlemen, let us rest assured. (*Hear! hear!*) It may not be improper at this stage of the business," continued the worthy chairman, "to enumerate a few of the advantages attendant upon the use of the asphalt. In the first place, it will essentially benefit the pecuniary operations of many individuals resident in this vast metropolis; inasmuch as those discounters, whose methods of doing business have not unfrequently led them to offer half money and half paving-stones for suspicious bills, will suddenly find their rapacity deprived of the means of gratification; for what use will paving-stones be to any one when nothing but asphalt shall be in vogue? (*Loud cries of 'Hear, hear;'* and '*Bravo*' from Mr. Snuffery, who had

done much in the discount way above described.) Indeed," continued Captain Walsingham, affected almost to tears by the demonstrations of respect and admiration with which he was greeted—"indeed, I may say, gentlemen, that an universal good, as my friend the Great Cham used to observe to his prime minister Fiofunki-Khan, will be done to the nation by the use of our asphalt. Instead of shocking the ears of the delicate by noticing that such-and-such an unfortunate girl is compelled to walk the *pave*, will it not be much more decent and becoming to hint that she promenades the asphaltum? Conceive, gentlemen, the advantage attached to this circumstance alone, and rely upon our success as a thing certain—a self-evident proposition—an axiom—a result sincerely to be wished for by all." (*Loud cheers.*)

The Chairman resumed his lucid oration after having been welcomed with the most deafening applause.

"Gentlemen," said he, "in categorising the advantages which will accrue to society, and, I may say, to the cause of civilization, by the application of our measures, let me not forget to observe that had Paris been lined with asphalt instead of paving-stones, the Revolution of July would never have taken place, because the citizens could not have formed barricades of the precious substance which we so enthusiastically advocate. (*Hear, hear.*) There will be no danger of tripping on a loose stone, with our asphaltum, upon which all men will walk with that springiness and elasticity which to the ancient pavement never *did*—never *could* belong. Money is to be made out of the asphalt; but no blood ever came from the stone! Let us all remember this ancient proverb, and regard it as a species of prophecy relative to the present undertaking!"

Mr. Snuffery begged to ask the Chairman if he intended anything personal by his allusion to the adage which states that one cannot get blood out of a stone. Mr. Muggins supported Mr. Snuffery's demand, and "begged to inform the Cheerman and all present that he dared look any man in the face, that he didn't owe a blessed penny in the whole world, that no one could say black was the white of his eye, and that he would just like to know from the Cheerman's own lips who would say anything to the contrary."

Captain Walsingham declared that his

allusion was anything but personal: Mr. Snuffery observed that he was satisfied, but that if the explanation had not been given, he should most decidedly have resigned the post of treasurer to the Company—a statement which, considering the nature of that Company's assets, filled the whole Committee with immediate alarm. This was only appeased by the production of a black bottle and the imbibing of a little drop of brandy by each member; without which sudden remedy, the whole business might have been blighted in the bud. Mr. Muggins, indeed, was so affected by the temporary misunderstanding, that he was under the necessity of filling his glass and emptying it three times before he could muster up sufficient strength to attend to business.

When something like order was restored, Captain Walsingham continued his truly wonderful oration as follows:

"But, gentlemen, I have only enumerated one half—indeed, I may safely say, only one quarter of the numerous advantages attending the substitution of asphalt for paving-stones. I have often remarked—and what gentleman present has not done the same?—I say, gentlemen, that I have often remarked that the pavement, as it now exists, is frequently unsteady beneath the feet. Gentlemen, last evening only, I dined with a friend in the city—in fact, gentlemen, to be candid with you, it was my old and much esteemed friend, Sir Barryl Punshun, the alderman and highly respected wine-merchant of Portsoken Ward; and as I came home, I found that the pavement down Ludgate Hill was so unsteady, I could scarcely walk on it. Now, will you believe it, gentlemen, when I assure you that by the time I arrived at the foot of Blackfriars Bridge, I was compelled to lie down in the very street, on account of the turn the inequality and bad state of the pavement upon Ludgate Hill had given me? (*Groans and hisses.*) Mr. Muggins," continued the worthy Chairman, "I hope you will help yourself. Yes, gentlemen, I can myself vouch for the truth of the circumstance; the stone pavement is unsafe—very unsafe, gentlemen; and the asphaltum must replace it. I repeat it, gentlemen—" and Captain Walsingham smote the table with amazing violence—"I repeat it, that you cannot walk with safety upon stone pavement—and all I know is, that there are times (particularly after dinner)

when I myself cannot even stand upright upon it."

"Our worthy Cheerman's quite right," exclaimed Mr. Muggins: "this house o' his'n is built upon stones, and blowed if I ain't so unsteady, I can't sit upon my cheer."

Perhaps it struck Mr. Muggins at this precise moment, that he might be able to sit upon the floor, even if he could not retain his chair: at all events he placed himself comfortably under the table; and as the brandy he had drank was somewhat soporific in its effects, having been purposely focussed by Captain Horatio Clarence Walsingham, he sank into a mild and tranquil slumber, to the extreme comfort of himself and to the unmitigated disgust of his companions.

"Printer's brought the prospectuses, he says, please sir," exclaimed the landlady, thrusting her head in at the door just as Mr. Muggins thrust himself under the table.

"Oh! very well," cried Captain Walsingham, being perfectly aware that it was very ill. "Tell him to leave them—I can't attend to him now."

"Please sir," ejaculated the printer's boy, who had followed the landlady up the stairs, as far as the door of the Captain's three-pair back,—“please, sir, master said as how—”

"Very well, very well," interrupted the Chairman of the Universal Stone-Expelling and Asphaltum-Substituting Equitable Company: "I'll attend to it directly."

"That I vosn't to leave 'em without the money," added the boy, "for the behoof of all the directors and the treasurer of the aforesaid eminent Company."

"Let him send in his bill to the Secretary," returned the Chairman: "the account shall be audited in due course."

"I'm very much afeerd mas'er don't know nothink about the Secretery," answered the boy, putting his right hand to his nose, and the left hand after the right, and extending the fingers of both in truly interesting puerile sport.

"What—do you mean to say that *we* ain't to be trusted, you young rascal!" demanded Captain Walsingham.

"No—I doesn't: but mas'er does," replied this unaccountable boy, perfectly unawed by the presence of that which intended to be the richest Company in the world.

"Oh! he does—does he?" said Captain Walsingham, rising in state from his Langham chair, and preparing to kick the little boy down stairs; "well, then—you may

just tell your master—"Stay, stay," interrupted Mr. Muzzlewhite, "this affair will only do us harm. How much is your bill, youngster?"

"Three pound seven," returned the interesting youth, producing a dirty piece of paper.

"Well—here's ten bob towards it," exclaimed Mr. Muzzlewhite, throwing half-a-sovereign on the table.

The sum was soon made up amongst the directors, all of whom contributed something, with the exception of Captain Walsingham and Messieurs Snuffery and Muggins—the first turning away to the window and whistling, with his hands in his pockets, as his friends subscribed for him; the second pretending to be asleep the moment anything like payment was spoken of; and the third being really in a state of somnolency under the table.

"What is the amount of the capital upon which the Company works?" demanded Mr. Muzzlewhite, when the three pound seven had been with difficulty raised amongst the directors, and when the printer's boy had taken himself off.

"Capital—one million," answered Captain Walsingham. "We couldn't do it upon less."

"Oh! no—decidedly not," cried Mr. Muzzlewhite.

Rich men do things cautiously and by hundreds or thousands: but individuals without a *sou* invariably found their speculations upon millions. Not that we would wish to disparage the eminent Company of which we are now treating: on the contrary, we believe it to have been as highly respectable as it was considered to be by any one of its directors.

"But how shall we dispose of the shares?" inquired Mr. Watkins Welladay.

"By advertisement, to be sure," returned Captain Walsingham. "We must placard all the walls—bill the Magazines—"

"What! the powder magazines of Woolwich?" interrupted Mr. Muzzlewhite.

"No—*Frazer's*, *Blackwood's*, and the *Old Monthly*, to be sure," exclaimed Captain Walsingham; "and perhaps the *Genleman's*."

"But where is the money to come from, to do all this?" inquired Mr. Snuffery.

"Where!" echoed Captain Walsingham, assuming a tone and attitude of the deepest indignation: "where? Why—from the Company's bankers, I should hope."

"Oh! very well," returned Mr. Snuffery,

who was not however exactly aware that any account had been as yet opened at a banker's, or indeed that the Company was possessed of any account to open: but he did not choose, as he afterwards expressed himself, to irritate by useless interrogation the man to whom he owed his bread—and and water, he might have added.

"Certainly," continued Captain Walsingham, "I have made arrangements with a capitalist, who will advance us five hundred pounds upon the strength of our firm, provided we take it out half in wine, and half in cigars. He *did* want to throw in a few pump-handles and patent axle-trees; but that did not suit my purpose. Now, the fact is—old Muggins must give us his acceptance—(there's no use my speechifying any longer, since he's asleep)—and I'll manage the rest."

"Yes," objected Mr. Welladay; "but will any bankers open an account with wine and cigars?"

"Well, you *are* green, for the director of a Joint-Stock Company!" ejaculated Mr. Snuffery. "We must raise money upon them, don't you see?"

"And we must make haste about it too, gentlemen," continued Captain Horatio Clarence Walsingham; "for I understand that some low chap, an auctioneer—or some such thing in May-fair, is going to establish *his* Asphalt Company. But, thank God," added Captain Walsingham, with the religious fervor which the subject very naturally originated, "*he'll* be obliged to take the pump-handles and patent axle-trees—aye, and the pumps, and the wheels themselves too—before *he'll* raise enough to carry *his* schemes into execution."

"How I abominate upstarts!" exclaimed Mr. Muzzlewhite, who had himself risen from the honest though somewhat mean employ of cad to an omnibus, through the various steps of hackney coach-man, cab-proprietor, horse-jobber, and parish clerk, to be (as we now find him) occupying the responsible and desirable place of director of a public Institution.

"But enough of the auctioneer and his Company," resumed Captain Walsingham; "let me make a few more observations before I declare that the sitting of this day's committee is over. I am sure you will all be delighted to hear that I have secured the patronage and support of Puffemorf—the sub-editor of the *Morning Tea-pot!*"

"No!" exclaimed several voices in tones expressive of the deepest admiration.

"Do I, or do I not look like a man who is deceiving you?" calmly returned the Chairman as he glanced complacently and philanthropically around upon his great co-operators.

"No—no," echoed from all present save Mr. Muggins and the Chairman himself.

"Well, then," continued Captain Walsingham, "since I deserve all your confidence, as the Great Cham used to observe to those faithful slaves whom he intended to put to death,—I will show you that I mean to retain it. Here, gentlemen—here is a paragraph which will appear in the *Tea-pot* of to-morrow morning. Mr. Snuffery, do me the favor, as treasurer, to read it?"

Mr. Snuffery, who, notwithstanding the nature of his appointment, had nothing to treasure up but the speeches of the Chairman, immediately complied with that individual's request, and read the contents of a little piece of paper, which was handed to him, as follows:—

"THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—It is a well-known fact that this illustrious commander gave peace to Europe by the achievements he and his gallant followers performed at Waterloo. The reputation of his Grace is the most eminent that can be conceived: it seems to stand alone in the English annals of renown—its supernal lustre throws all others into a deep shade. Yet even this enviable and extensive reputation may eventually find a rival; and if such be the will of destiny, then will the honor of this great competition be decidedly awarded to Walsingham and Company's Asphaltum."

"Well, I never could have fancied what was coming," exclaimed Mr. Welladay, as the treasurer brought the perusal of this most erudite paragraph to a conclusion.

"It was Puffemorf's idea," exclaimed Captain Walsingham. "Why—it will create a more powerful sensation in the fashionable world than Twaddlehem's new novel."

"Very good, very good," observed Mr. Cherryburton, whose nose seemed to indicate that he was not indifferent to cherry-brandy. "It ain't bad," kindly assented Mr. Molesworthy.

"What ain't?—the brandy?" murmured Mr. Muggins from beneath the table, where he had just awoke: "ask the Cheerman then to pour me out another thimble-full."

But the Chairman perceived that there was not another thimble-full, nor yet half an

one, to pour out; so Mr. Muggins and his request were disregarded.

"Where did you first see this wonderful Asphaltum?" inquired Mr. Welladay of the gallant captain at the head of the table.

"Upon the Boulevards in Paris," was the reply. "And while I think of it," continued the Chairman, "I forgot to mention that I have written to some very eminent gentlemen—friends of mine—who are at present residing in the French metropolis, and who will not only establish agencies, *et cetera*, for us, but will also take a considerable number of shares."

"So much the better," ejaculated Mr. Welladay, casting a glance of the deepest admiration at the respectable Chairman.

"Nay—more than that," continued Captain Walsingham, "I am every minute expecting a reply to my letter. The foreign delivery is late to-day."

Scarcely were the words out of the Chairman's mouth, when the well-known double-knock of the postman echoed through the house. How many an anxious bosom heaves, and hearts beat quickly at that thrilling sound, upon which often—too often, hang life and death, joy or sorrow, prosperity or despair!

The landlady made her appearance with a letter, for which Mr. Welladay paid the postage, as the chairman seemed to be absorbed in the examination of the address, which was not in the hand-writing of Mr. Pickwick, as he had expected it to be. But it was a very singular and truly original hand-writing—not running parallel with the top of the paper, but curiously obliques from one corner to another—in other words diagonal. The capital letters, too, were, by way of variation, placed in the middle of sentences: indeed, not to keep the reader any longer in suspense, the superscription stood thus:—

"captain Valsinghame eskvire

"number six

"noo Cut

"Lundun."

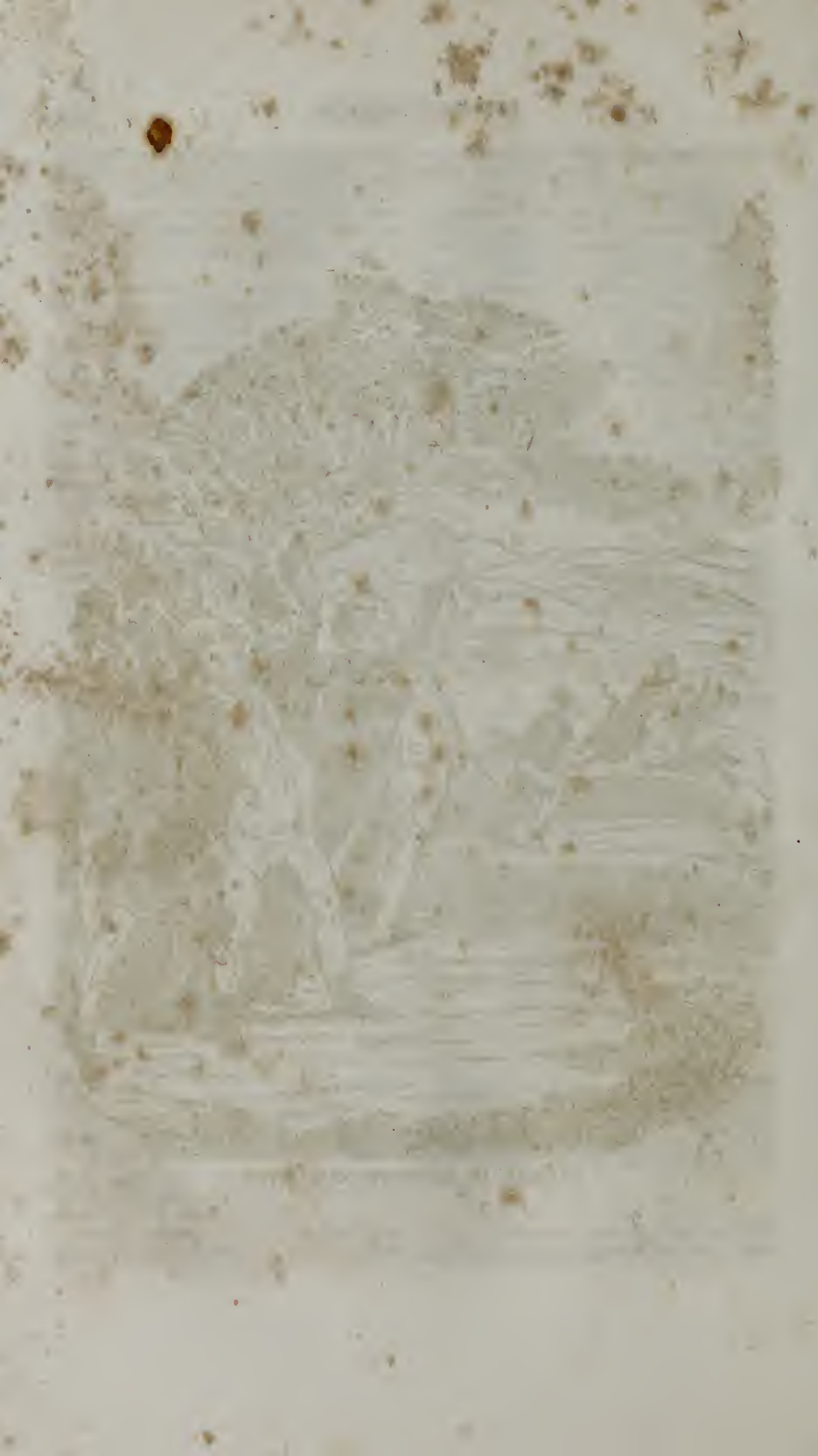
Captain Walsingham felt convinced that Mr. Pickwick could not be the author of so extraordinary a specimen of orthography. He therefore tore the letter open, and to his most unfeigned astonishment perused the following document:—

"Sir,

"I don't say persisely that you shall have yor vay vith the gunner, nor, does i insin-



TUPMAN IN PURSUIT OF A WIFE.



ivate for a moment that you shan't. all i wishes to no is vether you don't vish you may get it.

"now raly, mi fine feller, vi doesn't you draw it rayther more milder, as the gen'leman said to the barnmade ven she drew him half a pint o' Mukes's best. you thinks no von can sea but yourself an that other peepeel has got nothin' but dust in their hi. vereas ve all seas as far into a briik vall as you. pon my vord you're a very nice little boy, air you not now?

"vot is all this preshus bother about ass-faltes and orsefaltes as you're takin' about. an then to tri 2 lett in the pore guvner as vos like a farthur to you ven you vos in trubble in saint pellagee. i'm raly ashamed on you. it ain't manners, as the owersear said to the porpor vich asked twice for supe.

"now the fect o' the caise is this here. your letter cum this mornin. an guvner an the other gen'lemen is all gon to brekfust with scuttle in the roo tayboo. but i nose your an riting so i jist pepes into the billey doo an twigs a rummy vord as vos harder than the art of a pore lor commissshunner vell i thort, *this vos rayther qvere*, so i looks a little deeper an' i sees vot you're up 2 in a minit. as i takes the guvners intrist very much to art i opins the hepistle an' redes him from the dait to the naim at the eend. if i ad not none your an ritin i shud a nown your triks. so i didn't sho the letter to the guvner but ansers you insted. nothin like doin things vons-self, as the italian markiss observed to the brayvo vich offered to kill his elder brother.

"so now, mi fine feller, i thinks as how i've settled your hashe. vi you must think as how that trees isn't grener than pickvick. god Bless your hignorents. if pickvick's grene sam veller's not. like mas'er like man don't invariably stand good. so no more at present, as the parson said ven he'd preched the congregashun aslepe, from your very faithful servant to command.

"SAMIVEL VELLER.

"if you don't like to pay the postige you needn't take it in. there has bin a many very affectionate inquiries about you since your affair vith mister snodgrass and the young countess. dumong, the jonny darmy, ud like to shake ans vith you very much but i'm afereed that if he vonce got you his love is so grate, h3 wouldn't like to part vith you. this postscrip is rayther longer than hi ment it to be. so i'll jist countersine it as that feller roland says on his makassar ile bottles.

"S. VELLER, to vit."

Any good news?" inquired Mr. Welladay, when Captain Walsingham had terminated the perusal of his letter.

"No—no," returned that gentleman, very deliberately folding up the epistle and conveying it to his pocket. "It is only a private communication from my friend, the Minister of Foreign Affairs."

"Oh! indeed," exclaimed Mr. Welladay; "then it's nothing about the asphalte concern?"

"Nothing," answered the worthy Chairman, looking very much at that moment as if his correspondence ought to be with the Prefect of Police instead of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, which it very likely would have been had he existed within the jurisdiction of the first-mentioned authority.

Matters having been brought to this very satisfactory point, and Mr. Muggins being too much overcome with liquor to give any acceptances at that moment, the meeting broke up; and Mr. Muggins himself was conveyed home on a shutter.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The memorable interview between Captain Horatio Clarence Walsingham and Mr. Peter Muggins.—Establishment of the Company.

In order that no time might be lost in establishing the celebrated Universal Stone-expelling and Asphaltum-substituting Equitable Company upon a permanent foundation, its eminent originator, Captain Horatio Clarence Walsingham, sallied forth on the morning after the famous meeting which we described in a previous chapter, and bent his way towards the abode of Mr. Muggins.

Mr. Muggins embellished with his name and person, as well as with his extensive family of thirteen children, an eight-roomed house situate in Upper Stamford Street. He himself occupied the ground-floor and the attics. The first floor front, and the bed-room above, were let to a half-pay major in the army, who very often entertained a quiet little party of ten or a dozen superannuated military friends, upon which occasions a great many cigars were smoked and a considerable quantity of gin discussed. Indeed, had not the house been a private one, it would have suffered the penalties of

an indictment for a nuisance; but the major paid his thirty shillings for rent, and his three-and-sixpence for coals, every Monday morning; and so Mr. Muggins said nothing about the noise and the tobacco-smoke. The back drawing-room and bedroom over-head, were tenanted by the Editor of a weekly newspaper, who was a very quiet man, although somehow or another he never *could* write a line save under the influence of Barclay and Perkins' best draught stout, of which he generally imbibed a quart before he rose in the morning.

Stamford-street itself is the only respectable one in all that neighborhood. It is principally habited by individuals having business in the City, or by authors; and the landlords of the houses for the most part are exceedingly prone to the letting of lodgings. All the servants in this street are acquainted with each other; and thus the affairs of their respective masters and mistresses are no secret. The gentleman who beats his wife three or four times a day in order to remind her that he is sole lord and master in his own house; the surgeon, who has married two or three sisters, as fast as one died off; the lady and gentleman that ain't married, although they pass themselves off as man and wife; and the old bachelor, who has been a sad fellow in his day,—all these are the subjects of conversation and scandal amongst the local domesticities. In the summer time, the young ladies sit in low gowns at the open drawing room windows, and with their feet on the balconies; and in the winter they stand, working or looking out into the street, at the same casements. The most remarkable individuals to be encountered in Stamford-street, besides its inhabitants, are the fruiterer with his cart, the watercress woman with her shrill cry, the compositors and boys from Mr. Clowes's printing office, the policemen and the watchmen at night. But this sameness in the sphere of animated nature is occasionally varied by the tax-gatherer, who always *will* come just when there's nothing for him—the sheriff's-officer in search of a candidate for the Bench—and the landlord, to claim those arrears which it is not always convenient to pay.

But to return to Captain Horatio Clarence Walsingham. This gentleman knocked for about three-quarters of a minute at Mr. Muggins' door, and was speedily admitted into the front parlor and to the presence of

that individual, who had just dismissed his breakfast and the newspaper.

"Good morning, Mr. Muggins," was the Captain's amiable salutation: "how are you this morning?"

"Pretty tidy, thank'ee," returned Mr. Muggins. "Pray take a cheer."

"And how's Mrs. Muggins?" inquired the Captain with great feeling, as he sank into the proffered seat; "and all the family?"

"Hearty—quite hearty," replied Mr. Muggins. "But will you excuse me for a moment?"

"Oh! certainly," exclaimed the Captain; and Mr. Muggins pulled the bell with furious violence.

The summons was answered by a stout female domestic, with an exceedingly dirty apron round her waist, and a large whity-brown cap upon her head.

"Mary," cried Mr. Muggins, when the servant made her appearance; "I'm very uneasy about that there apple-tart. What *could* have become of it?"

"Lor, Sir," returned the domestic, "it won't bigger than yer thumb."

"I don't care, Mary," ejaculated Mr. Muggins, "how big it was; or how small it was. All I want to know is, what become of it?"

"Well, Sir," retorted the cook; "and pray did I say that there worn't any?"

"I didn't say you did, Mary," answered Mr. Muggins: "but if we could find out who took the apple-tart, we might perhaps, discover the person which took the cold sassaes t'other day."

"I never was accused of nothink afore this," began the domestic, now whimpering in order to avoid further interrogation; "and I've lived three year, come Lady's day, Mr. Muggins, in your service. And previous to that, I was seven year four months and a week with Captain Whistonbury and his lady; and they never missed—no, not the walley of a blessed farden—except the brandy as no one never *could* account for, and them bottles o' wine which I never could make out how they got away. But as for the broken wittles—I'd scorn the haction!"

And with all the dignity of conscious innocence, this much injured woman wiped her eyes upon the corner of her apron, arranged her cap, and stared full and dauntlessly in the face of her accuser.

"Well—well, Mary," said Mr. Muggins, softening; "I dare say it's all right—all

right, I dare say. But mind that them scraps of cheese is eaten in the kitchen afore another one is cut."

Mary muttered a reply, and carried herself and her wrongs back again to her own subterranean regions.

"You will excuse me, my dear sir," exclaimed Mr. Muggins, when his servant had disappeared; "but I'm obleeged to be very strict in my domestic ekkonommy. Would you believe it," he added in a low and mysterious voice, "that we've lost upwards of a bushel of coals within the last six weeks?"

"God bless me!" cried Captain Walsingham, forcing himself to sympathize in the misfortunes of the much-to-be-pitied Muggins: "you don't say so!"

"I do indeed, though," returned Mr. Muggins. "But now to business. I was rayther sleepy yesterday, and did not hear all you had to say about your Asphalte institootion."

Captain Walsingham repeated many of the strong and very convincing arguments he had used the day before; and Mr. Muggins was so struck, not to say affected, by that one which related to the fact of the Captain's being unable to stand upright upon the pavement at times—particularly after dinner—that he immediately resolved upon giving the Company his fullest support. Indeed, he (Mr. Muggins) had not unfrequently noticed a similar coincidence in respect to himself; and he could not do otherwise than deeply deplore the existence of so great and crying an evil.

"To be sure," cried Mr. Muggins; "I recollect perfectly well, when we had that glorious dinner at the *Waterspout and Trumpet* to celebrate the resignation of the Milk-and-Water Ministry and the triumph of the Small-Beer party in the House, that I couldn't stand any how upon the cursed paving-stones."

"No one ever can," indignantly cried Captain Walsingham, whose patriotic soul was fired with the idea of liberating his fellow-countrymen from so horrible a predicament. "The government must answer to a justly-incensed people for this state of things; and it would be strangely embarrassed how to do so, if I did not aid it in its difficulty by proposing a substitute for the crying nuisance."

"I see, I see," said Mr. Muggins, catching a spark of that fire which animated his companion. "And how much ready money shall we want to commence our operations?"

"The nominal capital is of course a million," ejaculated Captain Horatio Clarence Walsingham; "but all that we actually re-

quire at first is about five hundred to a thousand pounds."

"And where the deuce is it to come from?" demanded Mr. Muggins.

"The capitalist who will advance the cash," continued the Captain, without noticing the question, "is to receive a *bonus* of five *per cent* more than any other person connected with the Company."

"Well—that is but fair," murmured Mr. Muggins.

"And he will have other perquisites and privileges, too numerous to mention," added Captain Walsingham. "For instance, such capitalist shall have the right of advancing as much money to the Company, at the above-mentioned rate, as he chooses. What do you think of *that*?"

"Admirable!" exclaimed Mr. Muggins.

"And he shall have it in his power," proceeded the Chairman, "to prevent the Company from applying to any other individual for loans, so long as he chooses to furnish them himself."

"Very eligible—very eligible, indeed!" cried Mr. Muggins. "Them is tempting offers."

"And the Company shall bind itself to receive, through its treasurer, all the sums he may be desirous of investing in the concern," said the Chairman: "and you may depend upon it, that I will use my influence to induce the board of directors to accept of as large a loan as such capitalist may wish to advance. Nay, more—we will draw up a deed, by virtue of which the said capitalist shall have it in his power to *insist* upon the Company's receiving the loans."

"You know my capital is all locked up," began Mr. Muggins, whom these advantageous proffers greatly interested.

"And in order to accommodate such capitalist," hastily continued Captain Walsingham, "the money or monies, to be furnished, shall be advanced upon bills; and, what is more—the Company shall pay for the stamps?"

The annals of Joint Stock Companies (even in the panic year) do not furnish such a remarkable instance of liberality and kindness on the part of any of those vast public enterprises which reflect so much honor upon the nation, as this which it is now our pleasure and our pride to put upon record. Even Mr. Muggins himself was astonished at the generosity of the Chairman; and the production of the spirit-stand, with two small glasses, was the most emphatic proof of his gratitude.

which he could at the moment possibly think of.

"Mary," said he, for an instant relapsing into domestic affairs, "some one has been at that gin-decanter—I know they have."

"Lor, Sir!" cried the domestic; "who *could* have been at it?" Missus don't drink sperets of a mornin'; and you know I wouldn't touch a drop to save my existence."

Mr. Muggins swore that he did not know any such thing; and he rapped out a good number of oaths to support his assertion.

"I'm blessed if ever I touched it," cried the unfortunate cook. "I'd scorn to do such a thing."

She, however, had the prudence and presence of mind to stand as far off from her master as possible, her breath having a very unpleasant predilection to exhale certain spirituous odors at that time in the morning, as indeed it also did throughout the day.

"Well, Mary," returned Mr. Muggins, "it's no use talking nor persisting to the contrary, 'cos some one *has* been to them there bottles. But we won't say no more about it now: I dare say I shall find out the thief afore long, for I'm blowed if I don't pison something, if things continues to go on in this sort o' way."

The cook *did* intimate, as she bounced out of the room, that her master might proceed upon a visit, as soon as he liked and for anything that she cared, to his Satanic Majesty: but she was not precisely understood by Mr. Muggins: and so her permission to undertake this journey was not noticed on the part of him for whose behoof it was expressed.

"Taste this rum," said Mr. Muggins; and he filled two wine glasses with the juice of Jamaica's choicest productions.

"Excellent!" cried the Captain, smacking his lips, and setting down the glass which he had emptied.

"Yes—it isn't bad," said Mr. Muggins. "But—I tell you what—an idea has entered my head."

"No!" ejaculated the Captain, with an affectation of the deepest astonishment.

"Honor bright!" exclaimed Mr. Muggins; and he bestowed a most sapient and cognoscent wink upon his companion.

"Well, what is it, now?" demanded the eminent Chairman: "something good, I dare say!"

"Why—I don't mind," began Mr. Muggins, speaking very deliberately, as he unfolded his plan, and re-filled the glasses with equal caution,—*"I don't mind if I let you have a*

little advance—a small loan, you know—myself!"

"Muggins," said Captain Walsingham, assuming a most solemn expression of countenance,—*"Muggins, I am your friend. I esteem you. I like you. I admire you. You are a man of the world, Muggins. Give me your hand."*

And the hand of Mr. Muggins was there upon clasped in the hand of Captain Walsingham. It was thus that those great men demonstrated their friendship for each other; and if we do but change the name of Muggins into Pythias, and Walsingham into Damon, we shall see the ancient legend realized in modern times!

By one of those strange coincidences which not unfrequently characterize mundane affairs, Captain Walsingham had a bill for five hundred pounds already drawn out upon the proper stamp, in his pocket. This little incident excited a great deal of laughter between the two gentlemen, on account of the strangeness of it; as it was not for a moment to be supposed that the result of the conference could have been anticipated by either.

"Odd—wasn't it?" observed the Captain.

"Very," returned Mr. Muggins.

"Just the amount, perhaps," said the Chairman.

"Exactly!" exclaimed the capitalist.

"You'll accept it, then?" inquired the Captain.

"On the conditions proposed," was the reply.

"Fire away, then," jocosely urged the gallant Captain Walsingham.

"Here's the ink-stand," said Mr. Muggins, reaching one from the mantel-piece: "but where's the pen?"—and he gave another furious pull at the bell.

"Mary's coming," said Captain Walsingham, perceiving that Mr. Muggins was about to repeat the summons with additional violence.

"Mary," cried Mr. Muggins, as the cook entered the room; "there was a pen in this ink-stand only an hour ago!"

"I'm sure I haven't touched it," cried the servant.

"Who has, then?" demanded Mr. Muggins, in a tone and a manner which showed that he treated the affair with a little more seriousness than perhaps it really deserved.

"Lor, sir, how do I know?" returned the cook. "There's Miss Anna-Maria has been in here this morning; and Miss Arabella

was writing out the coal-bills last night. I know Hester-Henrietta is very fond of playing with the pens; and Master Matthew Julius always *does* take 'em."

"Bring another, then," cried Mr. Muggins; and when the pen was brought, he declared that he was anything but satisfied about that apple-tart, and that nothing should persuade him that no one had been to the gin-decanter. He then muttered something about a bushel of coals, and having motioned his servant out of the room, accepted the bill.

On the following morning, Captain Horatio Clarence Walsingham succeeded in discounting the acceptance of Mr. Peter Muggins in the city; and his first care was to treat himself with a bason of turtle-soup and a glass of iced punch at Birch's. He then purchased a watch at Mr. Cox Savory's, and a ring of Messieurs Griffin and Hyam's; and having thus ministered to his own necessities, he proceeded to attend to those of the Company. He began by hiring a splendid set of offices in Bartholomew-lane, and forthwith purchased desks, tables, and chairs, to place in them. He procured a painter, who painted the words "PUBLIC OFFICE" upon one door; "WAITING ROOM" upon another; and "BOARD ROOM" upon a third. He then hired three individuals, who, under the denomination of clerks, were to sit at a desk in the Public Office, chatter and read the newspaper when they were alone, and apply themselves like madmen to three great books with clasps, when a stranger came in. A servant in blue livery, with white buttons, was also engaged to lounge about in the passage outside the entrance door which led to the offices; and a man, with printed prospectuses to give away, was stationed in the street. A general meeting of the Directors was then called and advertised, to discuss the business of the Company; but as there was as yet no business to occupy their attention, they discussed a copious luncheon instead.

In a few days, a paragraph was drawn up by the excellent Chairman, and inserted (upon payment) in one or two of those daily papers which do not put the word "Advertisement" at the beginning; and this paragraph stated that they (the papers) were informed upon the best authority that the materials which composed the Asphaltum were derived from Asiatic sources; whereupon Mr. Snuffery, as treasurer and secretary, wrote a letter to all the journals to

contradict this report; and as the said letters were inserted for nothing, the Company gained its aim in obtaining publicity at the least possible expense.

Another paragraph, tending to show that the Asphaltum would never be applied to universal use, was then paid for and inserted in the *Morning Teapot*; and at this the Company pretended to be in the most direful wrath; so much so, that Messieurs Rumrig and Sharp, the Company's solicitors, were instructed to bring an action against the aforesaid *Morning Teapot*; but, after a great deal of public display, letter-writing, pamphleteering, fending and proving, that eminent legal firm declared it was not necessary to proceed with the suit; and so the whole business was announced to have been arranged in the most amicable manner possible.

A few shares were next issued, and private friends were sent round to purchase up these shares at a *premium*; so that the transaction took wind, and the Company succeeded in getting itself blamed for allowing only the acquaintances of the Directors to profit by the speculation. The demand for shares was therefore immediate and great; and when a piece of the pavement fronting the house in which the offices of the company were situate, was robbed of its stone and subjected to the process of the Asphaltum, the enthusiasm and credulity of the public in favor of this great institution knew no bounds. A grand dinner was given by the Directors at the *City of London Tavern*; and Mr. Muggins was generously permitted by the worthy Chairman to advance the Company another five hundred pounds.

Of course Captain Walsingham could no longer remain in the three-pair back, which he had formerly occupied in the New Cut. But Mr. Muggins had a ready-furnished house of his own in Broad street, to let; and into this the eminent Chairman of the Universal Stone-expelling and Asphaltum-substituting Equitable Company speedily removed. With his usual prudence, he did not think it necessary to intimate to the public that he had just emerged from so vulgar a region as the New Cut: he accordingly had his arrival in town, from Walsingham Hall, Staffordshire, duly inserted in the fashionable columns of the *Morning Post* and thence copied into the evening papers.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A conversation between Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Weller, that leads to a series of very interesting adventures.—Messieurs Porrett and Knackers.—Mr. Winkle exhibits some amiable traits of character.

"Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, on the following morning, when he awoke and perceived his faithful attendant disposing his clothes in order as usual, "What is the matter with your eye?"

"Rayther damaged, sir," was the answer: "but its a blessin' that my nose ain't in a sling, for I got very sewerely punished last night, sir."

"Punished!" ejaculated Mr. Pickwick; "and by whom?"

"Vy, Sir," returned Mr. Weller, whose right optic presented an interesting combination of colors, amongst which blue was the most predominant, "there's a party o' milling coves jist come over from England on a little private spekilation o' their own."

"Ah! I see—mill-wrights engaged in the prosecution of their craft," exclaimed Mr. Pickwick.

"No sich thing, sir," cried Sam: "they ain't no more mill-wrights than you or me is. They're chaps as belongs to the fancy."

"Traders in little articles for the female toilet, I dare say," observed Mr. Pickwick.

"L—d, sir, how very innocent you air, to be sure," cried Mr. Weller. The fellers as I speaks of is spereted boys vich knows how to handle their fives."

"Now I understand you Sam," said Mr. Pickwick. "They are people who have come over to establish a tennis-court, and you have doubtless received a blow from a ball in the eye. Well, Sam, there is no harm in a little innocent recreation."

"Vy, sir, von must actiwallly spell things next," exclaimed Mr. Weller, with a little more impatience of manner than he usually exhibited towards his master. "The milling covies as I alludes to, and von of vich gived me this here poult in the eye, is men dewoted to the very amiable science of fighting. Prize-fighters they calls 'em in England."

"And one of them dared to assault you, Sam?" cried Mr. Pickwick, in the deepest indignation.

"Ve assaulted each other by mutual consent, I should rayther think," answered Mr. Weller. "Fust he gived me a teaser

on the left cheek, and then I jist dropt him two for his pains, von on the conk and t'other on the box o' dominos. 'Hit him hard, Tom, as the Colonel says to the drummer ven they flogs the men to death at Voolich,' cried von feller; an' blowd if he didn't too. But I jist gived him enough to relish his dinner vith, instead o' cheese, and come off vith no more hurt than this here black eye."

"Then, in plain English, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, "you mean to assert that you had a fight—a disgraceful fight—with a common boxer?"

"Disgraceful, sir!" cried Mr. Weller. "Nothin' worn't more fairer in the whole world. We had two seconds, and a umpire, and the claret flowed very freely on both sides."

"Then you were tipsy, I suppose," exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, casting a terrible glance at his delinquent valet, who only nodded and smiled significantly, without expressing the slightest contrition or regret.

"Ve scarcely touched a drop o' anything the whole blessed evenin', sir," answered Mr. Weller. "But raly von don't dare use figures o' speech vith you, sir, 'cos you doesn't understand the langvidge o' the fancy. Claret means blood, sir."

"It is distressing to think that the words commonly in vogue amongst genteel people cannot suffice for the lower orders," ejaculated Mr. Pickwick: "but the truth is, that the young gentlemen themselves about London, delight now-a-days to ape the vulgarity and manners of common prize-fighters, and thus is the English language gradually becoming a mixture of the most improper synonyms."

Having delivered these sentiments, the weight of which was considerably assisted by the impressive manner in which the learned orator waved his night-cap backwards and forwards as he spoke, Mr. Pickwick jumped nimbly out of bed and stepped upon a large cat which was quietly reposing on the carpet. The great man gave a terrific shout—the large cat flew first at his leg and then out of the room—and Mr. Weller bit his lips till they bled to restrain his laughter. The adventure, however, restored Mr. Pickwick to his wonted good humor; and when he found that he had sustained no damage from the ire of the cat, he himself indulged in a loud cachinnation in the music of which Mr. Weller most cordially joined.

"Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, when his mirth had somewhat subsided, "I have conceived an idea, which I am determined to put into force."

"I wait your pleasure, Sir, as the young kitten said to the man vich vos debating in his own mind vether he should tie a stone round her neck and chuck her into the river, or not," was Mr. Weller's observation.

"Where do these misguided men, whom you call prize-fighters, meet?" demanded Mr. Pickwick.

"At a English chop-house close by the Italian Opera, Sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"At what time are they visible?" asked Mr. Pickwick.

"Venever you claps eyes on 'em, Sir," returned Sam.

"I mean, when do they meet at the tavern to which you allude?"

"At eight this evenin', Sir," said Mr. Weller, who began to comprehend the drift of all these questions.

"Very well, Sam," added Mr. Pickwick, seriously, "I shall accompany you thither at that hour; and mind you do not interfere in anything that may take place when we are there."

"But, Sir—" began Mr. Weller.

"No observations, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick: "I am determined to act and be obeyed as it shall seem good to me;"—and with these words, this extraordinary philanthropist proceeded to the breakfast-room, where he imparted his design to his three friends.

"I have got an appointment, unfortunately," observed Mr. Tupman, who did not at all relish the scheme.

"And I am too unwell again to stir out," cried Mr. Snodgrass. "My cold has returned; or else I caught a fresh one last night;" and in order to adduce something in the shape of proof to support his assertion, Mr. Snodgrass was suddenly seized with a desperate fit of coughing, which only ceased upon the recommendation of Mr. Weller, who had followed his master into the parlor, not to choke himself.

"Well, I would rather take Winkle with me, as it happens," said Mr. Pickwick; "because he has mixed, more or less, in early life with all kinds of sporting characters, and knows how to deal with that class of individuals."

"Oh! yes—I—I'll go—with you," stammered Mr. Winkle, bolting half a roll, and looking so very happy at the prospect

of accompanying his great leader, that, as Mr. Weller observed, it was quite a blessing to see him.

True to his word, at eight o'clock precisely did the immortal Mr. Pickwick, accompanied by Mr. Winkle and Mr. Samuel Weller, turn from the Boulevards des Italiens into the little square upon which the Italian Opera then looked.

The facade of this edifice consisted of six columns of the Tonic order, which were devoid of all ornament. The building, however, had an imposing appearance, and borrowed much of the excellence of its effect upon the beholder from the regularity of the structures around it.

"Here ve air gen'lemen," said Mr. Weller; and in a few moments he conducted Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Winkle to a small tavern close by.

"Let us have some brandy-and-water, Sam," whispered Mr. Pickwick, as he seated himself at a table, an example that was immediately followed by Mr. Winkle; "for we must not appear to have come hither for the motive which really brings us."

The two gentlemen were speedily accommodated with the beverage they required; and Mr. Weller, having procured a bottle of stout for himself, took a seat at a respectful distance from his master.

"Here's von on 'em, Sir," suddenly observed Sam, in a low voice, as a ruffianly-looking fellow entered the room. "How air you to-day?"

This last sentence was addressed to the prize-fighter, who immediately bestowed a patronising nod upon Mr. Weller, and then very unceremoniously seated himself at the same table which was occupied by him and his masters. Mr. Weller was about to remonstrate against this excess of familiarity; but a sign from Mr. Pickwick prevented him.

"Well, and how are you by this time?" said the prize-fighter. "Eye damaged, I see. Here, Villam, give us a glass of cold without—strong, mind. Tom Knackers will be here in the course of a few minutes."

"Is he any the vorse for the mill, Mr. Porrett?" inquired Sam.

"Here he is to answer for himself," returned Mr. Porrett; and the moment Mr. Knackers and Mr. Porrett met each other's view, they both burst into a tremendous shout of laughter; although neither probably knew what there was to laugh at.

They were both strong and muscular men, attired in a species of flash style which has the same reference to real gentility as counterfeit jewellery to genuine gold, and bearing on their visages divers indications of hard-fought battles. For instance, Mr. Knackers' left eye was adorned with a dreadful scar; and Mr. Porrett's nose was very nearly flattened level with his face. They had both moreover lost a few of their front teeth.

"Gentlemen, will you allow me to treat you to a bowl of punch?" said Mr. Pickwick; and without waiting for the assent of the prize-fighters, he ordered William to bring the proffered treat.

"Who is the old fellow?" inquired Mr. Knackers.

"That there's my mas'er, gen'lemen," said Mr. Weller aloud; and Mr. Knackers and Mr. Porrett hoped that both Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Winkle were quite well; and when answered in the affirmative, they simultaneously declared, that, for their parts, they were never better.

The punch was now served out to the party; and Mr. Pickwick determined to commence his exhortation so soon as it should have taken the effect of putting those, whom he intended with his characteristic wisdom and foresight, to reclaim, into a good humor.

"Here's to you, Sir," said Mr. Knackers.

"Better luck to us all," cried Mr. Porrett; and the two gentlemen emptied their glasses at a draught.

"Have you been unfortunate, then?" inquired Mr. Pickwick in a very sentimental tone of voice.

"I should rather think so," answered Mr. Porrett. "Wasn't I wolloped by young Irish Bill down there at Reading last year? and didn't I stand a chance of going to the Floating Academy at Woolwich for killing the Kidderminster favorite?"

"Ah! you and I have seen someat in our lives, Ben," moralized Mr. Knackers. "I was only a small infant when my first public exhibition at the cart's tail took place, and through no fault of mine. It was all along of my sister which stole the goose and laid it to me."

"The Floating Academy means the hulks, Sir," whispered Mr. Weller to his master. "Very amusin' chaps, ain't they?"

"Very," said Mr. Pickwick, drily.

"This punch is rather strong," said Mr. Winkle, by way of saying something.

"Are you one of the fancy, Sir," inquired Mr. Porrett, addressing himself to Mr. Winkle.

"Who? I—Oh! no" answered that gentleman, starting as if his interrogator had actually explained himself more fully by pitching into him right and left, to use the select phraseology of prize-fighters.

"What a loss you have had to experience, then!" said Mr. Porrett, shaking his head in mournful commiseration.

"Nor you, Sir?" inquired Mr. Knackers of Mr. Pickwick.

"I have not that pleasure," was the answer.

"Why, where do you come from?" demanded Mr. Knackers.

"From London, Sir," replied Mr. Pickwick; and the two prize-fighters burst out into a violent fit of laughter.

"My mas'ers is gen'lemen as has had very little experience in them things," observed Mr. Weller; "but if so be you're very anxious at this per-cise moment to discover anything to practise upon, vy I'm your man, as the bear said ven he hugged the old lady to death."

"Sam," cried Mr. Pickwick; "remember my injunctions; and you, gentlemen, do me the favor to listen to a friend to humanity. I am old enough to be your father."

"So you are, old boy," ejaculated Mr. Knackers.

"And I speak to you as I would to my own children," continued Mr. Pickwick.

"There's no mistake about that," cried Mr. Porrett.

"You are both strong and fine men," said Mr. Pickwick, prudently appealing to their feelings through the medium of flattering their vanity; you are both strong and fine men—"

"So the Kidderminster pet said when I knocked his eye out," interrupted Mr. Porrett.

"And it is terrible to see you mutilate yourselves in such a degrading system of warfare," added the learned orator.

"I recollect the old magistrate making the very same observation when he fined me fifteen bob for assaulting a cab-man," observed Mr. Knackers.

"Consider the course of life you are pursuing, my friends," resumed Mr. Pickwick, as he filled the glasses round; "drinking, rioting, swearing—"

"Well upon my word, you do it uncommonly well, now," exclaimed Mr. Porrett.

"In certain you're one of us, and all this preaching is in fun. Ha! ha! talking against drinking just as you fill the glasses! Capital—eh? ain't it, Knackers?"

Mr. Knackers replied in the affirmative; and as both those gentleman firmly believed that Mr. Pickwick's moral injunctions had only emanated in the desire of amusement, they told him to "hold his cursed jaw" when he prepared to continue his discourse; and requested Mr. Winkle to favor them with a song. With this solicitation, Mr. Winkle could not however comply; and so Mr. Porrett proposed that he should put on the gloves. This suggestion threw Mr. Knackers into convulsions of laughter; and William, the waiter, having produced the boxing-gloves, Mr. Winkle's hands were plunged into them in a moment, and he himself was led into the middle of the room, where a ring was immediately formed by the other frequenters of the tavern who were present; and Mr. Porrett prepared to spar with him.

These movements were so suddenly resolved upon, and so quickly executed, that Mr. Pickwick was incapacitated by actual astonishment from interfering in his friend's behalf; and Mr. Weller, in obedience to his master's previous orders, did not himself venture to meddle with anything that was passing. Indeed, a malicious commentator upon this circumstance slyly observes, that Sam gladly availed himself of his master's injunction as an excuse for not putting an immediate termination to the amusement.

"Now then, look sharp," roared Mr. Porrett; and he began sparring away like clock-work.

Mr. Winkle instinctively raised his hands to protect his face; and as he accidentally placed them in a very good position, Mr. Porrett's admiration of his opponent's science was not a little excited.

"Go it, my boys," roared three or four English mechanics who were present.

"That's a rummy one," cried Mr. Knackers, as Mr. Porrett dropped his right glove into Mr. Winkle's left eye, and then just touched Mr. Winkle with his left hand under the right ear.

"Sam!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, at length recovering the use of his speech; "call in the police."

"It's all over now, sir," very coolly remarked that individual, just as Mr. Porrett levelled Mr. Winkle gently and quietly with the ground.

But at that moment the police, without waiting to be called in at all, made its appearance in the shape of a town-sergeant, who, passing by the place at the time, and hearing a dreadful disturbance within, thought it prudent to investigate the particulars of the riot. As soon as the official cocked hat was descried, Mr. Knackers and Mr. Porrett plumped down into their places, and resumed their attacks upon the punch, as if they had been doing nothing else for the preceding two hours; Mr. Pickwick commenced a harangue in English, to exculpate both his friend and domestic; Mr. Winkle sought concealment and refuge in the first place that presented itself conveniently to his view; and Mr. Samuel Weller bestowed a gracious and patronizing nod upon the police officer, who, finding that there was nothing to occupy his official attention, took a drop of brandy at the bar, paid for it, chucked the girl, who served him, under the chin, and then strolled leisurely out of the tavern.

"Now, then, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, "I have had enough of these gentlemen and of your friends' society. Let us return home at once. Where is Mr. Winkle?"

Mr. Weller made use of his eyes, but Mr. Winkle was nowhere to be seen.

"This is very odd," continued Mr. Pickwick; "I am certain he did not depart by the door."

"Mr. Winkle! Mr. Winkle!" cried Sam: "where be you? The Johnny Darny's gone, and now you may make your appearance with all manners o' safety."

"I'm here!" cried a distant and very melancholy voice.

"Where?" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick.

"Where?" shouted Mr. Weller.

"Here," returned the voice; then in a moment another "here!" was uttered a little more plainly; and, in the course of half a minute, a pair of legs descended from the chimney.

"What! is that you, Winkle?" said Mr. Pickwick, uncertain whether to believe his eyes.

"Yes—here I am," answered that gentleman; and, in another second, the entire form of the illustrious Pickwickian emerged from the chimney, all besmeared with soot and dirt, and with the boxing gloves still upon his hands.

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, surveying his luckless friend from top to toe: "do you really mean to say, sir,

that you crept up the chimney?"—"Alas! my dear and kind friend," said Mr. Winkle, in a very plaintive and tragical tone of voice, "pardon a moment of weakness, and believe that the fear of figuring in a police-office alone drove me to that retreat. Think of what Arabella's feelings would have been!"

Mr. Pickwick was softened by this demonstration of his companion's contrition and distress; Mr. Winkle saw the advantage he had gained; and, in order to follow it up, was about to precipitate himself into his great leader's arms. But Mr. Pickwick fell back a few paces in the most unmitigated horror; and Mr. Winkle at length remembered the predicament in which the aerial journey up the chimney had placed him.

"You could not think that I was really afraid?" cried Mr. Winkle, again appealing to Mr. Pickwick.

"Why, to tell you the truth," began that gentleman, "appearances are somewhat—"

"Oh! do not trust to appearances," interrupted Mr. Winkle; "appearances are often very deceitful!"

"I don't think as how you could very well say that, if so be some von vos to come for'ard to tell you that you'd bin up a chimney," observed Mr. Weller.

"Believe me," continued Mr. Winkle, "that if any one were to menace your safety, my dear Pickwick—if you stood in the least danger, in fine—I should be the first to dare all to succor you. I only wish that an opportunity would occur to put my valor in your behalf to the test: you should see how readily I would rush forward—forgetting all danger——"

Mr. Winkle, who happened at this moment to glance towards the door, stopped short in the midst of his fine and eloquent discourse, turned deadly pale, and then with one bound reached the chimney, up which he was preparing to climb a second time. But Mr. Weller caught him by the skirt of his coat, and dragged him back; while Mr. Pickwick, alarmed at this sudden panic on the part of his young friend, glanced towards the entrance of the tavern, to ascertain the reason of his terror. A couple of gendarmes were lounging outside, but evidently in a pacific manner, and without any hostile intention. Some time however elapsed before Mr. Winkle could be persuaded that no harm was being meditated against him. Mr. Weller was despatched

to summons a hackney coach, and the adventures of the evening terminated by the return of that individual and his masters to their apartments in the Rue Royale.

"It is very disagreeable to meet with such opposition, when one is desirous of doing good actions and reforming society," observed Mr. Pickwick, as he sat down to supper.

"So George the Third said, sir, ven they ac-vitted Took and Thelvall," exclaimed Mr. Weller.

"But of all persons to reform, prize-fighters are decidedly the worst," cried Mr. Winkle.

"Nice young chaps for a small tea-party, then there is," remarked Mr. Weller.

"I should rather think you meant a hot-punch party," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Vy, yes, sir—I doesn't think as how they're very likely to trouble Bohay much," returned Sam: "strong drinks is best for strong men, they say; milk-an'-vater for babbies."

"Is that the case, Sam?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Without doubt, sir," was the prompt reply.

"Then bring us a couple of bottles of Madeira, Sam," added Mr. Pickwick, without a moment's hesitation.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Mr. Muggins gives a grand ball, to celebrate an anticipated event which promises to make a considerable change in his family, and in the fortunes of a certain eminent individual.—The adventures of the evening.

All was bustle and noise at the house of Mr. Muggins in Upper Stamford Street, Blackfriars, London. An unusual glare of lustre shone from the windows of the first floor, and from the gas light over the front door, and all kinds of vehicles (wagons—carts—hearses, and wheelbarrows excepted) lined the street for upwards of twenty yards, right and left of the house.

But why was the abode of Mr. Muggins in Upper Stamford Street, a scene of bustle and noise? Why were the vehicles assembled at the door? Why had the fat cook a clean cap on in the kitchen, and Mrs. Muggins a sky-blue turban up stairs? Why had jellies, whips, creams, custards, *blanc-manger*, and a variety of other deli-

cacies been fabricated in the morning at the dwelling of Mr. Peter Muggins? Why were the inquisitive people of the house opposite stationed at their windows to gaze at the individuals that stopped at Mr. Muggins' door? And why had the Major, who resided on the first floor, been persuaded to allow the family to use it upon this occasion? These questions can all be answered in six words, of which four are monosyllables—*Mr Muggins gave a grand ball!*

And why did Mr. Muggins give a grand ball? Because Captain Horatio Clarence Walsingham was about to lead to the hymeneal altar Aramintha, eldest daughter of Peter Muggins, Esq.

Many years ago it was the custom for the guests to arrive at about four o'clock: then some fashionable innovator changed the important moment till six. In the time of George the Second, dancing commenced at seven; and this state of things continued for some time without interruption. But at length a duke or duchess issued cards for eight, and then another fashionable person changed the hour into nine. The truth is, that unless the gentlemen have a sufficient time allowed them to drink a couple of bottles of wine or so each, after dinner, they cannot be expected to make themselves as agreeable as they do when they join the ladies or go to a ball or evening-party. Every winter the hour of arrival gets later and later; and we understand that it is the intention of certain fashionables at the West End, when, in the course of the next season, they receive cards for a ball or *soiree*, not to go till the following morning.

Now Mrs. Muggins had issued her cards "for eight precisely;" and, therefore, at eight precisely there was not a soul present. At half-past eight, a few old ladies, widows, and young gentlemen of fifty, made their appearance; and at nine, the rooms began to fill.

"Well, here you are at last," said Mr. Muggins to the Captain, whose knock at the front-door he had recognised, and whom he had hastened to meet in the passage. "What news in the city to-day?"

"Oh! all as right as the mail," replied Captain Walsingham, as he hung a magnificent cloak upon a peg in the hall, and then hung himself upon Mr. Muggins' arm. "Fourteen more shares were disposed of."

"So much the better," said Mr. Muggins.

"But just excuse me one moment," and Mr. Muggins led his future son-in-law into the back ground-floor room, where Mary was arranging the supper.

"I see you mean to do the thing in a slap-up style," observed Captain Walsingham, as his eye glanced over the preparations we have before slightly alluded to.

"Oh! on these occasions, you know—it looks well," whispered Mr. Muggins; then, addressing himself aloud to his domestic, he cried, "Mary, I am very uneasy about them two tarts. Mrs. M. declares she made three dozen and four."

"Lauk-a-daisy, Sir," ejaculated Mary, "who would a think o' counting tarts on the night of a party? I'm sure if they was all gone, I shouldn't ha' knowed wot had become on 'em."

"It's very strange," persisted Mr. Muggins, "very strange, particularly as that cold veal-pie that was left the day before yesterday, at our dinner, has never been accounted for."

"Weal-pie! wot weal-pie?" demanded the indignant servant. "For my part, I hates weal-pie like pison: it always gives me a hindigestion."

"Well, well—Mary," said Mr. Muggins, "we won't say no more about it at present. —Now, Walsingham, let us walk up-stairs."

And Mr. Muggins led the way to the drawing-room, where the Captain found his intended in close conversation with a small group of eight or nine cousins who had just arrived from the country.

"Here's Horatio!" said Miss Aramintha to her relatives, in a whisper loud enough to be heard all over the room; and the interesting object of her devotion glanced towards his dancing-shoes, and then at the ceiling, in order to encourage a belief that his ear had not caught the remark.

"What a fine young man!" observed one of the cousins to Miss Aramintha Muggins.

The Captain advanced towards the group, paid his respects in a peculiarly refreshing and off-hand manner to his intended, and was then introduced in due course to the Misses Stodge; to one of whom he shortly remarked that it had been a very fine day, and to another that he was afraid it would be a wet evening. All this was exceedingly charming; and as a conversation was thus began, a great deal of laughing and giggling soon commenced in the corner where the Captain and the group of young ladies were stationed.

At a little distance from this happy party, sat a very stout old lady with a very thin daughter, and a gentleman with a wig, whose back was turned towards Captain Walsingham, stood talking to them. But the tone of this gentleman's voice seemed far from unfamiliar to him; and two or three observations made by the said gentleman produced a somewhat extraordinary effect upon the gallant Captain. He started—gazed uneasily around—and for a moment appeared thoughtful and embarrassed.

"It was in Paris, ma'am, that this took place," said the gentleman with the wig to the lady with the daughter, in allusion to some adventure he had just been relating: "I was staying at Lawson's—no, I wasn't—what a terrible falsehood I was going to tell you—'twas at Meurice's, I meant—in the Rue Saint Honoré. No—no—in the Rue de Rivoli, it was—what nonsense I am talking!"

"Paris is a very beautiful place, I believe," observed the fat old lady.

"Lor ma, of course it is," returned the thin daughter in a tone of reproof, as much as to say that no lady, who pretended to be a lady, ought to be ignorant of such a notorious fact.

"Paris is a splendid place," said the gentleman. "I recollect when I was at Brussels—no, it wasn't—it was at Vienna—I mean, the East Indies—it was very hot indeed. By the bye, did I say just now that I had been in China?"

"I think you intimated as much," answered the old lady.

"Well, then—if I did," cried the gentleman, very properly suggesting *errata* in reference to his own discourse every two minutes, "I told you a confounded story."

This was quite enough for Captain Horatio Clarence Walsingham. He jumped up from his chair, pleaded a sudden indisposition as an excuse for his rudeness, and disappeared from the drawing-room as quickly as two good legs and a pair of dancing-pumps could carry him. But as he was descending the stairs three at a time, he ran forcibly against Mr. Muggins, whose nose was severely damaged by the violence of the concussion, and whose equilibrium was almost totally overthrown.

"Where are you running to?" demanded Mr. Muggins, rubbing his nose.

"Home—anywhere—I am dangerously ill—dying—all but dead," cried the Captain.

"Stay a moment," exclaimed Mr. Muggins, "you can retire to my own bed-room and lie down a little."

"Impossible!" returned Captain Walsingham.

"I can't suffer you to go away in this state," said Mr. Muggins: "you might faint in the street. Besides, you don't look so very bad after all."

"Oh! I'm better now," ejaculated the Captain; and he made a desperate effort to pass Mr. Muggins on the stairs: but that gentleman held him by his coat-tails, and begged him to return to the drawing-room.

"I *must* introduce you to a certain person there," said Mr. Muggins; "he's quite an original, I can assure you. You'll be vastly amused with him, I know!"

"Who the devil is he?" demanded the Captain, impatiently.

"Oh! a gentleman that I've known a long—long time," returned Mr. Muggins: "his name is Boozie."

"Boozie?" ejaculated the Captain; and the name seemed to give him fresh force to tear himself away.

"Walsingham," cried Mr. Muggins, "this is very strange conduct on your part: I see you're no more ill than I'm ill—but I suppose that some other gal besides my daughter has attractions for you."

Captain Walsingham hesitated—this firmness on the part of Mr. Muggins alarmed him. He could not afford to lose the fair hand of Miss Aramintha; and there were certain very pressing reasons which rendered it inconvenient for him to return to the drawing-room. He deliberated within himself for one moment what course to pursue; and the result of his reflections was that he declared himself to be much better, and professed his willingness to accompany Mr. Muggins to the drawing-room once more. But as he turned to ascend the stairs, his foot purposely slipped, and he fell with his head against one of the steps. Mr. Muggins hastened to his assistance—the Captain applied his hands to his right eye, as if to ease the pain the blow had occasioned—and Mr. Muggins led him down to the front parlor on the ground-floor. Mary was speedily summoned to his assistance; and a piece of brown paper steeped in vinegar was forthwith applied to the Captain's right optic. A neat white cambric handkerchief was then tied round his head; and by way of precaution, the Captain

drew it as far over his face as he possibly could. Mr. Muggins then applied his nose to the bottle, which Mary had brought, to assure himself that it was vinegar and not brandy; and having desired that excellent female not to eat any of the sweets in the next apartment, he hastened with his wounded guest back to the drawing-room, where all kinds of sympathy were immediately offered to the gallant Captain. Indeed to such an extent was he the object of universal commiseration, that Miss Aramintha Muggins inquired of her mother whether it would not be decent and becoming for her to faint; but the prudent parent thought that one scene was quite enough at a time; and so the idea was immediately renounced and tears substituted instead of a fit.

The quadrilles now commenced; and "glanced the many twinkling feet" of the Misses Stodge and the Misses Muggins, together with those of several other Misses, in the mazy dance. The young gentlemen whispered tender things in the ears of the young ladies; and the young ladies simpered, and looked tender things at the young gentlemen. Some young gentlemen walked the figures with the utmost ease and indifference of manner in the world; and others cut as many capers as if they had just emerged from a dancing-academy. Those young ladies who had pretty feet and ankles, took advantage of the opportunity offered to make others aware of the fact which they themselves well knew; and those, whose legs were anything but aristocratic, were careful to ruffle their long petticoats as little as possible. What an expressive picture of human failings, weaknesses, and passions, is the ball-room! It would seem as if every thought, every sentiment, were agitated and revealed, by the mere motion of the dance. And then the little whispering—the harmless scandal—the temporary intimacy, so soon to relapse into coldness and distance—which accompany the quadrille!—Of the harmless scandal, take the following as a specimen.

"How well Miss Aramintha looks this evening," observed a young lady to her partner.

"Well, do you think so now?" returned the young gentleman thus addressed. "For my part, I never *did* admire her."

"Oh! as to admiration, that is another thing," said the young lady: "I meant *well* for her."

"She is always laughing," observed the young gentleman, determined to prefer his partner to any one else in the room.

"She knows she has good teeth," said the young lady. "But what do you think of the eldest Miss Stodge?"

"So exceedingly vulgar!" was the answer.

"She comes from the country, you must remember."

"Ah! that's it: I knew there must be something. People who come out of the country, always *are* vulgar."

And while this young gentleman and this young lady were thus diverting themselves at the expense of Miss Aramintha Muggins and her cousin, Miss Aramintha herself was not less agreeably occupied with Captain Walsingham.

"I'm sure I don't know where pa could have picked up that gawky young man opposite," said Miss Aramintha.

"I don't like to say a word, you know," returned Captain Walsingham, "but I really do *not* think the company is so very select;" and his eye (for one was temporarily useless) wandered towards the place where Mr. Boozie was sitting.

"I asked ma not to invite the Gaddingtons," continued Miss Aramintha; "but she *will* have her own way. And then there's old Mrs. Chilmers, who takes snuff: I can't bear that old woman; she is so scandalous—she never has a good word for anybody. The Gogars ain't amiss—only they *do* dress so! As for the two Miss Niddrys, I detest the sight of them; though *they* ain't so bad as the Tippings."

Having thus mentioned the names of nearly all the families or individuals in the room, Miss Aramintha kindly observed that "if it weren't for them, the company would be agreeable enough," and Captain Walsingham perfectly coincided in all that his intended advanced. Such was a portion of the occupation of those present at Mr. Muggin's ball; and, with a change of names, the same sketch will apply to any ball that ever yet was given, from the *reunion* at Almack's to the "hop" at a country fair.

"I beg your pardon, Sir," said Mr. Boozie, stepping up to Captain Walsingham during an interval between the dances; "but have I not had the pleasure of seeing you before?"

"Never, Sir—never," replied the Captain.

"Weren't you ever at Naples—no Paris, I mean?" demanded Mr. Boozie, inflicting a

good stare upon the gentleman thus addressed.

"Oh! yes," answered Captain Walsingham; "some years ago, when I was attached to Lord Kummitstrong, the Ambassador."

"You don't happen to have a relation of the name of Craslem?" continued Mr. Boozie.

"Craslem?" said the Captain, appearing to reflect:—"Craslem—what an old man, with white hair, do you mean?"

"No—a person just like you," exclaimed Mr. Boozie, casting another scrutinizing glance upon the Captain's countenance.

"Oh! then I don't know him," replied that gentleman.

"How strikingly like him you are!" said Mr. Boozie.

"Indeed!" cried Captain Walsingham; then, after a moment's pause, he added, "Have you been long in England?"

"Oh! yes—eighteen months—no, what a falsehood I was telling!" returned Mr. Boozie: "I should think it is more than two years since I left Paris."

"Have you known Muggins long?" demanded Captain Walsingham, in a most mysterious manner.

"Not very long," was the answer.

"Ah! then you don't know anything about him?" continued Captain Walsingham, with a sly laugh.

"Nothing particular," said Mr. Boozie.

"Does he owe you any money?" was the next question.

"No!" was the next answer, delivered in a tone of astonishment.

"Oh! your turn ain't come yet, then," said Captain Walsingham, in a more mysterious manner still.

"What do you allude to?" asked Mr. Boozie.

The Captain made a sign to Mr. Boozie to follow him into the passage, where the conversation was continued.

"What do I allude to?" repeated the Captain; "now—can I trust you?"

"If you mean, can I keep a secret," rejoined Mr. Boozie, "I answer, 'Yes.' When I was in Paris—New York, I mean—four years ago—"

"Never mind that," said the Captain, impatiently. "You don't want to lend money, and never have it back again, I suppose? Well—you must take care of Muggins, then: I'm in for it deep enough already: a couple of cool thousands—nothing

more, as my friend the great—I mean, as people say."

Mr. Boozie appeared alarmed.

"And a deuced lucky thing it will be for you if he don't call you out of the room presently, and ask you for a loan," added Captain Walsingham.

Mr. Boozie looked aghast.

"Devilish awkward fellow to have to deal with," continued the Captain: "borrow money, and if you won't lend him any, sends his tall brother to call you out."

Mr. Boozie glanced anxiously around him.

"And whenever he means to fix a victim," said Captain Walsingham, by way of winding up his speech, "he invariably invites him to a party."

"I am exceedingly sorry—that is, very much obliged for this hint," said Mr. Boozie.

"I live at Camden-town—no, I don't—what a devil of a cracker I was going to tell! I *did* live there—now I'm residing at Camberwell—here's my card—no, it isn't—but there it is—and I shall be most happy to see you, if ever you come my way."

With these words, Mr. Boozie wrung Captain Walsingham's hand to express his gratitude, and took himself away from the house as quickly as he could, without taking leave of anybody.

"Where the devil's Boozie?" cried Mr. Muggins, running out of the drawing-room, and meeting the Captain on the stairs.

"I really can't say," was the immediate reply.

"Oh! Aramintha said he left the room with you," returned Mr. Muggins.

"We certainly had a few minutes' conversation together," rejoined Captain Walsingham: "but I lost sight of him at least five minutes ago."

"Well—I dare say we shall find him presently," exclaimed Mr. Muggins. "I'm going to ask Mary about them glasses 'o negus. There's only eighteen on the tray, and Mrs. M. put twenty."

"How very provoking!" ejaculated the Captain.

"O' course it is," continued Mr. Muggins "But I tell you what I did."

"What!" said the Captain.

"Why, I counted the whips, the jellies, and the custards, just now; and I shall go and count them over again."

"Ah! ah! you're a man of the world, I see," cried Captain Walsingham. "When I was ambassador to the Great Cham's court, I had plenty of opportunities of

amassing money; but some how or another, I never kept it. I had a native for a butler—his name was Runtutch—and he was a devil of an extravagant fellow. He wouldn't eat his beef-steak cooked between the saddle and the horse's back; he must needs have a fire, the rascal! Still he wasn't so bad as my head valet, Orl Me Igh, who never could sit down to dinner without a boiled child."

"A boiled child!" exclaimed Mr. Muggins. "Or roast," added Captain Walsingham; "The Tartars prefer it to sucking pig."

"Ah! see what it is to have travelled!" said Mr. Muggins, shaking his head, and surveying the Captain with the greatest respect.

"See indeed!" cried the Captain. "Why—what do you think could have made me what I am, if I hadn't travelled? There's nothing like travelling to enlarge the mind."

And the Captain might have added the "imagination also;" but Mr. Muggins did not notice the deficiency; and so, while the latter proceeded to count the tarts and jellies, the former hastened to rejoin Miss Aramintha, not a little pleased with his success in having so easily got rid of Mr. Boozie, and now wishing the bandage round his head at the devil.

When Captain Horatio Clarence Walsingham returned to the drawing-room, Miss Aramintha Muggins was going to accompany herself on a piano that was out of tune, and was just commencing a song, which she had suffered herself to be persuaded to sing, after having refused some eight or ten dozen times. Of course her lover hastened to turn the leaves of the music-book for his intended; and the whole business passed off uncommonly well, if we except an error committed by Captain Walsingham, which led him to turn over two leaves at a time on one occasion, probably with a view of obliging the company, from whom he certainly received the secret thanks he so much deserved. He, however, made every due apology, which, after a little necessary pouting, was accepted; but, as we have thus faithfully narrated the circumstances attending the mere mechanical process of singing the song, we may as well favor the readers with the song itself.

SONG.

WAKEN, Beauty, from thy slumber,
Shake that drowsy sleep away;
Hours are passing without number,
And the sun proclaims the day

10

Waken, maiden, from thy pillow—
Longer must not be thy rest:
Yet why like the stormy billow
Rises so thy snowy breast?
Hark, Oh! hark! the loud reveil
O'er the turret-walls is ringing;
Morning's dawn these numbers tell,
And the birds are blythely singing!

On your jetty lashes flashing
Salt tears gush out from thine eyes;
Gloomy as the torrent dashing,
Are those deep heart-rending sighs.
Is it love thy bosom tearing,
With'ring all thy joys away—
Love desponding—love despairing?—
Love will still maintain his sway!
Love then deadens the reveil,
Though aloud 'tis early ringing;
Morning's dawn those numbers tell,
While the birds are blythely singing!

Slumber on, thou lovely maiden;
For if sorrow rend thy breast—
If thy heart with grief be laden,
Then indeed that sleep is rest!
Slumber still, on passion dreaming—
Slumber on, though not with sighs—
Slumber on, though tears be streaming,
Like the spray, from thy dark eyes!
For I'll hush the loud reveil,
O'er the castle turrets ringing;
Nor shall it arise to tell
When the birds are blythely singing!

It was thus, that, by the aid of a great deal of dancing, plenty of chattering, and a little singing, the time passed quickly away; and as the clock of Christ's church struck one, and the old watchman proclaimed the same in the street, a whisper was industriously circulated that supper was ready. As Mr. Muggins's rooms were not very large, the rumor soon spread all over them; and the company hastened to the apartments below, where they found a magnificent display of all kinds of luxuries, *minus* a few small articles which Mr. Muggins had missed, and which Mary had prudently put aside for herself.

It only remains for us to observe that after supper the dancing was continued with renewed spirit, and kept up till a late hour—that Mr. Muggins gave a great many toasts relative to the success of the Universal Stone-Expelling and Asphalte-Substituting Equitable Company—that Captain Walsingham was felicitated by all the gentlemen present upon his approaching marriage with Miss Aramintha Muggins—and that the harmony of the evening was only interrupted by the discordant piano, then by Captain Walsingham's fall, and, lastly, by the fact of Mr. Muggins discovering his domestic, Mary, excessively drunk upon the rug before the kitchen-fire, when he summoned her to assist

the ladies to their shawls, cloaks, and bonnets, previous to their departure.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Mr. Pickwick is introduced to an eminent traveller.—The way to concoct a book of travels.—Mr. Wegsworth Muffley's ancestors.—The Circassian Ladies.

Mr. Pickwick stood in Paris, on the Pont Neuf! Beside him was Mr. Tupman,—behind him was Mr. Weller,—before him was a view of the river and the palaces that adorn its banks,—beneath him was the pavement of the bridge,—and above his head was the blue and cloudless sky. Mr. Pickwick, accompanied by Mr. Tupman, and attended by Mr. Weller, was taking an afternoon-walk; and the beauty of the western prospect which meets the eyes of the passenger over the Pont Neuf, had induced him to stay his steps for a few moments to enjoy the magnificence of the scene.

And in truth it is a splendid view! On the right hand, the eye surveys the two finest *facades* of the Louvre, and the long wing of the Tuileries which looks upon the river. Farther on are perceived the terrace and the trees of the gardens themselves; and as the glance follows the right bank of the river, the Champs-Élysées, the buildings of Passy, and the heights overlooking Auteuil, form a scene of grandeur and beauty which cannot be very readily conceived by those who trust to description only for an acquaintance with Paris. On the left hand are seen the vast edifices of the Mint, the College of Four Nations, the unfinished abode for the Minister of the Interior, the splendid barracks erected by Napoleon, the Chamber of Deputies, and the garden in front of the hotel occupied by the President of that legislative body. The numerous bridges, stretching across the river between the spacious quays—the large bathing establishments, that float upon the waters themselves—and the statue of Henry the Fourth, standing upon a lofty terrace jutting out into the middle of the river from one extremity of the Island of the City—complete the hasty sketch which we have given of this interesting prospect.

"Charming view," said Mr. Pickwick, when he had feasted his eyes to his heart's content.

"Beautiful," observed Mr. Tupman, who

was ogling a girl in one of the little shops upon the bridge.

"Vich vay now, sir," inquired Mr. Weller, touching his hat.

"Let us take a stroll towards Notre Dame," said Mr. Pickwick; and in the direction proposed did they proceed accordingly.

"Very great thoroughfare, this here, sir," observed Sam, in allusion to the Pont Neuf.

"Very," coincided Mr. Tupman.

"Lots o' vimen a-sellin' o' fried fish there in the open air, sir," continued Mr. Weller. "The French seems to think o' nothin' else but eatin', drinkin' and dancin'. You see a feller with a lemonade or liquorice-root-vater consarn on his back, at every corner. The po-lice don't overturn the fruit-stalls here as they does in London. Blowed if I don't think von is more freer here than in England, sir."

"I am rather inclined to be of your opinion, too, Sam," said Mr. Tupman. "But here's Chitty, and another gentleman—a stranger, too, with a black patch over his left eye."

Mr. Septimus Chitty was a poet, who had formerly introduced himself to Mr. Snodgrass, who had in turn introduced him to his friends, the immortal Pickwickians.

"*Bonus post meridiem*—good afternoon, gentlemen," cried the poet. "Allow me the pleasure of introducing my friend, Mr. Wegsworth Muffley, the great traveller. He's just come to Paris to take notes for a new book."

These last words were delivered in a whisper; and Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Tupman bowed politely to Mr. Muffley, whose exceedingly capacious person and large round grinning face formed a striking contrast with the lean exterior of Mr. Septimus Chitty.

"Great food for contemplation in this vast city, sir," said Mr. Pickwick to the traveller.

"Very great, sir," returned Mr. Wegsworth Muffley, staring with his one eye into the window of a cook's-shop opposite which they were standing, on the Quai des Orfèvres. "Rather different in this respect from London."

"And yet you never become sated with that which is afforded by Paris," remarked Mr. Pickwick.

"True enough!" exclaimed Mr. Muffley: "a bowl of turtle soup goes twice as far as

a basin of Julienne—that's the difference between Birch's and Very's."

Mr. Pickwick bestowed a stare of that kind of astonishment which would have been denominated *stupid* in connexion with any one save our immortal hero; and Mr. Wegsworth Muffley took a pinch of snuff.

"Have you been long in Paris, sir?" inquired Mr. Tupman.

"Only three days—and I leave to-morrow," was the reply.

"Of course you have been here before?" continued Mr. Tupman.

Mr. Muffley answered in the negative.

"You will be obliged then to return again, in order to complete your book," said Mr. Tupman.

"Oh! no," cried Mr. Wegsworth Muffley: "I should be sorry indeed if I couldn't see enough in three days to make the finest two-volumed work imaginable. I staid to breakfast, for twenty minutes, at Abbeville, and intend to devote two chapters to that city. Versailles and St. Germain I shall not have time to visit; but Chitty has given me a few hints about those places; and then, you know, with the aid of a book of Paris Views, illustrated with letter-press, we can concoct an excellent description of the principal buildings."

"I thought it was a much more difficult thing to write a book of travels," observed Mr. Tupman, meekly.

"*Super levum*—over the left," cried Mr. Chitty.

"The grand secret is to be as spiteful and malevolent against the city or country you write about, as possible," explained Mr. Muffley, "and then your book is sure to sell. Flatter the vanity of the English by depreciating foreign institutions and crying up their own, and you will be certain to succeed. Tell the real truth, and no one will recommend your work. But if you will just step into this café, I can show you some of the very important notes I have already made upon France and the French."

When the little party were seated at a table in the café to which Mr. Wegsworth Muffley pointed, that gentleman produced his memorandum-book, and read the following curious facts and observations:

NOTES FROM THE PRIVATE MEMORANDA OF
WEGSWORTH MUFFLEY, ESQ.

Boulogne.—Saw two little boys in the streets playing at marbles: thence sur-

mised that all French boys are of a lively and happy disposition. Met a young lady with red hair: the inference is that the French ladies in general have red hair. Saw a donkey throw its rider off its back into the gutter: supposed that all French donkeys are more stubborn and obstinate than those of any other part of the world. Observed that a tailor, who was carrying home a suit of clothes to a customer, was hump-backed: must remember to notice in my book, as a curious coincidence, that nine tailors out of ten are hump-backed in this country. Was accidentally knocked down by a porter: it will be a good observation to make that French politeness is all nonsense.

Abbeville.—Excellent breakfast at the hotel where the diligence stopped: the inference is, that all the hotels are good at Abbeville. Saw a furious bullock running through the streets: Abbeville is thinly populated, then, in consequence of the influx of mad bulls into the city. While we were at breakfast, a gentleman committed suicide by throwing himself out of a three-pair window: thence concluded, that the people of this part of France are peculiarly addicted to ending their days by precipitating themselves from the "Tarpeian rocks" of three-pair windows.

Beauvais.—The——regiment of light infantry is stationed in this town. Met one of the soldiers; he was excessively ugly; inferred, as a remarkable coincidence to be mentioned under the head of "Army," that all French soldiers are ugly. Might even go farther, and state that all continental soldiers are ugly. The observation will sell a few copies amongst the English officers, and get the work favorably spoken of at the mess of English regiments. Happy idea, this! Two old women got into the diligence at Beauvais: *mem.*—extraordinary fact, that Beauvais abounds in old women who undertake frequent journeys to Paris.

Saint Denis.—Saw a mad-dog, without a tail: the dogs of Saint Denis are, perhaps, prone to insanity, and when affected by that malady, lose their tails.

Paris.—Shall place my *memoranda*, made in Paris, under their proper heads; as follows:—

FINE ARTS.

Pictures here are very cheap. You can purchase plenty at one or two *sous* each on the different quays. Nine out of ten are

portraits of Napoleon: one represents him upon a white horse, another on a sort of blueish one, and a third upon his legs. The French prosecute the fine arts with great diligence. In newspaper advertisements, an announcement of a coach or a house for sale, is prefaced by a vignette of a coach or a house; wine-merchants adopt a small picture of a person drinking in a cellar, &c., &c. The ladies not only have their portraits painted, but paint their own faces also. The crowds that collect round the picture-shops, are peculiarly favorable to pick-pockets, thieves, &c.

SCULPTURE.

Effigies of Napoleon abound in Paris. You may purchase a Murat for twelve *sous*, a Jerome Bonaparte for fifteen, an Emperor of Russia for twenty, and a Great Mogul for twenty-five. Kings are amazingly cheap amongst the sculptors; whence I infer, that all French sculptors are republicans.

MUSIC.

People, who play barrel-organs in the streets, must be licensed by the Prefect of Police. Dancing bears are generally attended by big drums and fifes. Charlatans frequently employ tambourins and fiddles to attract a crowd round their tables in the streets leading out of the Boulevards. Monkeys not unfrequently accompany the tune of the barrel-organs, in cheerful dances: indeed, the monkeys in Paris appear particularly fond of dancing.

PUBLIC EDIFICES.

The public edifices of Paris are numerous and beautiful—especially the hotels, eating-houses, and coffee-rooms. The prison for debtors is in the Rue de Clichy: it is a comfortable and salubrious place, finely situated in one of the most agreeable quarters of Paris, enjoys the advantage of a select neighborhood, and is greatly frequented by the English.

POLITICS.

It is so very unsafe to discuss this subject in Paris, that I failed to obtain any accurate account of the political situation of the French.

MANNERS.

These are peculiar. A beggar, when he meets a gentleman engaged in the same profession, takes off his hat and makes a low bow. An individual, who sweeps a crossing

near the Madeleine, ran against an old woman who was selling matches the other day. "A thousand pardons, *Madame*!" exclaimed the street-sweeper. "Don't mention it, *Monsieur*," was the match-woman's reply.

LITERATURE.

I candidly confess that I am not sufficiently acquainted with the language, to read French books; but I know that they are in famous. Their most celebrated men are one Voltaire, who wrote a *Philosophical Dictionary*—Corneille, a play-wright—and Paul de Kock, a novelist. They have also a ballad-composer named Beranger. But Voltaire's performance is not to be compared with Grose's *Slang Dictionary*—Corneille is not equal to Sniggers, who writes for the penny theatre in the New Cut—and Beranger's songs are greatly excelled by that famous collection of English ballads popularly known as *the hundred songs for a penny*.

"There, what do you think of that?" cried Mr. Wegsworth Muffley, as he brought his *memoranda* to a conclusion. "I should hope there's enough for two good thick volumes *there*!"

"Don't you think you might have said a little more on some of those subjects?" asked Mr. Pickwick.

"Oh! I shall swell the work out, you know," returned Mr. Muffley. "In the commencement, you will recollect, that I noted the various points of interest which occurred to me; and then I most impartially put down my own inferences. Well—from each of these inferences, I shall draw ten more, and so on. Capital plan, isn't it?"

"What a sensation it will create in the minds of the English, this new work—*novum opus*—of yours!" ejaculated Mr. Clitty: "there will be the devil to pay—*diabolum solvere*!"

"I went down to Greenwich last summer, and staid there for a week or ten days," said Mr. Wegsworth Muffley; "and that trip put a hundred pounds in my pocket."

"How was that?" asked Mr. Tupman.

"Why—I wrote my *Impressions of a Voyage to Greenwich, and Residence in that Town*," was the answer. "But my crack work was *Doings in Dover*, with an appendix containing *Hints upon Hythe, and Reminiscences of Rye*."

"You seem to delight in alliterations, sir," remarked Mr. Pickwick, with a smile of satisfaction at the word he had used.

"I don't, sir," returned Mr. Wegsworth Muffley, in a most mysterious tone: "but the publishers do. That is why I called my first novel *Pranks in Pentonville*, and my second *Incidents at Islington*."

"Dinner time's approachin' sir," said Mr. Weller in a whisper to his master; "an' if so be your appetite ain't quite ass-vedged with the gammon o' that there feller, perhaps you'd like for to try another kind o' bacon at home. Change is good for the health, sir, an the judge said when he recommended transportation to the young gen'lman vich wrote the wrong name on a bill-stamp."

"Perhaps, Mr. —," began Mr. Pickwick—

"Wegsworth Muffley," said Mr. Chitty.

"Mr. Wegsworth Muffley will honor us with his company," added Mr. Pickwick. "We have spoilt your walk this afternoon; but our way home lies along the quays, and——"

"Say no more, my dear sir," interrupted the illustrious author: "I and my friend Chitty will accept your kind invitation with pleasure. It will not interfere with my visit to the ladies in the evening."

"We must have dined somewhere—*ali-quid ubi*," observed Mr. Septimus Chitty; "and can as well dine with you: indeed it will suit me much better."

Mr. Weller muttered a remark, about his not doubting the truth of Mr. Chitty's assertion; and the four gentlemen attended by that faithful valet, strolled leisurely towards the Rue Royale, where they found Mr. Winkle, Mr. Snodgrass, and the dinner, all three ready to receive them.

"I should think you must find travelling very agreeable," said Mr. Snodgrass to Mr. Muffley, whose remaining optic sparkled with the exhilarating influence of the champagne.

"Oh! nothing is more pleasant, I can assure you," returned Mr. Muffley, "and yet I am the first traveller in our family. My father was a very brave man——"

"Was he, indeed?" cried Mr. Snodgrass.

"Oh! very," continued Mr. Wegsworth Muffley: "he had two horses dropt down under him on one occasion."

"Where—in battle?" demanded Mr. Pickwick.

"No—in the riding-school," replied Mr. Muffley. "But that was nothing to my great-grandfather by my mother's side."

"He must ha' been a verry great man, he must," observed Mr. Weller: "a out-an'-outer, an' no mistake, I dessay."

"Sam," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Sir," cried Mr. Weller.

"You may do as little boys are desired to do," rejoined his master.

"Wot's that, Sir? come in at dessert?" said Sam.

"No," answered his master: "hear, see, and say nothing,"

"As I was observing," continued Mr. Wegsworth Muffley, "my great grandfather was a brave man also. He had upwards of two hundred and odd scars upon his body."

"Where did he get them?" asked Mr. Snodgrass: "in battle, I suppose. Only fancy two hundred and odd scars! and all caused by a sword or bayonet!"

"No they weren't" said Mr. Muffley.

"By what, then?" demanded Mr. Tupman.

"By leeches," answered Mr. Muffley. "But all our family were noted for their bravery. I myself carry about with me the proofs of my valor."

"Ah!" said Mr. Pickwick, who probably did not see them.

"Yes—my visage bears testimony to my gallantry," continued Mr. Wegsworth Muffley, pointing to the black patch over his right eye, a movement which Mr. Winkle surveyed with the greatest respect.

"*Venit fortis*—he comes it strong," whispered Mr. Chitty, to Mr. Pickwick: "but he's a splendid fellow, I can assure you."

"I lost this eye in a very peculiar way," said Mr. Muffley.

"Your antagonist was a German, was he not?" demanded Mr. Septimus Chitty.

"He was," replied Mr. Muffley.

"A duel, I presume, sir?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"A contest in a certain way," explained Mr. Wegsworth Muffley. The fact is, we made a bet as to who could eat the most. I won the wager; and in the height of his anger, the German seized a hard egg, and threw it at me with such force, that he knocked my right eye clean out of its socket. I was in such a fury, that if I had not been held back I should have fallen under the table."

"G—d bless mel!" ejaculated Mr. Pickwick.

"But I had my revenge," proceeded Mr. Muffley: "for I killed him in the course of a few days."

"That was in a duel, I suppose," observed Mr. Winkle.

"No, it wasn't" cried Mr. Wegsworth Muffley. "We had another eating match—and the German died of an indigestion."

"Which scarcely compensated you for the loss of your right eye, I should imagine," remarked Mr. Pickwick.

"I assure you I have not suffered amongst the ladies on that account," answered Mr. Muffley: "and, between ourselves, I rather think that this very black patch of mine will produce some wonderful effects soon. In fact, I don't know if it has not already secured me the affections of a most amiable and intelligent girl, who, with her mother, travelled in the same coach from London in which I had taken my place."

"Is she an English lady?" inquired Mr. Tupman.

"She speaks English," answered Mr. Muffley: "but she is a Circassian by birth. Her mother is one of the widows of the Emir Frostiphace Fo-gho, who was killed in an encounter with the Russians."

"And is she very beautiful?" asked Mr. Tupman.

Mr. Muffley replied in the affirmative.

"Is she fond of poetry?" asked Mr. Snodgrass.

"Very," said Mr. Muffley. "But if you be not otherwise engaged, I shall feel most happy in presenting you all to this charming creature. Her mother gave me a most pressing invitation to call this evening, and desired me to bring any English acquaintances with me that I chose. She loves the English, but detests the French most cordially."

"How singular!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick. "I really feel very curious to see these Circassian ladies. I don't think I ever saw a Circassian in my life."

"Oh! I once saw a battle between the Circassians and the Russians," cried Mr. Muffley.

"Where—in Circassia itself?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"No—at Astley's," returned the traveller.

"And so you were rather smitten with this young lady—*percussus fuisti*," remarked Mr. Chitty.

"Oh! more than smitten," cried Mr. Muffley. "my heart is henceforth devoted to her alone. She is, besides, immensely rich in her own country; and of course I did not make myself out a regular pauper. In fact, I had an opportunity of obliging her."

"You will marry her, then?" muttered Mr. Tupman, with a very audible sigh.

"I shall make her an offer, most decidedly," was the answer. "They fortunately return to England to-morrow also."

"And you think you will be accepted?" said Mr. Chitty.

"I feel certain of it," ejaculated the traveller. "And why do you think I feel certain?"

"Because she said you might hope, I suppose," observed Mr. Tupman, with another sigh.

"No—but because she let me kiss her."

"That was a practical fashion of encouraging hope," remarked Mr. Pickwick, smacking his lips; but whether to relish the champagne, or for any other reason, we are at a loss to determine.

"If we intend to visit the Circassians this evening," continued Mr. Wegsworth Muffley. "we had better start at once."

"You do not think we shall be deemed intrusive?" asked Mr. Pickwick.

"Quite the contrary," said the traveller. "They have put up at the Hotel du Rhin, in the Place Vendôme: to tell you the truth—I lodge there also myself, and I persuaded them to patronize the same hotel: or else they were going to stay with the President of the Chamber of Peers. But, as their abode is so very near, we can walk thither in ten minutes."

The truth of this suggestion was immediately recognised by the gentlemen to whom it was addressed: and they all forthwith proceeded to the Place Vendôme.

"What are the names of the Circassian ladies?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, as Mr. Muffley led the way up a wide staircase in the Hotel du Rhin.

"Upon my word I do not know," was the reply. "They wished to preserve the most strict *incognito* in Paris, and so I advised them to adopt my name for the moment. The fact is, I was desirous of establishing myself in their confidence, by assuming the part of a protector."

"You behaved very judiciously," observed Mr. Pickwick.

Mr. Muffley led the way into a handsome apartment, where two ladies, dressed in the most fashionable French style, and wearing anything but an Asiatic appearance, were lounging on velvet ottomans. The moment the gentlemen entered the room, and when Mr. Muffley announced himself and his friends in his most insinuating tone, the two

ladies rose to receive them with a series of enchanting smiles. But the younger one suddenly started—uttered a loud scream—and precipitated herself over her mother in such a way that they both fell upon the sofas.

"The Countess Loveminski!" ejaculated Mr. Snodgrass.

"Madame de l'Amour!" cried Mr. Winkle. "Anastasie de Volage!" shouted Mr. Tupman.

"The Circassian Emir's daughter!" exclaimed Mr. Muffley.

"*Qualis eo*—what a go!" said Mr. Chitty, astonished at the behavior of the Pickwickians.

"These ladies are already known to some of us, Mr. Muffley," said Mr. Tupman: "and their acquaintance is so very valuable, we will not deprive you of the pleasure of its full enjoyment by an attempt to share it."

"Bravo, Tupman!" cried Mr. Winkle. "But it would be a sin not to tell our fellow-countryman that he is the dupe of the most arrant swindler that ever was."

"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Wegsworth Muffley, turning very pale.

"That your ladies are as much Circassians as we are," answered Mr. Winkle, indignantly.

"Come, my friends," said Mr. Pickwick: "we have no longer any business here, now that the exposure has taken place."

"And I, who am answerable for their hotel bill, and who lent them a thousand francs into the bargain, because they had only notes of the Bank of Circassia," cried Mr. Muffley, with a very long face.

"My dear Sir," said Mr. Pickwick, "you had better put up with the loss as quietly as you can, if you do not wish to be laughed at by all the English in Paris."

"At any rate, I will inform the master of the hotel of the character of his guests," exclaimed Mr. Muffley; and while Mademoiselle Anastasie and her mother were weeping in each other's arms, the gentlemen retired from the apartment.

CHAPTER XXX.

Mr. Samuel Weller encounters several friends.—A conversation at the English Chop-house in the Place des Italiens.

"SAM," said Mr. Pickwick one morning to his faithful valet, "it is my intention to de-

vote the whole of this day to put my papers and memorandum-book in order. My three friends and myself are then going to dine with Mr. Scuttle, in the evening, and so you may have a holiday, Sam."

"Wery good, sir," returned Mr. Weller; "nothin' like rewardin' merit, as the gen'leman observed ven he told his son he might keep the bad four-penny piece for his trouble in havin' changed the sufferin'."

Mr. Weller tossed his hat upon his head, suffered it to remain over his left eye, where it fell, and sallied forth to amuse himself. He walked down the Rue Royale with his hands in his waistcoat pockets, and with a prim-rose in his mouth; turned into the Rue St. Honoré, and as he strolled leisurely along it, towards the Palais Royal, with all the ease and independence of a Lazzaroni, he mingled the rich yolume of his loud whistle with the busy hum of the great city: in other words, he executed the much-esteemed air of the *Dogs-meat Man*, with such variations as his knowledge of those popular songs, *The Return of the Admirul*, *Barclay and Perkins's Drayman*, or *God Save the King*, was calculated to suggest.

Sam proceeded in this very elegant manner to indulge himself with a walk in the garden of the Palais Royal. The shrubs and plants were clad in their most verdant attire—the sun beamed gaily and brightly upon the waters of the fountain—the orange-trees were already laden with their inviting fruits, and the south-west breeze, that agitated the foliage, was refreshing and cool. A number of healthy and buxom nurses were seated upon the chairs beneath the trees, and around them were playing their little charges a group from which might haply spring a future Soult, or another Madame de Stiel. It was as yet early, and but few ladies and gentlemen were to be seen in the gardens.

Mr. Weller took two or three turns up and down the gravel-walk, and round the reservoir, and was just coming to the very erudite conclusion, that as it was a warm day, a drop of French beer would not be amiss, when he was overtaken by Messieurs Knackers and Porrett, prize-fighters and citizens of Great Britain.

"How air you, gen'lemen?" said Sam, bestowing a patronizing nod upon his select acquaintances.

"Why, pretty tidy, thank'ee, Sam," was the reply: "how are you?"

"Vy," answered that gentleman, "I ain't in a gallopin' consumption, an' I doesn't think

I shall live a hundred year. I eats a good breakfast—ditto dinner—and ditto supper: them's the symptoms o' the state o' my health."

"We're a-walking off the effects of last night's punch," observed Mr. Knackers.

"Drinkin' too much is wery bad for the nerves, gen'llemen," said Mr. Weller. "There vos vonce a begger o' my ackvaintance as vent to be enrolled in a Temperance Society.

Wery glad you've made up your mind to this at last, Mr. Boucher," says the Secretary with a vinning smile.—"Vy," says my friend, 'as I can't get no tick for gin, I may as vell make a merit o' necessity.'—'Wery true,' says the Secretary; 'an' I'm convinced you'll feel much better for it in a day or two. Ardent spirits eats away the coats o' the stomach.'—'Vell, I'm exceedin' glad to hear as how my stomach has got a coat to it, sir,' says the beggar, 'cos I'm blowed if my back has.'"

"Devilish good, that," exclaimed Mr. Porrett. "But we should'n't have come it so verry strong last night, if some one had'n't stood Moses—a deuced good fellow he was too; wasn't he, Knackers?"

"Capital!" cried the gentleman thus appealed to. "He is an out-an'-out Englishman—a man who can stand his four pots of intermediate beer without blushing, afore dinner, and his half of a crown bowl arterwards. He only come to Paris last night.

"I forgot to ask his name," said Mr. Porrett; "and that was wrong on our part, 'cause he's a noble fellow. He's come to see a near relation o' his, he told us; but as it was verry late last night, he didn't choose to disturb the family where his relation lived; so he sat up till half-past two with us—didn't he, Knackers?"

"To be sure he did," returned Mr. Knackers. "But I'm afraid he's precious green in this country; and if he don't take care, he'll get fleeced of every thing he possesses before he can look round him."

"So wery green, is he?" said Sam.

"Verry," said Mr. Knackers.

"Cabbages and peas is nothin' to him, I s'pose," continued Mr. Weller.

"Nothing," returned Mr. Knackers. "He's come over with his tops and cords, and his broad-brimmed tile; just for all the world like a coachman: and, my eye, what a red face!"

"Where is this phernomenon?" demanded Sam, beginning to be somewhat interested in the description of the generous stranger.

"We left him at breakfast at Wood's,"

answered Mr. Porrett. "He said he should just lay in a couple of pound of cold beef or so, and imbibe a bottle of English stout, in order to fortify his feelings to endure the meeting with the relation he's come over to see."

"Vell, this is rayther singular," said Sam, after a moment's consideration; "an' yet I don't think as how it can be the old un. There is a many stout gen'llemen in the world besides my father."

"Curiosity is verry soon satisfied in this respect," observed Mr. Porrett. "Come along with us, and we'll introduce you to the private gen'lleman in question."

"Agreed, as Doctor Faustus said, ven he sold his-self to the devil," cried Sam; and the three gentlemen bent their steps up the Rue Richelieu, towards the Place des Italiens, accordingly.

Arrived at Wood's chop-house, Mr. Porrett peeped through the circular window in the door, and instantly informed Mr. Weller in a whisper, that the stranger was still there.

"And what's more remarkable still," added Mr. Porrett, "he's just emptying his third bottle of stout."

"Time to put a stop to that 'ere," said Sam; and pushing the door wide open, he walked verry coolly into the tavern, and confronted no less a person than his excellent father, who was seated at one of the tables.

"Vy, Samivel, is that you?" exclaimed Mr. Weller, senior, opening his eyes, and raising his hands in astonishment: "how vos it that you com'd for to find me out? But I sees how it vos; an' instead o' takin' you by sapple, you drops down on me like a four-year old."

"Wot a old curiosity it is," cried Sam, grasping his father's hand, and seating himself at the table opposite to him: "the National Gallery o' pickters ain't nothin' to you. Wot brought you over here?"

"Vy, I'll tell you how it vos, Samivel," said Mr. Weller, senior, jerking his head to the right, and winking his left eye in a peculiarly easy and graceful manner; "I had such a verry good customer for the brandy and rum as I laid in at my public house on Shooter's Hill, that I verry soon got quit o' them articles. So I had in another supply o' rum, and thinkin' that o-de-we is much better in this country than on t'other side o' the vater——"

"Then I s'pose you made a tolerably

good thing by that there excellent customer o' your'n?" interrupted Sam.

"No, I didn't, though," returned his father, dogmatically.

"Vy not, old un?" demanded Sam.

"Cos that same good customer as I was a speakin' about, was the wery worst as ever come into my house," said Mr. Weller, senior, striking the table very forcibly with his fist, and thereby raising a cloud of dust, which he instantly washed from his throat with the remnant of the third bottle of stout.

"That there's a paradox," observed Mr. Knackers.

"It may be a pair o' ducks, or a pair o' fowls, sir," said Mr. Tony Weller, looking sternly upon the prize-fighter; "but it's as true as you're a standin' there a starin' at me, as if I was a learned pig, or a intelligent monkey, or some sich consarn."

"How?" cried Sam.

"Cos that there customer was a wery good feller to patronize the liquors, Sammy; but a deuced bad von to pay."

"Why did you trust him, then?"

"He took it all on credit, Sam," was the reply; "and I couldn't find it in my heart to per-went him. In fact, this wery run customer was my own wery blessed an' interestin' self."

"Brayvo, old dot-an'-go-von," cried Sam: "an' so I s'pose that wot vith drinkin' and smokin' all day long, there wosn't much profits to invest in the three per cent. counsels."

"More shame for me, Samivel—more shame for me!" said the old gentleman, shaking his head solemnly. "Instead o' leavin' you at my death, a couple or three thousand pound, you von't inherit from me, if I goes on in the same vay, nothin' else than a wery bad example."

"Vich I ain't obleeged to foller," added Sam, very coolly.

"Howsomever," continued Mr. Weller, senior, "I made a resylootion to give up drinkin' in futur. Here, Villam—you may jist give me a little drop o' your o-de-we to sink all this stout, or else I shall bust my veskitt afore long, an' it would be a wery sad thing, Sammy, to see your old father drop down a inanimate corpse on the floor."

"So that's the vay you keeps vise resylootions, is it?" said Mr. Weller, junior; "three bottles o' stout, an' a go o' brandy neat, ain't a bad commencement. If you're in the habits o' takin' that 'ere afore dinner,

I should like to know wot you takes arter-vards."

"Vy, Sammy," said Mr. Weller, senior, "I used to take a glass o' hot an' strong grog arter dinner, cos the medikle men says that cold drinks is wery unwholesome ven poured on hot food: then that made me wery dry, and so I took a glass o' cold vithout, vich invariably give me a stomach-ache, an' obleeged me to drink a drop neat, vich made me wery dry again; so that wot vith the cold vithout, the neat, an' the hot an' strong, I generally managed to take in a tolerable quantity o' liquid afore I vent to bed."

"I only vonder you didn't ewaporate vith voluntary combustion," said Sam, surveying his father with a look of mingled good-humor and pity.

"Voluntary wot?" said Mr. Weller, senior, disdainfully.

"Voluntary combustion."

"Wot's that?" demanded the old gentleman, dealing a glance of indignation upon his son.

"Blowin' up like gun-powder ven you goes for to snuff the candle out vith your fingers," explained Sam.

"Oh! that's voluntary 'bustion, is it?" said Mr. Weller, the elder. "No—no, Samivel; I wos too much accustomed to blowin' up in your mother-in-law's time to fear it now. Gun-powder isn't more formidable than a 'ooman's tongue. But as I wos a-sayin' jist now, ven you, Sammy, wery imperitly interrupted my dis-course, I thought I'd take a run over and buy my own o-de-we in the reg'lar markitt. By doin' that I killed two birds vith von stone——"

"Where's t'other bird?" said Sam.

"You," returned Mr. Weller, senior. "Don't you think I wos wery anxious to see my own flesh and blood, Samivel, arter a long seppiration? How's the guv'ner?"

"Conwalescent," said Sam. "Bat vy didn't you write a line to say you wos a-comin'?"

"So I did, Sammy."

"I never got it, then."

"I knows you didn't, Sammy," said the elder Mr. Weller, "cos I kept the hopistle in my veskitt-pocket."

"Ven did you cut your visdom-teeth, crikey?" exclaimed Sam, in a contemptuous tone. "Vy, I'm blowed if you ain't vorse than the American doctor as give his patient the fee and swallowed the medicine his-self."

"Wot did he do that for?" demanded Mr. Weller, senior.

In wot Mr. Cuttle calls a fit o' absence o' mind," answered Sam; "an' he never found out his mistake till his patient got vell, and he his-self was taken very ill."

"That there obseruation o' your'n, Samivel, puts me in mind o' the surgeon as pulled his boy up afore the beak, an' accused him o' stealin' the bottles instead o' deliverin' the medicine at the proper houses. 'Pray how did you detect the youngster, old feller?' says the magistrate.—'Please your vorship,' says the doctor, 'I found all my patients a-gettin' vell, an' I thought it wos so exceedin' odd that a wague suspicion (a very wague von at fust) entered my mind. I watched the young mayle-factor there, and diskivered the whole trick. If he'd only gone on in the same vay a little longer, I shouldn't ha' had a patient left. They'd all ha' got well.'—That's my anny-goat, Sammy."

"We must show you something of Paris life, Sir," said Mr. Knackers, taking advantage of a pause in the conversation; and with a view of taking a similar advantage of Mr. Weller's innocence concerning the French capital.

"Wery much obleeged for your per-lite offer, Sir; as the king said ven O'Connel offered him a go o' whiskey; but I'd rayther de-cline it," exclaimed Mr. Weller, senior. "I've got my own son here, an' a wery dutiful an' dewout little boy he is—ain't you, Sammy?"

"The wery hembles o' filial dewotion, old feller," replied Sam, bestowing a familiar wink upon his venerated parent. "I wos rayther too vell brought up not to foller a good example; as the mule vich had associated all its life vith its father, as wos a stubborn donkey, observed to its mas'er."

"A wery excellent remark is that there o' yourn, Samivel," said Mr. Weller, senior, approvingly; "an' I don't mind if I treats you and them two wery amiable gentlemen, as wos desirous o' showin' me about Paris, to a bottle o' the best wine the place can perduce.—Villam."

"Sir," said the waiter.

"Two bottles o' your best Port di-rectly," Villam," said Mr. Tony Weller, regardless of the kick under the table, and the winks above the table, which were profusely bestowed upon him by his very dutiful son.

"How come you to find out this here place?" asked Sam, whom a glass or two of a wine he had not tasted for a long time, at length succeeded in restoring to good humor.

"There's a old coachman—a friend o' mine," said Mr. Weller, sen. "as took a coach on the Dover road. Ve embarked in the same wery hon'rabl perfession together five-and-twenty year ago, come next Janivary;—rollockin' young blades we wos in them times—"

The mere reminiscence of his early days recalled so many pleasing associations to the memory of Mr. Tony Weller, that he burst out into an immoderate fit of laughter, and did not cease till he was quite purple in the face.

"That's right, old stick-in-the-mud," exclaimed Sam; "vind-pipes is cheap now. a-days, since strangilation seems to be no more feared than a hot tatur by a vild Irishman."

"Never mind, Sammy," said the old gentleman: "ven you come to my age, only you carry yourself as vell as I does, an' then you may talk. But wot wos I a-sayin'? Vy—that this here old friend o' mine had been in Paris—'twas during the cholera, vich he kept under vith French brandy—an' he stopped at Vood's here his-self—"

"Ah, so he recommended the hot-tel," said Sam, shrewdly suspecting that his revered father was somewhat inclined to wander in his discourse. "Vell, I've heerd o' more improbable things than that 'ere."

"Wery true, Sammy," rejoined old Mr. Weller, chuckling; "it ud ha' been much more vonderfuller if that red-nosed man as used to visit the late Mrs. We, had left off drinkin'. But wot d'ye think become o' that there Stiggins, Samivel?"

"Can't say," was the respectful answer of Mr. Weller, junior.

"I see him a-sittin' in the stocks at Chatham, von day, Sammy," continued Mr. Weller, senior, "for havin' tried to convert the daughter o' the o'man vere he lodged. I didn't pitch a rotten egg at him, Sam—Oh! no—not by no means wotsom-ever;" and as he spoke, he shook his head, jerked his right thumb over his left shoulder, and bestowed a hieroglyphic alphabet of winks upon Messieurs Knackers and Porret, who seemed somewhat at a loss to comprehend the meaning of that animate and living telegraph.

"Wot a old spectacle it is!" cried Sam. "Vere's the use o' conwertin' yourself into a punch or image in a galliwanty show, jist for the sake o' amusin' others?"

"An' then that there feller to fancy he wos von o' the leg-at-ease," continued old Mr. Weller, again alluding to the red-nosed man.

"Legatees, Sir," remonstrated Mr. Knackers.

"Leg-at-ease, Sir," cried the old gentleman, indignantly. "Sammy and I has been leg-at-ease, Sir; an' it would be a wery odd thin' if so be ve didn't know our own titles."

"Certainly, certainly," said Mr. Porrett, who probably had his own private reasons for not wishing to dispute with an individual whose disposition to pay was so manifest.

"Vell, vell," ejaculated Mr. Weller, senior, "ve von't dispute about a trifle. The wery best o' friends is rayther inclined to fall out now an' then. Hosses gets restive, starts, bolts, backs agin a vall or into a ditch, an' overturns the coach; but the vehic'le's soon lifted up again. So it is vith friendship, isn't it, Samivel?"

"Don't sit there a-gammonin' away at that rate, old un," returned Mr. Samuel Weller. "The two bottles is all done for now; an' as the guv'nor has give me a holiday—"

"No!" cried the old gentleman, his countenance expanding with delight, "has he raly, though?"

"True as you're there," answered Sam.

"Let's make the best on it, then, Sammy," exclaimed his father, rising and preparing to pay the bill. "I've heerd talk o' the Pally Royal, the Tooleries, the Bullwardes, an' the coffee-houses; an' I shouldn't be at all sorry to make a more familiar ackvaintance vith 'em. P'rhaps these gen'lemen 'll jine us in a little ramble."

"With pleasure," ejaculated Messieurs Knackers and Porrett.

"Come along, then," said Sam; and the four gentlemen sallied forth upon their projected excursion.

CHAPTER XXXI.

The particulars of the ramble of Mr. Tony and Mr. Samuel Weller, accompanied by Messieurs Porrett and Knackers, through a small portion of Paris, are succinctly related in this chapter.

It was a highly edifying spectacle, to behold Mr. Weller, senior, his son, and the two prize-fighters, lounging through the streets of

Paris. The first maintained his eyes and his mouth constantly wide open, in order to express his astonishment at all he saw; the second walked along with the most imperturbable coolness, his hat over his left eye, his body in a swing, and his hands in his pockets; and Messieurs Knackers and Porrett discussed in very audible voices the particulars of a fight which had taken place within their own memories some years previously.

"Wot's that there, Sammy?" demanded Mr. Weller, senior, stopping before a shop-window in which a great quantity of bank-notes and coins of all nations were exhibited.

"A money-changer's" was the reply: "if you wants a bank-note for a thousand francs cashed, you gos in there and pays ten sous to have it done."

"I always heerd say the French was very ca preeslus, Sammy," observed Mr. Weller, senior; "an' this proves it: but if they're a constantly changin' their money in that kind o' vay, wot'll they do vith their vives?"

"Ah! wot indeed?" cried Sam; and as he could not answer the question with any degree of satisfaction to himself, he whistled a lively tune.

"Wery bad pavement they has just here, Samivel," remarked the old gentleman, as they were passing down the Rue Montmartre; "wot can be the reason o' that there?"

"Cos ven there's a revylotion in this here country," replied Mr. Weller, junior "the people as hasn't got no guns or bagginets, fights with pavin' stones; and as them kinds o' popylar ebullitions is of wery frequent ok-kurrence in these parts, the pavin'-stones isn't laid down exceedin' tight, cos they doesn't know how soon they may be rekvired."

"Wery vell explained, Samivel," cried Mr. Weller the elder, surveying his son with the greatest admiration and delight. "And now tell your old father, Sammy, wot is that wery fat little gen'leman, in the blue regimentals vith spectacles on, a-sailin' down the street vith the wery long sword as keeps gettin' atween his legs?"

"That's a national guard," answered Sam.

"Wot's a naytional guard?" demanded his father. "Not the guard o' the mail-coaches, is it, Samivel?"

"No, old grinnin' face," dutifully responded Mr. Weller, junior: "but von o' the sogers as per-tects the nation."

"A feller as mounts guard on his-self, eh, Samivel?" cried the elder Mr. Weller. "I desay he's a out-an-outer byvay of a soger, 'specially at the mess-table, ven he gets over the billed beef."

"Wery rum chaps to deal vith, them national guards is," observed Sam.

"Is they though?" said his father.

"Is they?" cried Sam, disdainfully: "is they not? Vy, it was but a veek or two ago, that a English gen'leman as was a-stay-in' at Meurice's hot-tel, ordered a pair o' boots of a shoe-maker as was re-commended verry favorably to him. So the boots come home, and the gen'lemen tried 'em on; but they was too big in von place, an' too small in another. So the gen'leman flies in a passion, and blows up the boot-maker like nothin' at all. 'You're a verry impertinent feller, you air,' says the gen'leman, 'to bring me sich a pair o' boots as them there. I won't have them at no price.'—'But I means to have my price, howms'ever,' cried the cobbler; and he swore that the boots was capital good uns.—'You shall make me another pair,' says the gen'leman.—'I von't,' says the cobbler.—'You shall,' says the gen'leman, 'or else I'll kick you and the boots down stairs together vith as little ceremony as if you was my own vife.'—'Do,' says the cobbler in a verry aggrivatin' vay.—So the gen'leman did kick the chap down stairs."

"Is that all, Samivel?" said Mr. Weller the elder.

"Vy, how can it be all, ven I havn't come to the pint yet?" demanded his son, indignant at the interruption.

"Oh! now then to the pint!" cried the old gentleman.

"A few hours elapsed," continued Sam, "an' the gentleman had quite forgot all about the boots, ven he receives a visit from a chap as he had never seen afore. 'I'm come on the part o' Mounseer Such-a-von,' says he, to demand saytisfaction for the insult you putt upon him this mornin', says he. —I ain't insulted no gentleman this mornin', my dear Sir,' says the Englishman.—'Yes, you have,' says t'other.—'Who?' demands the gen'leman.—'Vy, Mounseer Such-a-von, (never mind his name, cos I doesn't know it now) 'the shoe-maker,' was the reply.—The gen'leman laughed verry cheerful at this here; but he laughed on t'other side of his mouth ven the stranger pulled out a challenge, and crams it into his hand. 'I ain't a-goin' for to fight vith a shoe-maker,' cries the gen'leman.—'Then v'e'll chalk you up as a coward and

a liar,' says the other.—Vell, the result on it all was that the gen'leman con-sulted his friends, found out that the shoe-maker was a captain in the National Guards, and was ob-leeged to fight him."

"An' wot was the consek-venge?" asked the elder Mr. Weller.

"No harm done," replied Sam.

"Vy did the shoe-maker's second threaten to chalk t'other feller up as a liar, ven he hadn't told no lies?" inquired the old gentleman.

"Oh! it's the fashion in all duels, vether in France or England," answered Sam. "If you vant to insult a gen'leman you must always begin by tellin' him he's a liar an' a scoundrel; an' if that von't make his blood get up, you must tell him he ain't no gen'leman at all."

"Wery good, Samivel," exclaimed Mr. Weller, senior; "I shan't forget to do so the first opportunity as per-sents itself."

"And if all that won't do," suggested Mr. Porrett, "you must pitch into him."

"Aye, aye," exclaimed the old coachman, "that's the patent settler as is better than all medi-cines. Ven you was a small infant, Samivel, if ever you was taken ill, I always per-ferred givin' you a small dose o' the birch-rod to all the doctor's pills and potions in the world. I rayther think, too, that them's the reasons o' your havin' turned out so vell in life, Sammy."

"You're a verry virtuous old man, you air," returned the younger Mr. Weller. "But foller me, old dot-an'-go-von, an' you shall jist see more coaches in von place than ever you heerd on in your mental visions;" and as he thus spoke, he conducted his revered father and his two friends into the great diligence yard of the Messageries Royales.

And a verry bustling place it was. There were about fifteen or sixteen diligences in the yard, some about to start, others having jist arrived. Postillions in their large jack-boots were cracking their whips on one side, and hostlers were harnessing or unharnessing teams of horses on the other. Porters and commissioners, bending beneath the weight of trunks and portmanteaus, were running backwards and forwards in all directions; and here and there groups of passengers, either jist set down, or jist about to get into the coaches, were wiling away a few moments in a quiet chat.

"A verry business like place, this here," said the elder Mr. Weller, bestowing his critical approval upon the scene by a most

expressive nor of the head: "very business like; an' yet them post-boys, with their rum-lookin' boots an' spurs, isn't quite so reglar as the coachmen you meets vith at the Bell Savage. They ain't got the corplance Sammy, as makes the English coachman the enwiable bein' he is."

"Pr'haps their wittles doesn't per-duce the same effects," observed Sam.

"It isn't that, Sammy," said Mr. Weller, senior, in a most mysterious whisper; "it isn't the wittles, Sammy—it's the drinks as does it;"—and having thus explained himself, the old gentleman thrust his fingers into his son's ribs, retreated a pace or two, shook his head ominously, and then added in his most solemn tone, "It's only ve coachmen as understands them there things."

"So I should think," said Sam, very coolly.

"Ah! it's a great pity that the genevine oreed o' English coachmen is a-goin' out as rapid as possible," continued old Mr. Weller. "You may look in wain for the good fellers as used to get so precious lussy they couldn't sit on their boxes! Wot a loss they has been to the nation!"

"A very great loss they must be," said Sam.

"Loss, eh—to be sure they is!" exclaimed his father, in a tone which seemed to imply astonishment that the fact of their being a loss could have been ever doubted. "Vere do you see a English coachman o' the new school as can take his sixteen tumblers o' grog betwixt the Bell Savage in London, and the Fountain at Portsmouth, to say nothin' o' ale and bitters, or pints o' purl vich invariably goes for nothin'? Them chaps doesn't exist any longer, Sammy; and that's the reason o' them rail-roads being so wery successful."

"To be sure it is," said Mr. Porrett.

"Without a doubt," coincided Mr. Knackers.

"You're in your own element now, as the gen'leman said ven he chucked his vife into the tub o' hot vater," cried Sam, by way of encouraging his father to proceed in his discourse.

"An' if coachmen goes to rack an' ruin in this kind o' vay," continued Mr. Weller, senior, "I don't hesitate for to say, that the nation itself 'll soon be done up. England never flourished till she had stage-coaches; an' the reason v'y the selvidges isn't as civilised as us, is 'cos *they* hasn't got coaches. Do you think them cannibals ud venture to eat up a stage-coachman?"

Mr. Tony Weller glanced around him with the satisfaction and triumph of a man who has put an unanswerable question in the shape of an argument—commonly called "a pozer," in order to meet the idiomatic expression of the "*argumentum ad hominem*," used by the respectable ancients.

The above discourse took place in the immediate vicinity of a diligence, which certain hostlers were preparing for a journey to Brussels. The baggage was already heaped upon the summit of the ponderous machine—the wheels had been greased—and the five horses were standing very quietly while their keepers fastened the ropes to the splinter-bars and elsewhere, as the case might be.

One man in particular, who was so engaged, attracted the elder Mr. Weller's attention. The horse, with which this man was busying himself, happened to have a real leathern trace, (how happy the animal, or rather its sides, ought to have been?); and the groom seemed amazingly puzzled how to arrange it properly.

"Wot a' exerciciatin' fool that there feller is," cried Mr. Weller the elder; and darting forward, he pushed the hostler aside, seized hold of the trace, and began attaching it to its right place, with all the skill and ability an apprenticeship of five-and-twenty years could be supposed to have taught him.

For a moment the hostler was too much astonished by the abruptness of the proceeding to utter a word; but as soon as his sudden surprise was passed, he dealt a most vigorous push to Mr. Weller, senior, and muttered certain French expressions which Mr. Weller, junior, fully understood, and highly reprobated.

"Don't you come a shovin' yourself on me, young man," cried the elder Mr. Weller, "or I'll show you the reason v'y."

"*Sacre mille tonnerres!*" exclaimed the irritated functionary, repeating the thrust.

Mr. Tony Weller uttered not another word at that moment; but very coolly taking off his coat, he put himself into a highly interesting and graceful attitude of pugilism and began sparring away like clock-work.

"Come along, my fine feller," cried the excellent old man; and by way of inducing his antagonist to come on, he knocked him about three yards off with one blow of his clenched fist.

"Holloa, old double-vicket!" ejaculated Sam; "wot does all this mean?"

"Let 'em be, let 'em be!" roared Messrs. Porrett and Knackers. "A mill! a mill!"

"Come on, will 'ee?" cried the venerable English coachman: "I'm rayther old, but wery tough, an' can bear a great deal, as the gen'leman said ven he heard that his son was transported for life;" and as his mouth gave vent to this beautiful image, his fists dealt a couple of the neatest blows upon the Frenchman's nose and chin that the most enthusiastic *amateur* could wish to see.

"Beautiful, ain't it?" said Mr. Knackers to Mr. Porrett.

"Quite a pictur'," was that gentleman's reply.

But the beautiful picture was speedily defaced by the prompt interference of Mr. Samuel Weller, who rushed forward, seized his revered parent by that part of the neck which in fashionable society is denominated the "scruff," and bestowed a kick upon the hostler, which precipitated him between the legs of one of the team.

"Wot air you up to now, Sammy?" cried the old gentleman, highly incensed at this interruption. "I ain't half polished that feller off yet!"

"It's rayther dear vork to make a blackin' brush o' one's self in this country, and to take a man for the boot," returned Sam, following up the same poetic strain of eastern allegory: "so jist you come along, an' let them there fellers fasten their own ropes an' leathers. Too many cooks spiles the broth, as the man said ven he married his fourth wife an' got found out."

And with these words the excellent son dragged his father from the diligence-yard, followed by Messieurs Porrett and Knackers.

"Let us jist go an' take a quiet chop somewhere or another, Sammy," said Mr. Weller, as they passed along the Rue Notre Dame des Victoires; "an' then in the evenin' we can pay our respects to the Gov'ner."

Mr. Weller senior's hint was attended to: Sam conducted his father and companions to a modest *restaurant* in the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, and by the aid of a bowl of punch after dinner, the time was easily wiled away till nine o'clock.

"Ve'll jist have a coach, Samivel," said Mr. Tony Weller, "and pro-ceed to the gov'ner's place. Wot's the French for jarvey?"

"Cocher," returned Sam. "Why?"

"Cos I'm determined to prac-tise French, Sammy; an' I'll go an' call the coach my-

self. It'll do me good to say anythin' to a coachman, although he is only a hackney von."

Sam Weller did not attempt to interfere with his father's wishes; and the old gentleman stepped into the street, and hailed a hackney-coach.

"*Cochon!*"* cried Mr. Weller, the elder as loud as he could bawl.

The driver of the vehicle gazed vacantly around him, and puffed away at the short black pipe which he held in his mouth.

"*Cochon!*" roared old Weller.

The person thus strangely adjured, darted an angry glance in the direction whence the summons proceeded.

"*Cochon!*" reiterated Mr. Tony Weller; "*Cochon—Cochon*, I say! *Cochon!*"

And every time he uttered the word, he bestowed an additional emphasis upon it.

"Who's that bawling after me in this kind of way?" exclaimed the driver, in his own native French.

"*Cochon!*" was the repeated cry.

"He *must* mean me," said the driver of the hackney-coach to himself, pulling up his horses, and glancing towards Mr. Weller, senior, with fire flashing from his eyes, and sparks from his pipe.

"*Cochon!* vy don't ye draw up a-von side o' the vay?" continued the veteran English coachman. "Wot's the use o' lettin' me stand here and cry myself hoorse? Wery pleasant ways these Paris jarveys has about 'em, to be sure! *Cochon!* Come off your coach-box or you'll get into the wrong box with me."

Very pleasant indeed was the way in which the coachman, thus appealed to, received that which he took for meditated abuse. He leapt from his dickey, alighted in the street, and then stepped up to Mr. Weller with his nose and fists prominent.

"Now then, old feller, down with the steps, an' look alive," said Mr. Weller.

And then the man *did* look alive; and the symptoms of existence which he gave were manifested by a couple of vigorous blows dealt upon Mr. Weller's face, to the great astonishment of that unsuspecting old gentleman.

In the meantime, Sam had been anxiously waiting for the return of his father; and suspecting that there was something wrong again in consequence of his protracted absence, he at length determined upon seeking

* *Cochon* signifies "a pig," and is generally applied as a most opprobrious epithet in France.

his respected parent. But no sooner had he stept into the street than he espied Mr. Weller, senior, engaged in a terrible encounter with the hackney-coach driver. A Gendarme came up to the scene of action, almost at the same moment as Sam; and to the infinite delight of the latter, the officer was no other than the kind-hearted Dumont, whom accident had again sent to aid one of our English heroes in his difficulties.

"You see, sir," said Sam to the Gendarme, when the combatants were separated, "that this here feller is my father, as is just come from England vith more money than brains. Ven purses is full, heads is empty;—that's a proverb. So, happen vot vill, he must get his-self into all manner o' scrapes, an' messes, an' unpleasantness."

"Wery true, Sammy," cried his father, winking an approval of all that his son was saying. "You're a super excellent patent never-failin' always-goin' ingine o' defence, you air, Samivel."

"But, thanks to you, sir," continued Sam, addressing himself to the Gendarme, "he's out o' this here mess now. So the best thing he can do is to come off vith me an' see the gov'ner at vonce."

"Mr. Pickwick I presume, is the gentleman you allude to," said Dumont.

"Precisely, sir," returned Sam.

"In that case," added the Gendarme, "I will accompany you;—it is now a long time since I have seen your excellent master, whom I esteem highly; and I shall be delighted to take advantage of this opportunity of paying my respects to him."

Sam Weller and his father bade adieu to Messieurs Porrett and Knackers, and accompanied the kind-hearted Dumont to Mr. Pickwick's lodgings in the Rue Royale.

Mr. Pickwick and his friends returned home at an earlier hour than was their custom when they went out to dine; and their astonishment when they encountered the elder Mr. Weller, may be readily imagined. Mr. Pickwick ordered his faithful domestic, Sam, to brew a mighty bowl of punch forthwith, and he and his father were allowed to sit down with the gentleman and partake of it, to the infinite delight of the worthy Dumont, who was highly pleased with the picture of English sociability.

CHAPTER XXXII.

This is a short chapter, consisting chiefly of conversation, but concluding with an announcement which may lead to something interesting hereafter.

"What a fortunate thing it is that M. Dumont is invariably in the way to assist us or our friends, in all calamities," observed Mr. Pickwick, when they were comfortably seated round the table.

"A Gendarme sees many singular coincidences in his life," observed Dumont: "and not the least extraordinary of my adventures was the detection of a murderer some few years ago at Aulnay-le-Vicomte."

"How was that?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Aye, wot wos it?" demanded old Mr. Weller, who thought it very polite to stick his hands upon his knees, round his arms, and stare at the Gendarme full in the face, in order to impress that individual with an idea that he was going to pay the greatest attention to all he said.

"About five years ago there was a dreadful murder committed under aggravated circumstances of horror," began Dumont, "in a bye-street in one of the worst quarters of Paris. The victims were an old man and his wife,—the assassin was their own son! The murder was not discovered for some hours after it was perpetrated; and then every engine of the police—and you know we have the reputation of being the most cunning and skilful body of functionaries in the world—was set to work to detect the malefactor. But all agility, research, and investigation were useless: the criminal had evidently decamped from Paris as soon as he had accomplished the bloody deed, and in process of time the matter was forgotten as much as those terrible episodes in the history of mankind ever can be obliterated from the memory. Three years passed away, and during that period I was employed principally in Paris and its environs. The biography of a Gendarme is probably, the most singular that could be written;—the reproach of want of interest or sameness never could reasonably be applied to it. And, in truth, during those three years I saw much to grieve, to astonish, and enlighten me. The intrigues of the police, the crimes to which sad poverty is compelled to have recourse, and the wonderful celerity with which they nearly all are discovered as rapidly as they are accom-

plished—all this formed ample food for my wonderment, experience, and conjecture. But to be brief;—three years elapsed from the period when I, together with others of my comrades, were employed to trace the author of the horrible deed which I mentioned ere now.”

“An’ vich as yet was not diskivered,” said Mr. Weller, senior. “Go on, sir, it’s werry pretty.”

“At the expiration of those three years,” continued Dumont with a smile, “I was despatched to Aulnay-le-Vicomte on the most particular business.”

“I s’pose they changes about you Johnny Darmies jist as they changes us coachmen in England, from von road to another,” cried the elder Mr. Weller.

“Pray, Mr. Weller, do not interrupt this gentleman,” said Mr. Pickwick; “you can make your observations afterwards.”

“Wery true, sir, I never thought ’o that,” returned the old coachman. “Go on, sir.”

“To Aulnay-le-Vicomte I proceeded, in obedience to superior orders,” resumed the Gendarme, “and stopped at a small inn when I transacted the business which formed the object of my mission. One evening I was seated by the kitchen fire, smoking a cigar, and conversing with a stranger who was placed opposite to me; when the conversation turned upon the late robberies and murders which had been committed in that neighborhood. The stranger was a man who evidently belonged to the operative class, as his attire and language seemed to testify; but he appeared exceedingly well acquainted with Paris and all that had taken place there a few years previously. We drank our wine, and smoked—I a cigar, and he his pipe, till a late hour; when I proposed to retire for the night. He however expressed a wish to empty another bottle, and I acceded to the proposition. The stranger refilled his pipe, and lighted it with a letter which he took from his pocket. He then passed the paper to me, as I had just extracted another cigar from my case. While I was lighting my cigar, my eyes fell upon the folded letter which I held in my hand, and a certain name that met my glance instantly attracted my attention. I reflected for a moment, and as this circumstance had suddenly stirred up all my slumbering reminiscences concerning a particular individual, I immediately called to mind the description of the murderer whom I had vainly sought three years pre-

viously. There could not be a doubt of it. In front of me sate the assassin; and I was no longer surprised that an operative at Aulnay-le-Vicomte should be so well acquainted with Paris. I accordingly asked him if he had ever been to the metropolis. He replied in the affirmative; I inquired how long a period had elapsed since his visit, and he, probably unsuspecting of any danger, at once informed me that he was in Paris three years previously. ‘Do you recollect a terrible murder which was committed upon two old people by their unnatural son?’ I demanded. The villain gave a start which nearly broke his pipe in his mouth: he however recollected himself, and deliberately answered in the negative.—‘You know more about that deed,’ said I, ‘than you choose to admit.’—‘What do you mean? What would you infer?’ cried the guilty wretch, and this time his pipe fell from his mouth and was broken into small pieces upon the floor.—‘I mean,’ was my answer, ‘that a most extraordinary coincidence has detected you. Nay—do not start! you are my prisoner!’ and as I spoke I laid a brace of pistols by my side upon the table.—‘You are mistaken,’ cried the murderer, in a hollow tone of voice.—‘That you must induce others to believe,’ was my reply.—‘Upon this paper is a word which aroused my conjectures—it is the name of yourself and your murdered parents! I shall not take the trouble to peruse all that remains unburnt in my hands: the commissary of police may fulfil that duty.’—‘I see,’ said he in a hurried voice, ‘that it is useless to deny the truth. I am a wretch unfit to live; and still life is dear to me! Not far from hence, concealed in a thicket of wood, are eight thousand francs, the relics of that sum which induced me to imbrue my hands in human gore. Release me, and the money shall be yours.’—‘Villain,’ cried I, ‘would you make others as vile as yourself? Know you not that he who suffers the murderer to escape, is as it were an accomplice in the deed? No—your money is defiled with blood; and whoever received it as a bribe, would receive the thirty pieces of silver from the hands of Judas. Prepare yourself to accompany me to the office of the commissary!’—the guilty wretch fell upon his knees, implored me to release him, and wept like a child. I bound his arms—he made but a slight resistance—and in a few moments he was safely lodged in the town-gaol. Two months afterwards he



SAM WELLER ASSISTING MR. SUGDEN'S RETREAT FROM THE HOTEL.



suffered upon the guillotine, at the Barriere du Trone, on the outskirts of Paris.

"It is seldom that the guilty escape," observed Mr. Pickwick, when this anecdote was brought to a conclusion.

"They invariably commit some error or folly which betrays them," returned the Gendarme. "Had that man destroyed all letters which he received, and especially this one, which was from his mistress in an adjacent town, he would probably have been alive at this minute."

"Very true," returned Mr. Pickwick.

"Vell," said Mr. Weller, senior, "I never had the pleasure o' sittin' in the company of a Johnny Darny afore; and I always heerd say that they was exceedin' rum customers to come across; but blowed if I don't think they're jist like other men."

"Wot are you gammonin' at now, old purple wisage?" said Sam. "A wery strange effect the punch seems to perduce on your brain."

"You have just come from England, sir, I presume?" said the Gendarme.

"An' wery right you air to presume that, sir," replied Mr. Weller the elder; "cos never was presumption more varrantable than that 'ere. But I didn't driv' myself, sir,—nor would I wentur to driv' von o' them diligences o' your'n; an' wery odd it is that them chaps vith their long whips, and vith no reins to their leaders, is able to maintain any degree o' order among their cattle. But they twist in an' out the narrer streets jist as vell as the vide 'uns. I tell von wot it is, sir," added Mr. Weller, with a wery serious countenance, and staring right in the face of the Gendarme, "you'll eks-cuse nie, sir,—I means no offence,—but you're a wery sing'lar nation; wery sing'lar, surely."

"Now then, old image!" cried Sam; "you're wery perlite, you are, as the gen'leman said to the creditor vich perwided him vith a lodgin' free gratis for nothin' in the King's Bench."

"Talkin' o' the King's Bench, Samivel," exclaimed Mr. Weller, senior, "I paid a wisit to that there finishin' academy for young noblemen and gen'lemen some time back, cos there was a feller there as I know'd in better times. A wery rum place is that there Bench, gen'lemen,—much more curi-ous than the Fleet, of vich some von amongst us had a sample;"—and as he uttered these words, he bestowed a wink of uncommon significance upon Mr. Pickwick,

who nearly choked himself with the punch which he swallowed in order to pretend that he did not notice Mr. Weller's allusion.

"Vy is it so wery odd?" demanded Sam. "I don't s'pose the laws is different there; but me and the guv'ner ought to know somethin' about law, as the gen'leman observed whose father was hanged for horse-stealin'."

"Vy is it?" echoed old Mr. Weller; "cos the people there is wery queer. Some on 'em is so exceedin' proud, t'others so wery vulgar an' low, and t'others so wastly addicted to drinkin', that the whole place is quite a fernomenon. The proud uns hasn't a farthin' in their pockets—the vulgar uns ought to know better—an' the drunken chaps is so wery lively an' dirty."

"Not unlike our debtors' prison in the Rue de Clichy, I should suppose?" said M. Dumont.

"Sometimes, as I heerd my friend say," continued Mr. Weller, "a feller comes in for somethin' besides debt—p'raps for libel, or thrashing a defenceless old man as was too much of a gen'leman to accept his challenge to fight vith pistols, or some such a thing,—an' then he thinks it necessary to give his-self airs; so he puts on a sort o' smock-frock——"

"What does he do that for?" demanded Mr. Pickwick.

"Cos he thinks it's wery fine, to be sure, sir," answered old Mr. Weller; "an' then he svaggers up an' down the prison, an' looks vith contempt on them as is in for debt. Wery sure he is that he'll never be in for debt his-self, cos he'll never find no von for to trust him."

"Is that the case?" said Mr. Pickwick, considerably edified by these remarks, and perceiving in Mr. Weller's observations a very just satire upon the ridiculous pride of those individuals who assume an air of importance in a place where nearly all distinctions are levelled by the unsparing decrees of misfortune.

Indeed, the English metropolis is at this moment infested by a race of young men who are of no earthly use either to society or to themselves. They probably fly from their creditors, or from the still more dreaded presence of starvation, hasten to join any military expedition which the rulers, or would-be rulers of foreign nations are carrying on against their neighbors or their subjects, desert from one side to another, return to England, and are deservedly

shunned by all upright and good men for their conduct. They then hope to redeem their characters by enacting the bully, and exercising their physical superiority upon the person of some feeble individual who deems them unfit for his acquaintance. An action is the result—the culprits are punished as they deserve—but the stupid distribution of the law allows them to pass the time of that imprisonment to which the tribunal appealed to has condemned them, in a debtor's instead of a felon's jail. So far from being sent to the treadmill, which they so richly merit, they are allowed to intrude themselves into that tenement where the victims of misfortune, and not the agents of moral or social outrage should alone be permitted to abide. And happy is it for them if they can find friends or dupes to maintain them while they suffer the penalty of that cowardly and indecent conduct, which began in the most treacherous desertion, and ended in the most disgusting bullying.

But let us return to the jovial party, whom we left for a moment to make the above remarks.

Mr. Weller, senior, was in the midst of an amusing anecdote, and Mr. Pickwick was in the midst of an excellent glass of punch—Mr. Tupman was fast asleep in his chair—Mr. Winkle and Mr. Snodgrass seemed very much inclined to imitate their friend's example, each having one eye close shut, and the other only half open—and M. Dumont and Mr. Weller were listening very patiently to the old coachman's story, when a tremendous ring at the front door bell cut short the anecdote, interrupted Mr. Pickwick in the discussion of his punch, made Mr. Samuel Weller start upon his legs, awoke Mr. Tupman, and compelled Mr. Snodgrass and Mr. Winkle to open their eyes.

"Who can this be, at eleven at night?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Ah! who indeed?" echoed Mr. Tupman, rubbing his eyes.

"That is exactly what I want to know," returned Mr. Pickwick, looking sternly upon his follower through his memorable spectacles.

"Oh, it is, it is," cried Mr. Tupman. "Well—I dare say we shall see when Sam has opened the door."

Mr. Weller, junior, hastened to answer the summons at the front door, and returned to the room ushering in a tall Gen-

darme, six feet high, the very appearance of whom frightened Mr. Snodgrass into hysterics, and Mr. Winkle behind the curtain.

"Do not be alarmed, gentlemen," cried Dumont; "it is only one of my men, whom I informed that I was coming to pass an hour or two with you, in order that he should know where to find me in case of my presence being required."

This announcement tranquilized the gentlemen present; Mr. Snodgrass turned his hysterics off in a violent cough, and Mr. Winkle emerged from behind the curtain, while Dumont conversed with the Gendarme who had just arrived, in their own language, and in a hurried tone of voice.

"What do you think the meaning of this can be?" inquired Mr. Tupman of Mr. Pickwick.

"I have been conjecturing for these last ten minutes," answered that truly learned and great man; "and the result of my reflection is—"

"Is what?" cried Mr. Tupman, impatiently.

"Is, that I cannot come to any feasible conclusion," answered Mr. Pickwick.

It is evident that Mr. Tupman felt the entire weight of this erudite reply, from the circumstance of his not asking Mr. Pickwick any more questions; although it is just probable that he had not obtained all the information he required.

"Gentlemen," said M. Dumont, when he had conversed for about ten minutes with the stranger. "I am going to perform a very unpleasant office. A female has been detected in a most audacious cheat, and is now in charge at the office of the nearest commissary of police. I must hasten thither to witness the depositions, and superintend her conveyance to prison. But this female is not a stranger to some of you who are here present."

"Indeed!" cried Mr. Pickwick. "It cannot be the wife of our grocer, I hope!"

"Nor the apple-woman at the corner of the Faubourg St. Honore?" said Mr. Tupman, with tears in his expressive eyes.

"Nor the old woman in the great-coat, who sweeps the crossing by the Madeline?" exclaimed Mr. Winkle.

"Nor the pale and sentimental-looking female that sells matches round the corner?" demanded the poetic Mr. Snodgrass.

"No, gentlemen," returned M. Dumont with a smile; "it is neither the grocer's wife, the beggar, the sweeper of the cross-

ings, nor the apple-woman. But the prisoner is one who has cheated at least three of you."

"Anastasie de Volage!" cried Mr. Tupman.

"The same," rejoined the Gendarme.

"Wot is them chaps a-talkin' about, Sammy?" demanded old Mr. Weller, in a whisper, as he pointed to the Gendarmes. "Is any von to be pitched into; cos if there's a little o' that vork rekvired, ve'll soon do it, you an' me, Samivel."

"It's only a young o'man as has got herself into a scrape," returned Sam; "an' so there ain't no necessity for pitchin' into people."

"Vell, I'm rayther sorry for that," said Sam's father.

"Vy?" demanded the dutiful son.

"Cos there's nothin' like a little exercise, Samivel, as the verry old donkey observed ven they made him get up from his death-bed to carry nine gen'lemen in a tax-cart to Greenwich Fair."

"Now, you cut off, old feller," said Sam.

"Wery much obleeged for your advice, Samivel," returned Mr. Weller, "an' shan't fail for to foller it. Good night, Samivel. Gen'lemen, I vish you all a good night's rest, an' thank'ee kindly for your civilities."

With these words Mr. Weller, senior, departed; and the two Gendarmes having bade adieu to the gentlemen present, and to Mr. Samuel Weller, also withdrew to attend to Mademoiselle Anastasie de Volage.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The office of a Commissary of Police.—The dissatisfied husband.—A gentleman and a donkey.—A religious and hard-working boy.—Mr. Benjamin Juddery and the love-letter.—An inebriate gentleman.—Mademoiselle Anastasie.

In a room, adorned with mirrors and chandeliers, and furnished even in a costly manner, sate one of the four Commissaries of Police for the second *arrondissement* of Paris, with a clerk on his right hand, a police-agent on his left, and a tri-colored scarf round his waist. Near the desk behind which the public functionary was seated, stood Mademoiselle Anastasie de Volage, beside two Gendarmes; and in one corner of the apartment, her respectable old mother was weeping in an arm-chair, with a case-bottle of

brandy in one hand, and a cambric pocket handkerchief in the other. The use of the one was to dry up the moisture of the stomach, and the latter to absorb the humidity of the eyes. The feelings of the ancient lady were deeply affected by the ignominious position of her daughter; and in order to give free vent to them, she from time to time bestowed an indignant glance or an emphatic imprecation upon the Commissary of Police and his agents.

Anastasie herself was a bold girl, and on occasions like these, she disdained the use of tears. She, however, kept her eyes fixed upon the ground, and seemed more annoyed at the lachrymose department of her mother, than at the perils of her own peculiar situation.—"We will examine and dispose of a few cases of trivial importance," said the Commissary, as the clock at the hotel of the Ministry of Marine struck the hour of ten A. M.; "and, in the meantime you may withdraw into an adjoining room."

These last words were addressed to Mademoiselle Anastasie, who was accordingly conducted into another apartment, whither she was immediately followed by her mother. The Commissary then signified his readiness to hear complaints, receive charges, and administer all other duties that came within the scope of his official attributes.

A little shrivelled, miserable-looking, old man stepped forward, and solicited the advice of the magistrate in an affair which he stated to be of considerable delicacy and importance, and which, after a great deal of hesitation, he explained as follows:—

"I am a man, sir, in a most respectable line of business, and have always led a happy and merry life up to yesterday; and yesterday all my grievances began, and from yesterday will my future history be a sad contrast with the annals of my previous existence. I was foolish enough, *M. le Commissaire*, to take unto myself a wife; but when I bargained for a wife, I did not think that I was going to espouse an amazon for ferocity, and a woman who is so deeply indebted to all the mechanics and artizans in Paris, that her custom alone would be a fortune to them, were they paid."

"You speak in enigmas," said the Commissary. "Explain yourself." "That is very easily done," continued the irate old gentleman; and in a few words. I paid my addresses to a young lady, whom I fancied to be complete and sound in wind and limb like other women; but when the secrets of the

toilet were disclosed, I found that she wore false teeth made in the Palais Royal, a glass eye fabricated in the Rue Saint Honoré, a cork leg that emanated from a shop in the Place des Victoires, a wig from the fashionable barber's in the Rue de la Paix, and a variety of other artificial charms, which I cannot now enumerate."

"And in what way do you wish me to assist you?" inquired the Commissary.

"In what way!" shouted the little man. "I will tell you the rest, and then you shall see in what way you can assist me. When I reproached her for having thus deceived me, she threw my own words in my teeth. 'Did you not say,' cried she, 'that it was not for my beauty that you loved me, and that I should always be dear to you, handsome or ugly, old or young, well or ill, rich or poor?'—'Yes,' said I; 'but I did not expect to find an invalid in a young woman of two and twenty.' Well, Sir, to be brief, this morning all the bills came pouring in; a thousand francs for the teeth, five hundred for the leg, two hundred for the wig, fifty for the eye, and other *items* to the amount of three thousand francs altogether."

"I am sorry I can grant you no assistance," observed the Commissary. "You must apply to another tribunal."

"Stop a moment cried the old man.

When I refused to pay the bills this morning, we had a quarrel, which lasted till breakfast made its appearance. So when an admirable dish of mutton chops was placed upon the table, I thought I had better make the best of a bad job; and helping her to one of the largest and best looking chops in the dish, I told her to make herself happy, and we would not dispute any more. 'I'm not ready for my breakfast yet,' said she.—'Why not?' said I.—'Because I have no appetite,' said she.—'How is that my dear love?' said I, very affectionately.—'Because I should like to give you a punch or two on the head first,' was her very disrespectful answer.—'What for?' said I.—'Only just to give me an appetite for my breakfast,' said she, very coolly; and jumping up, she pitched into me right and left. I really think she would not have left off yet, had not her cork-leg became untied, and down she plumped upon the floor; so I seized the opportunity and ran straight here."

"Does your wife drink?" demanded the Commissary.

"She is not averse to a drop," answered the old man

"All I can do is to imprison her for the assault," said the magistrate.

"And then she would thrash me worse than ever when she came out of goal," whimpered the old man, sneaking away from the office.

"Call the next case," said the Commissary.

A man was brought forward, in the custody of a town-sergeant, charged with having galloped his donkey through the streets, to the danger and discomfiture of all sober and honest citizens. The witness in this case was an English mechanic, whose evidence was delivered through the *medium* of an interpreter. The defendant was in the habit of working in a brimstone loft, and as his hands were generally full of business, he had seldom time to wash either them or his face, so that he bore the appearance of having returned from that place where, according to good authority, the article upon which he worked abounds in the greatest quantity and perfection. The donkey, being accustomed to the same commodity, matched its master in complexion; and the speed with which they made their way amongst the mass of carriages and carts in the Faubourg Saint Honoré, added to the superstitious fears of the crowds that started aside as they sped along. The awful impression was rather increased than diminished, when upon being asked what was the rider's place of destination, he replied with the most perfect *nonchalance*, "To the devil, to be sure!"

The English witness described the extraordinary appearance of the two offenders, and the rapidity of their progress, which seemed to have been luckily impeded by a cart laden with hay, at which the donkey stopped to nibble, when the animal and its rider were both taken into custody by a town-sergeant.

"Was the man drunk?" inquired the Commissary of Police, through the *medium* of the interpreter.

The reply shall be given in the native English of the witness.

"About half-and-half," said that highly respectable man; "but they knowed vell enough vot they wos up to both on' em; for the donkey vent up agin the very hay he wos feedin' on, like an ungrateful beast as he wos."

The defendant protested that his donkey was the most harmless animal that ever lived, and that the speed at which he went could not have exceeded a pony's trot. Besides, he observed, that the poor little fellow

made no disturbance in the streets, as he always went bare-footed.

"Aye, there it is," cried the English witness. "The Neddy goes on without makin' no noise in the world, so that he steals on you, an' goes over you afore you knows vere you are, till you feels his guffs in your bowels. It is a dangerous hoccupation for to let sich hanimals go at large on the King's highway, without punishment by hact o' parliament."

"And how were they disposed of at last, officer?" demanded the magistrate.

"We took the defendant to the guard-house, *Monsieur*," was the town-serjeant's answer, "and the donkey followed us. We locked up his master in the *violon*, and gave the animal a knock with a stick to send him home. But he did not mind it;—on the contrary, he put his head inside the door of the outer guard-room, and made such a terrible he-hawing, that some of the mob who were passing at the time cried out, Oh! it's nothing but the patrol quarreling!"

"I really think that you might have permitted the defendant to go home with his donkey," observed the Commissary to the town-serjeant.

"And so we did, *Monsieur*," answered the police-agent. "But you shall hear the upshot of the whole matter. The corporal on guard advised me to let them be both together, and so I let in the donkey to keep company with his master in the *violon*. After a short period had elapsed, just as I was going to have a stretch before the fire, the donkey gave another dismal yell; and I am certain his master was the instigator of it, more or less, for I heard them, as it were, conversing with each other. We could not bear this; and the corporal said to me, 'Open the door and let them out, for there is no such thing as tolerating this noise here.' I accordingly did open the door, and they walked out in the most friendly way together."

The Commissary addressed himself to the defendant, and directed him to make such arrangements with his donkey as would enable him to pass through the streets in future without disturbing the peace or terrifying people of weak nerves by his apparent association with a place not to be named to ears polite. The defendant declared that his donkey was the most amiable being in existence, and moreover asserted that the poor dumb animal divided with his wife the sincerest affections of his heart.

A boy was now brought up in the custody of a police agent, charged with having sounded the depths of two or three gentlemen's pockets, in a most mysterious but highly practical and scientific manner.

"Even if I had my hands in a gentleman's pocket last night," said the boy, "the weather was so desperately cold, I am sure I was glad to put them anywhere."

"I know that boy to be a most incorrigible thief, *Monsieur*," said the town-serjeant.

"You say you know me!" cried the boy. "Now am I not like other boys? Is there any thing extraordinary about me?"

"I saw you try two or three pockets," answered the police-agent.

"Now mind what you say!" exclaimed the boy. "There is somebody here who knows that you are telling a story. I should be glad to ascertain what chance you will have in another world, if you tell lies in this of a poor innocent boy. Well—what did you see me do?"

"I saw you put your hands into the pockets of two or three gentlemen who were walking up the Boulevards," said the policeman.

"Have you any idea of another world?" demanded the boy.

"You see that you are well known," said the Commissary.

"Known!" cried the boy. "Why—you would not believe what this man said of me, would you? I am sure I would not believe what he might say of you!"

"I turned him out of the Passage des Panoramas yesterday morning," said another town-serjeant. "He was looking in at a shop window, doubtless to ascertain if he could not steal something."

"Oh!" cried the boy: "I just went to look in at a shop window to ascertain if they wanted an errand-boy or not, and up comes this man with a cocked-hat, and away I walked. I may use my legs at any rate, I should suppose."

"Certainly," returned the Commissary. "But these officers seem to say that you have a very awkward way of using your hands."

"I assure you, *Monsieur*," returned the prisoner, "that I am a poor hard-working boy, and that I have had nothing to do for the last four years. I never put my hand in any one's pocket but my own."

"How came you with your hand in a gentleman's pocket last night, then?" asked the magistrate.

"Because he was a friend of mine to whom I had lent my Sunday coat," was the reply; "and as I met him in the street, I recollected that there was some important papers in the pocket. He was walking with a young girl, and so I did not like to disturb him; and as it was my own coat, I thought there was no harm in feeling in its pockets."

"If you be so good and industrious as you say," observed the Commissary, "why do you not send for your friend or friends to give you a character?"

"There's no use in it," answered the boy. "I have told these police-agents a dozen times where to go; but they will not do anything without a bribe."

The town-sergeant then stated that the prisoner had given them half-a-dozen wrong directions, and that no inquiry had been made after him at the Prefecture of Police. At the same moment, another police-agent stepped forward, and declared that he knew the prisoner to be a common pick-pocket.

"Make room there!" cried the boy; "and let me have a good look at that man. Now, my worthy gentleman, take care of what you say. Are you sure that it is I whom you mean?"

"No doubt of it," returned the police-man, who had last spoken: "I myself conducted you to Bicêtre, six months ago."

"You have got some shocking bad people about you, *Monsieur*," said the boy. "If ever I saw this individual before, I hope I may never go to heaven, that's all."

"Why, all the police know you," said the Commissary; "and if you go on in this way much longer, you will be sent to the galleys."

"Well," retorted the prisoner, "they may poke me about in this world, but I am very certain that some one will poke me about in another. They have all come forward to give evidence against me, and not one of them has told a word of truth."

"You must be sent before the Chambers of Correctional Police," said the Commissary: "I have heard enough to convince me that you are a very bad boy."

"Please you, *Monsieur*," cried the boy, "where do you hope to go when you have past the doctor? I'm sure there is not room in heaven for such as you."

"I am sorry to send so religious a young man to prison," said the magistrate; "but there is no help for it. Clerk, draw up the *procès-verbal*."

The document having been prepared, and the urchin having said his say, the next case was called, while the promising youth was led off to gaol.

One Mr. Benjamin Juddery, an English lace-weaver, was charged by his wife, a smart little woman, with having put her in great fear of her life. It appears that Mr. Benjamin Juddery had not always professed the business of lace-weaving; but that a few years previously, when he followed the highly genteel and profitable calling of dogs'-meat man, in the English metropolis, he had seduced the plaintiff into matrimony, by means of the following elegant epistle, the substance of which was communicated to the magistrate by the assistance of the English interpreter:

Feberverry 14.

"DEAR MISS,

"Sure you and I has nowed one another now ever since the day as poor Lipey was hung; an' its oney jest an' right as I shed awail myself of this ear day (being Walentine's day) to sure you—i got a new barrer an' the dog as I ad I swopt for von a good dele biggerer—an' they tells me as how the rail rodes makes mete more cheaperer, nry thorts is always on u, an' i often ses ven I'm a token to Bill Smiff at the *Bell*. 'Bill,' ses I, 'if that ere voman ud oney make me a 'appy man, I'd leave off backer for a munff.'—'Oh!' ses he, 'I thinks a chap o' your billerties would be a chuckin' his-self away.'—'Not a bit on it,' ses I, 'she's got a ed like a almerneck an noes more than you thinks on, she could put you up to summut she could.'—'Never you mind,' ses he, 'if so be as you marries hur, why you chucks yerself away;' an' so I means to chuck myself slap into yer harms. an' i wenter to think as how you can't go for to wish to be up to chuckin' one away agin. an' it aint no matter to nobody where I chucks myself. my dogs is run uns to draw an' out an' out vons to bark. so kum to cherch, an' now no more from

"Your lovin' lovyer till death,

"BENJAMIN JUDDERY."

This pathetic epistle succeeded in securing the hand and heart of the young lady, and she shortly changed the harmonious appellation of Tippingworth for the euphonic *cognomen* of Juddery. She, however, led a miserable life; and the dogs'-meat business failing, she and her husband left London

and repaired to Paris, where he entered the more elevated walks of lace-weaving. But she soon discovered that her husband had been in France before, and that he had another wife living; whereupon she separated from him, and he had made frequent attempts to obtain an interview with her, for the purpose of persuading her to renew their former intercourse. She, however, determined to have nothing more to say to him; and the consequence was that a few days previously she received the ensuing effusion:

"Dear beller,

"my mind has bin in a compleat state of anx eye ity ever sience you made a vow never to see me agin. as I can't have yer comperny as we used to have. i have been obligated 2 perwade the strete vere you live all day cos ven I nocks no von cums an' lets me in. I can't live vith any piece o' mind till I hear from yer sweet lipps as you von't have nothink to do more vith me. mi luv, I can't live vith Hout your sweet cumperny. I mite as vell be kicked out o' the walls o' the Creation. Mi luv, if you vill kum back an' enjoye wunce more vith your H-me Benjamin the sweets o' maytrimony—an' i will make you a cumfertable home—I will prommis you on the bible not to hide you any more—mi luv—I only hided you to make you the more foudeder on me. but as n objecth to sitch mezzhures i shall never undertake that tran-sackshun no more. if n dont kum an' se me now u shall repent it cos i carry somethink allays about me.

"yer trew luv,

"B. J."

The Commissary inquired, through the interpreter, what Mr. Benjamin Juddery meant by threatening the life of a woman whom he had so grossly deceived? If he were in the habit of carrying something about him in order to do her a bodily and perhaps mortal injury, he, the magistrate, must do what he could to prevent his sanguinary purpose from being carried into effect.

The defendant, casting a look of the most piteous and expostulatory description at the object of his affection, who on her part seemed to be wholly unconscious herself of the tender passion, declared that the meaning of the expression complained of had been entirely misunderstood. He protested that he would sooner die than harbor a thought injurious to the person of his much-loved Arabella, and that all he meant was that he

had procured some laudnum which he should be induced to swallow if she still remained insensible to his affection.

The Commissary settled the matter by desiring the interpreter to inform the prisoner that he must be handed over to the tender mercies of the King's Procurator and the Court of Assize, on a charge of bigamy; and when the wife implored the forbearance of the magistrate, she was acquainted with the fact that in France the ends of justice are invariably secured by the public prosecutor, whom no bribes can turn away from the straight path which impartiality and honor point out for him to pursue.

The last case, previous to that of Mademoiselle Anastasie de Volage, was then called: and this was it;—

An individual, who carried on the double callings of porter to a house and tailor to men's clothes, was found by the patrol, towards the "small hours" seated in a most peculiar condition in the middle of the Place Vendome. It appears that he was strenuously advised by one of the patrol to retire to his couch, and that with a look of solemn earnestness he replied, "My dear fellow, nothing would please me more than to be in bed; but the truth is, the Place Vendome is running round at this moment, and I am only waiting here till my own door passes."

The patrol very good-naturedly offered his services to transport the inebriate gentleman to his own dwelling if he would only inform him of the number; but the inebriate gentleman vouchsafed no other answer but by making faces in the face of the patrol, and when the patrol tried to pick the inebriate gentleman up, the inebriate gentleman knocked the patrol down.

The tailor-porter, or porto-tailor, whichever term the reader may choose to adopt, having but little to say in his defence, was fined in the sum of five francs to the King, and ordered to apologise to the individual whom he had so roughly handled.

The first, second, antepenultimate, penultimate, and last of the minor cases having been thus disposed of, the Commissary of Police retired for a few moments, to partake of a slight refectation in an adjoining room; and on his return, Mademoiselle Anastasie was again summoned to his presence. Her old mother followed in the rear, and precipitated herself in a corner once more, where she fell into a chair and a violent fit of hysterics simultaneously.

The Commissary of Police then entered into an examination of the charges brought against the young lady, and the clerk drew up the *proces-verbal* thereof; but as the causes of Mademoiselle Anastasie's present dilemma will be duly narrated hereafter, we must content ourselves with observing for the moment, that the document was forthwith despatched to the Judge of Instruction, and the fair delinquent to the prison of Bicetre.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A visit to Mademoiselle Anastasie in an uncomfortable place.—A conversation in a Prison.—Conversations out of a Prison.

THE edifice, which bears the name of Bicetre, is situate on the road from Paris to Fontainebleau, about a mile and a quarter from the Barriere d'Italie. It derives its name from John, Bishop of Winchester, who built a fortified mansion on that spot in the year 1204, and whose real appellation has by gradual variations been transformed from Winchester into Bichestre, Bicestre, and lastly Bicetre. In 1632 this edifice was changed by Louis XIII. into a hospital for military invalids; it is now used as a prison, a lunatic asylum, and a receptacle for the poor and needy. When viewed at a distance, it appears like an immense fortification; but on a closer inspection, it seems a lofty work-house or asylum for the indigent, surrounded by a fosse. It is in this building, that criminals, under sentence of death, await the result of their appeal to the Court of Cassation.

It was also in the prison of that building, that a cell was provided for the reception of Mademoiselle Anastasie de Volage. The walls, which had once been whitewashed, were yellow and dirty with grease and smoke; and here and there were written in pencil, or scrawled with a piece of charcoal, a few lines indicative of the state of mind in which the former tenants of the chamber had found themselves at different times. In one corner of the ceiling was a large cobweb, in which a fly was retained by an overgrown spider—a sad emblem of the fate of the degraded Anastasie. The wooden work round the fire-place had been perforated here and there with the point of a red-hot poker; and the poker itself was worn as thin as a sewer, by the number of

times it had been heated in the fire,—for coals, not wood, were the fuel allowed in that prison. These trivial circumstances speak volumes concerning those who had inhabited the room before the present tenant of the miserable cell became acquainted with it. The mind, harassed by a thousand evils, and tormented by the anticipation of more, finds no amusement in books, and wastes away the time in the most childish pursuits. Hearts are broken in those walls,—aye, irrevocably robbed of peace, of happiness, and even of hope! The handsome cornices of the rooms covered with dust, are emblems of the hearts surrounded by the cobwebs of despair. Some may imagine,—but none can describe, the acuteness—the bitterness—the agony of the woe that is experienced in the dungeons of a felon's gaol!

The door of Anastasie's room was not locked, and it opened into a passage communicating with a court in which the female prisoners were allowed to walk. Of this indulgence she did not, however, avail herself at that moment; for she was sick at heart, and for the first time for some years she reflected that with her personal attractions, her natural abilities, the accomplishments which she really possessed, and her pleasing manners, she might have formed an eligible, or, at all events, a respectable connection, which might have saved her from ever becoming acquainted with the interior of a gaol!

In the midst of her sorrowful meditations an old woman, bent almost double with age and suffering, entered the room.

"Cheer up, my dear," said the hag: "with money one can make one's self as happy here as elsewhere."

"Why do you intrude upon me?" demanded Anastasie impatiently, for the old woman's voice was as harsh and grating upon the ear as the creaking of the prison-doors.

"I will wait upon you, if you will allow me," said the old woman. "The others would only rob and plunder you."

"My mother will be here presently," returned the young woman;—her mother had been in the prison called La Force, and Anastasie was well aware that she was acquainted with the usages of such places.

"Well, well," cried the old woman, moving sulkily towards the door; "I suppose you mean to wait upon yourselves. But I have been here these last ten years, and so if you do want a servant, give me the pref-

erence; for I assure you I am as honest as any one in the whole prison."

As she uttered these words, the old woman laid her right hand upon her heart, and reaching her left behind her, transferred Anastasie's purse very cleverly from the table to her own pocket. She then hastened out of the room, and concealed the plunder in a secure place, till the disturbance which the old crone expected would follow the discovery of the loss of the purse, should have subsided.

In the course of the afternoon, Anastasie's mother arrived with provisions. The excellent old lady had first made up her mind to terminate her cares in the Seine; but she at length hit upon the more eligible and less fatal method of drowning them in the bottle—a system we strongly recommend to the consideration of all people who may be suicidically inclined. Having attended to the immediate comforts of her daughter, and implored her to be more circumspect in future, if she in any way escaped punishment on this occasion, the affectionate parent took a speedy departure, as she was then engaged in an affair with a Russian nobleman whom she had determined to ease of his ready money that same evening, with the aid of a dozen of her friends and confederates.

It was about half-past four o'clock, and Anastasie was just wondering what could have become of her purse, when the door of her apartment was thrown open, and three individuals slowly advanced toward her. The well-known features of Mr. Tupman first met her glance; behind him was the old gentleman in spectacles and black-gaiters whom she had seen at the Hotel du Rhin with Mr. Wegsworth Muffley; and last of all was an uncommon fat individual, with an exceeding red face, a capacious striped waist-coat, and tops and cords upon his legs.

The moment the calvalcade was thus revealed to the eyes of the fair delinquent, she had recourse to those articles which all females enlist in their service on such occasions,—viz., an Alpine-white pocket handkerchief, a Niagarian fall of tears, and a Vesuvian eruption of sighs.

Mr. Tupman immediately seated himself beside the prisoner, and forgetting all his wrongs, hastened to console her to the utmost of his power: Mr. Pickwick commenced a fine speech, which the aspect of the miserable room effectually put a stop to in the midst of an oriental simile; and old

Mr. Weller drew the cuff of his right sleeve across his eyes.

"Alas! alas!" cried Anastasie; "dis is vary kind of you gentlemen! De friends desert me—dem as I have wronged, dey come to me!"

"Young o'man, young o'man," exclaimed old Mr. Weller, in a voice which was much hoarser, because it was more impressive, than usual, "is them real tears, or is they halligator's tears?"

"Crocodile's, you mean," suggested Mr. Pickwick.

"Vell, crocodiles is like halligators, an' halligators is like crocodiles," returned Mr. Weller, senior; "or at all ewents they're so unkimmonly alike, that if you must be eaten up by von on 'em, I rayther think it would'nt matter werry much vich on 'em it wos as dowered you."

"Poor Anastasie!" murmured Mr. Tupman; "and is it come to this?" he added, as if there were any doubt to be entertained upon the matter.

"You see wot it is," continued Mr. Weller, the elder, moralizing: "ven a boss is stubborn, an' obstinate, he frets his-self by his perverse disposition into all kinds of unpleasantness, an' goes to the knackers a long vile afore his feller-creatures."

"Can nothing save you?" demanded Mr. Tupman; "must you be tried—ignominiously tried?"

"I tell you wot it is, Sir," said Mr. Weller, senior, advancing toward Mr. Pickwick, and speaking in a most mysterious tone of voice; "you must send an' per-sent your werry respectful compliments to the king, and tell his majesty that Miss Wolage here begs his pardon, an' kisses his feet, an' all them kinds o'gammon, an' she's sure to get off. The name of Pickwick vill penetrate to the very heart o' the French king, an' get this young gal set free agin."

"I am afraid, my worthy friend," said Mr. Pickwick, "that you vastly overrate the extent of my influence, and that even the king himself has not the power of arresting the course of justice."

"How many turnkeys is there here?" suddenly demanded old Mr. Weller after a long pause.

"Why?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Cos I'll tackle von on 'em, you'll knock down t'other, and Mr. Tupman can carry off the young gal on his back," was the answer, delivered amidst innumerable winks and nods.

"Justice must take its course, Mr. Weller," said Mr. Pickwick, solemnly.

"Ah! sir," observed the old coachman, "so the unfort-nit man said ven they put him in the stocks an' pelted him vith heggs: but that ain't no consolation, that ain't, to them as suffers. But really Mr. Tupman does take on in sich a degree, that if I don't imbibe a drop o' somethin' short, or sing a song, or recapitulate some wersedes o' poetry, I shall whimper myself. Did you ever hear them lines as a feller made the night afore his execution, sir? They're very pretty."

"Never," returned Mr. Pickwick.

"Vell, these is 'em," rejoined the elder Mr. Weller; and while Mr. Tupman endeavored to console Mademoiselle Anastasie de Volage, the old coachman repeated the following lines, in a species of sing-song tone of voice, which greatly edified Mr. Pickwick. We have, however, written the lines without reference to the pronunciation of the orator.

THE PRISONER'S CHANT.

'Twas within the prison's cheerless wall
That the evening marked the prisoners all,
Handsome or ugly, great and small,
In a room which served for festive hall,
From which you might hear the laughter fall,
That lightened their heavy hours of thrall;
And whenever one for a song did call,
In chorus the throng began to bawl.

Porter and pipes were their only fare,
Songs and jests were not wanting there,
And the witty jokes would make you aware
They were a company jovial and rare.
Liquor they never were known to spare,
For that could exterminate every care,
Better than sermon, better than prayer,
As all unanimous did declare.

Though some were likely, beyond a joke,
To be doomed to die by an artichoke.*
And others be'sent like frogs to croak
In a dreary cell where light never broke—
Still not a despairing word they spoke,
But continued to drink, to sing, and smoke,
Despising Fortune's heaviest stroke,
And laughing to lighten the weight of their yoke.

"Werry good, ain't it, as the fly said ven he tasted the treacle?" observed Mr. Weller, senior, so soon as the above effusion was terminated.

"Very peculiar style of versification," returned Mr. Pickwick.

"This poor creature," said Mr. Tupman, advancing towards his great leader, and speaking in a most lachrymose tone of

voice, "this poor creature is desirous of making all the reparation to us which lies in her power, and she thinks she cannot better display her contrition than by—"

"Not by marryin' the guv'ner here?" interrupted old Mr. Weller in alarm and trepidation.

"No—no," continued Mr. Tupman impatiently, "but by placing in his hands a full confession of all her delinquencies—in a word, the history of her life!"

"You doesn't 'spose, sir," said Mr. Weller, senior, "that if so be I bought a hoss an' foun' out as it wasn't worth a copperfarden, that it ud be any consolation to me to know vere he got the glanders, how he come by the staggers, ven he broke his knees, on vich occasion he vent blind, an' vy he couldn't vork on the road no longer?"

"The metaphor is not appropriate," observed Mr. Pickwick, somewhat drily.

"Ve never met afore!" cried the old coachman, casting a look of mingled indignation and pity at Anastasie de Volage, who was wondering in her own mind whether the stout gentleman in the tops and cords was a Chinese or a Turk, as she could scarcely understand a single word he uttered.

"Simile, I meant," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Seemin'ly! vy do you say that ve must ha' met afore, seemin'ly?" cried old Weller.

"My good fellow, you do not understand me," said Mr. Pickwick, mildly. "However, we will talk over this matter another time. You determined upon joining me and Mr. Tupman this afternoon to see a poor young woman in distress; and that feeling does honor to your heart. Tupman," continued the great man, addressing his friend; "tell the young person that I shall read her history with pleasure, and that I will do all I can to serve her."

Mr. Tupman delivered the message, and in order to do it with befitting delicacy, he placed his lips as near Anastasie's ear as possible, and much nearer indeed than Mr. Pickwick thought to be by any means necessary.

At six o'clock the gaoler made his appearance, and requested the visitors to depart, as the gates of the passages communicating with the rooms of the prisoners were to be closed in a few minutes. Mr. Tupman bestowed a kind pressure upon the hand of Anastasie,—for woman, however deceptive, is fascinating still; Mr

* A hearty choke.

Pickwick left his purse upon the table, and favored her with a smile; and old Mr. Weller with a nod and a wink. The poor young woman was then left to her own reflections—the most unwelcome hosts to whose care she could possibly have been handed over for consolation or comfort—while Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Tupman, in the inside, and Mr. Weller, senior, on the outside, of a hackney-coach, returned to the Rue Royale.

"Vell," said Mr. Weller, senior, to his son, when those two accomplished individuals were seated over a cold leg of mutton and a bottle of stout in Mr. Pickwick's kitchen—"vell, Sammy. I never wos in a felon's prison afore, an' I hopes I shan't have for to wisit von agin. I ain't very conversant vith the hattributes o' them places, Samivel."

"Ain't you, though?" demanded Mr. Weller, junior.

"No, I ain't, Sammy. I'm a coachman, or rayther I *wos* a coachman; an' ve dragsmen hears everything, you may say, but doe-n't understand much: cos, jist ven a gen'leman as is sittin' along vith us on the box is in the middle o' his story, the off-leader shies, or a foot-passenger stops the coach to have a long shillin's vorth, or else ve comes to the public or the pike."

"Wery true," observed Sam: "you talks like the Greek grammar, you does, as the school-master said to his birch ven it whistled in the air."

"There's a many things as never strikes people till they're told on 'em," cried Mr. Weller, senior; "or else wot ud be the use o' writin' an' readin' books, an' all that kind o' thing?"

"Wot, indeed!" exclaimed Sam.

"But as I wos a-sayin'," continued the old gentleman, "a coachman is necessarily a wery learned man, cos he hears all that is said about him; but he don't know nothin' thoroughly on account o' the interruptions. For instance, von gen'leman says, 'Them's oats,' as ve goes along the road.—'No, them's wheat, to be sure,' says another.—'It's rye,' says a third, says he.—'It's tares,' says a fourth.—Then jist ven the coachman is a-goin' to put his *weto* upon it all and set 'em right, he has to jump down, an' the conversation is left unfinished."

"*Weto!*" cried Sam; "wot's that? an' how did you know it was wheat, if so be you hadn't took any wery partickler notice o' the field as originated the conversation?"

"A *weto*, Samivel," answered his father, assuming a most important air, "is a thing—a what d'ye call it—a sort of a—that is—a somethin' vich—you know wot, Sammy!"

And having thus lucidly expressed his meaning, the old gentleman helped himself to another slice of cold mutton, doubtless to reward his memory for this display of erudition.

In the course of a few days Mademoiselle Anastasie de Volage forwarded a brief sketch of her adventurous life to Mr. Pickwick, for his own behoof and that of his friends. Accordingly, one evening, Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Tupman, Mr. Snodgrass, and Mr. Winkle were seated in solemn conclave, and Mr. Snodgrass having kindly undertaken to perform the duties of secretary upon the occasion, the interesting narrative was read aloud, and its contents will be found in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE HISTORY OF ANASTASIE DE VOLAGE.

Alphonse.—The Count.—The sage femme's house.
—Other adventures, artifices, frauds, amours, tricks, and villanies.

My father was a field-marshal, and my mother a *figurante* at the Academy of Music; and, like all the children of illicit love, I was doomed at an early age to experience the harsh treatment of the only parent who pretended to care for me, and to look upon the other as a species of deity whose fume I was not allowed to approach. During his life-time, the old Marshal allowed my mother ten thousand francs a year, and doubtless intended to provide for her handsomely in his will; but he died suddenly, and her income ceased.

She was now obliged to return to the Opera, which she had relinquished upon her acquaintance with the Marshal; and as soon as I was twelve years old, I obtained an engagement at the same establishment. At this period I was actually scarcely able to read: my education had been entirely neglected; or rather it had never been attended to at all; and the only accomplishments I possessed were dancing and singing. The conversation of my mother turned solely upon gowns, ribands, arrangements,

handsome young men, the delights of a Parisian existence, and the necessity of obtaining money by all the means that lay in her power. In such a school I was not likely to acquire any very exalted ideas of virtue; and I speedily imbibed the same taste for pleasure which was so strongly recommended by my mother.

As I grew up, my mother became more kind in her manner towards me. While I was a child, I was perpetually in her way: but as I became a woman, she probably saw in the attractions of my person a regeneration of that source of emolument to which she had lately been compelled to say adieu!

I was about fourteen years of age, when I became acquainted with a young gentleman, of modest fortune, small expectations, but of fascinating manners and good personal appearance. He was a clerk in a government office; and being acquainted with the director of the great Opera, was frequently admitted behind the scenes. There we met for the first time—and there we exchanged glances which reciprocally betrayed the favorable impressions we had formed in each other's favor. Alphonse Germilly was only two and twenty—I was fourteen—and we soon loved as tenderly, as sincerely, and as purely as it was possible to love. I invented a thousand excuses from day to day to absent myself from home and indulge in stolen interviews with Alphonse: and he, though much older than I, was boyish and childish in his passion. We bestowed innocent caresses upon each other—we walked in the secluded avenues of the Champs Elysées—we idled away hours on the terrace of the Feuillants—and in the evening, when I was not compelled to be at the Opera, we sat beneath the trees opposite the Café Turc, and did not suffer the icés or the sorbets with which we regaled ourselves to cool the ardor of our passion. Oh! many a happy hour have we passed in that spot—alone together amidst all the bustle, the gaiety, the noise, and the crowd that surrounded us—alone, beneath the tall green trees, the foliage of which rustled with the refreshing breeze—alone near that spot where in after years the deluded Fieschi directed his deadly artillery against the life of the Citizen King!

Every moment that Alphonse could spare from the duties of his situation, or that I could steal from the frivolous occupations which my mother entailed upon me in re-

spect to her wardrobe, was passed in each other's society; and often did the young man urge me to leave the stage, accept of his hand, and content myself with the humble fortune he nobly offered to lay at my feet. But I hesitated—hesitated from day to day—hesitated between the reality of bliss and a chimera of a more exalted felicity which haunted my imagination. The pernicious counsels of my mother had led me to believe that my charms ought to captivate a man of wealth and title: and that I should never think of throwing myself away upon those whom foolish people (to use her own words) miscalled my equals.

I was one evening anxiously waiting for my mother to take her departure to the Opera, as I had promised Alphonse to meet him as usual in the vicinity of the Café Turc, when to my temporary disappointment she stated that her services for that evening were dispensed with, and that she expected a few friends to supper.

"They are all gentlemen, my dear Anastasie," said she; "and one is a count immensely rich—very handsome—very generous—and very liberal to the objects of his affection."

"I had rather not be present at this party, my dear mother," said I, tremblingly.

"And I had much rather that you should," was her answer, delivered in a tone which showed that all remonstrance would be useless. I sighed as I thought of the disappointment that would be experienced by poor Alphonse; but just at that moment a milliner arrived with two splendid new dresses, one for myself, and the other for my mother,—and I forgot Alphonse as I contemplated the garb that was destined for me.

At eleven o'clock the guests arrived. The Count was a tall handsome young man, with a dissipated and languid look, but with eyes that seemed to fascinate those he gazed upon. His conversation was sparkling and witty; and there was about him a certain *je ne sais quoi*, which I had never seen characterise any other individual, and which did not fail to charm while it bewildered me. The more homely manners and less noble appearance of Alphonse Germilly, were eclipsed by the brilliant Count de Franconville.

"My box at the Italian Opera is at your service, *Mademoiselle*," said the Count to me in the course of the evening; "and I

shall not fail to call for you and Madame de Volage to-morrow night."

At that moment I remembered Alphonse, and was about to refuse the proffered honor, when my mother anticipated me by accepting it with many thanks.

I can give no further details concerning that unfortunate party,—unfortunate, because it threw me in the way of one who dazzled my imagination, bewildered my senses, and inflamed my soul with his conversation and his glances! Suffice it to say, that when he and his friend had departed, I could not help wishing that they had staid a little longer; and upon the following evening, when my mother and I returned from the Italian Opera, I regretted within myself that Alphonse did not resemble the Count de Franconville.

"And yet," thought I, "I do not love this great nobleman: his wealth and lofty position astound, as much as his conversation attracts, or his glances intimidate me! No—I love Alphonse—and never will I be unfaithful to him!"

I hastily dispatched a note to my lover, to assure him that indisposition alone had prevented me from meeting him as usual; and his reply was couched in the most endearing and affectionate terms. Five minutes after I had received his note, the Count called, and for a few hours I again forgot Alphonse Germilly.

Some months passed away, and my existence was composed of a strange medley of hours of excitement, depression, and of doubt. I enjoyed a calm and tranquil felicity in the society of Alphonse,—with the Count I was happy, but in a different way,—and when alone, I was tormented with a thousand conflicting passions and feelings.

But this autobiography is rather intended to be a narrative of events than a detail of thoughts and reflections. Without waiting to notice all the wiles and artifices that were practised, both by my mother and the Count to decoy me from the path of virtue,—without stopping to account for the concession which I made to the schemes of duplicity on the one side, instead of to the whisperings of tender affection on the other,—and without breaking the thread of my narrative to show how step by step, I advanced towards that abyss which eventually swallowed me up,—let me at once tell the sad tale, and confess that I became the victim of the man of dissipation and pleasure,

—I who would not join my hand with that of the honorable but more humble individual who would have made me his wife!

For six months did I receive the visits of the Count de Franconville—and for six months did my mother exist in splendor upon the wages of her daughter's shame. I still continued to see Alphonse in private, from time to time; but he knew not my degraded condition. I required the conversation of a good and virtuous being—I wanted a friend—and his society was the consolation that I sought. At length the Count very unceremoniously withdrew his protection; my mother again returned to the stage; and I was once more at liberty to see my still beloved and loving Alphonse, as before.

He pressed me to accept his hand, and make him happy; and I was more than ever inclined to abandon the ambitious views which my mother had encouraged me to entertain, and retire at once into a happy but an humble sphere of life. And yet how could I deceive an excellent and kind-hearted young man? Days and weeks passed away, and still I hesitated what step to take. At length a circumstance occurred which put an end to my doubts and deliberations. I found that I was in a way to become a mother, and that I could no longer conceal the results of my amour with the Count de Franconville from the world!

"You have frequently pressed me, Alphonse," said I, one evening to Germilly, as we were seated opposite the Café Turc together,—“you have frequently pressed me to become your wife, and I hitherto have as often refused. Mention not the subject again—believe me, I love you—and if at the expiration of a year you entertain the same sentiments as you do this moment, I promise you that I will place no impediment in the way of our union."

"And wherefore this delay, Anastasie?" exclaimed Alphonse: "why procrastinate the happy moment?"

"A relation whom I sincerely love—an aunt—whom you have never seen—is now at the point of death! She lives far from Paris—oh! very far—in one of the distant provinces; and I must repair to the place of her residence to be near and with her. Should she succumb to the force of her malady, the period I have indicated must elapse before we can be happy; and should she recover, I have promised to pass a few months in her society."

"Be it as you say, Anastasie," returned Germilly; "only, during your absence, let me not be left in anxiety and suspense concerning your health and welfare."

"I will write to you constantly," was my answer; and we then bade each other farewell. In a few days I left Paris, and lived for some time in a secluded manner in the neighborhood of Saint Germain-en-laye.

At length the time approached when I was to become a mother. You, for whom this narrative is penned, may not be aware that there are houses in Paris kept by women called *sages femmes*, in which the frail one may conceal her shame, and usher into the world that offspring which elsewhere would be the proclamation of her disgrace. Houses of mystery and silence are those asylums—useful to the scion of the noble family, as well as to the member of the poorer classes—and endowed with every comfort which the most fastidious lady could require, as well as every requisite to ensure the maintenance of that secrecy which the *sage femme* was never known to betray. Alas! to what a tax has not the ingenuity of man from time to time been put, in order to discover means, not so much to prevent crimes, as to veil their consequences; and sad is the conviction for the contemplation of posterity, that as civilization and social improvement progress in reference to laws, luxuries, and the inventions of art and science, so does the average amount of turpitude increase in proportion!

In the silence and darkness of a cold winter's night, I left my peaceful retreat in the neighborhood of Saint Germain-en-laye, and repaired in a hired vehicle to the private asylum which my mother had selected as a safe retreat wherein her daughter could bring forth and conceal the fruits of her frailty. I shall pass over all trivial circumstances connected with that event; suffice it to say, that the child, which might have published my shame, survived not its birth, and that I did not regret its speedy removal to the tomb.

The only acquaintance that I formed in the house of the *sage femme* was that of a young woman who had also suffered herself to be betrayed by the seductive language of a villain. But she was far more virtuous than I;—she mourned her crime with tears, with sighs, and with anguish,—and she had fondly loved the wretch who had broken

her too susceptible heart. Her cousin, she informed me, had vainly sought her seducer, in order to take ample vengeance upon the head of him who had wronged his relative; and he occasionally visited her to soothe her sufferings, and hold out prospects of happiness in future. We did not reveal our names to each other; but we were intimate, and a casual acquaintance soon ripened into a strict friendship.

The room of this young person was situated at one end of a passage, and mine at the other; and we were the only tenants of any apartments whose doors opened into that corridor, which communicated with the rest of the house, by means of a flight of stairs in the middle. Whenever her cousin called upon her, he invariably advertised her of his visit through the medium of the *sage-femme*, before he ventured up stairs, fearful that any other inmate of the house might be with his relative. But one morning he called, and not finding the *sage-femme* in her own room as usual, he ascended the stairs, without giving notice of his presence in the house—advanced up the passage—and was about to knock at the door of his cousin's room, when I issued from my own apartment. Judge of my surprise—my agony—and my despair, when I found myself face to face with Alphonse Germilly!

"What do I see?" cried the young man: "is it possible? You—Anastasie—you here!" and in a moment the whole truth flashed to his mind. "Oh! now I comprehend the motives of your pretended visit to your aunt, who lives far—very far off—and the delay which you requested, ere you gave me a decided answer!"

"Alphonse! Alphonse!" cried I: "spare your reproaches; I cannot bear them!"

"Oh! this is the lover of whom you have so often spoken to me," cried the object of Alphonse's visit, now rushing from her own apartment to ascertain the cause of the disturbance in the passage, and addressing herself to me: "and you, Alphonse—you have found the mistress you adored!"

"True—too true!" murmured Germilly, passing his hands across his brow; then, all manly feeling giving way to the tide of grief and disappointment, he wept bitterly.

"For God's sake calm yourself!" cried I, overcome with shame and sorrow.

"Your seducer! your seducer, Anastasie—who is he? speak!" cried Alphonse, after a long pause. "speak, I say—and may my

search for him not be in vain as it was for the one who ruined my cousin!"

I was about to utter the fatal name, when a foot-step, ascending the stairs, fell upon my ears, and I hesitated for a moment. It will be necessary here to observe that my mother had encountered the profligate nobleman, who had caused my ruin, the evening before this memorable day, at the Opera, and had related all that had befallen me. The Count had inquired the address of the house in which I resided; and at that moment—as I stood in the passage with my former lover on one side, and my new friend on the other—the step that I heard was the step of de Franconville—and in another instant he was before us.

"This is my seducer!" cried I in a firm tone of voice, addressing myself to Alphonse.

A horrible scream echoed through the passage, and a faint voice exclaimed, "And that is the villain who also robbed me of peace and tranquillity for ever!" It was Alphonse's cousin, who, pale and ghastly, leaning against the wall, and pointing towards de Franconville, had spoken these words.

"Wretch!" cried Alphonse, springing forward, and catching the young nobleman by the throat; "two victims; ah! that is too much! But the deeper is the debt you have to pay to liquidate the claims of vengeance!"

"One champion for two ladies!" exclaimed the Count, scornfully: "upon my word, you have enough upon your hands."

"Taunts shall not serve as subterfuges!" cried Alphonse. "Here—here—in the very house, to which your villainy has driven these women—shall you afford me the means of avenging their wrongs?"

"Indeed!" ejaculated the Count. "Well, it is very possible that I may gratify you. Let me see!" he continued, raising an elegant little watch from his waistcoat pocket, and negligently dropping it back again, "it is now close upon three o'clock? Just the hour that I promised to meet the Marquis de Vœuille at the shooting gallery. Happy ideal! a little practice may not be amiss—especially as I have twenty thousand francs upon the match. So, if pistols be your weapons, here are mine. Choose the one you like the better! They are both charged! It is very lucky that I had an engagement this morning at the shooting-gallery, or I should not have had these pretty weapons with me!"

"I accept your offer!" cried Alphonse, not a little astonished at the coolness with which his antagonist spoke; then looking sternly towards us, he exclaimed, "and you whose respective causes I shall now avenge with one blow, dare not, by word or action, to interfere with the dispensation of Providence!"

My female companion sank senseless upon the floor of the passage, and I watched the proceedings of the two foes with speechless horror.

"If I die," said the Count, as he retreated to the end of the passage, "I must be buried in Pere Lachaise. It would not be aristocratic to lie elsewhere. I hope, however, that I shall be spared to see the shooting match to-day, and to taste those truffles which Beauvillers procured for me and the Marquis a few days ago."

"Are you ready?" demanded Alphonse.

"I await your pleasure," returned the Count, with a bow and a smile as polite and calm as if he were acknowledging a civility or a favor.

"We will fire together," said Alphonse, pointing to a clock which stood in the middle of the passage, facing the stair-case, "the moment the bell of that clock shall have struck the third stroke of the next hour, which is three!"

"Anything to afford you pleasure," answered the Count. "We have nearly half a minute yet to wait."

"About," observed Germilly.

"The weather is particularly cold to-day," said the Count. "If I survive this encounter, I shall immediately proceed to the next cafe, and take a glass of hot punch; and if I do not I would really advise you to do so."

At this moment the clock struck once—then twice—then thrice—and both pistols were fired at the same instant. Alphonse started—leapt up in the air—and fell heavily upon the ground. Not a murmur escaped his lips.

"Well," exclaimed the Count, walking leisurely up to the body, and satisfying himself that Germilly was no more, "I was afraid that this would be the result. You see that when I hold the pistol in this position, I cannot help hitting my man; in fact, I never fail. Good morning, ladies; I must not keep the Marquis waiting any longer! I will just step across the way and take a glass of punch, and can then let the Commissary of Police know what has happened. Adieu, my dears!"

And with these words the Count turned upon his heel, strolled leisurely down stairs, desired the *sage-femme* and the servants whom he met, not to hurry themselves, as it was all over, and left the house humming an opera air.

* * * *
* * * *

My mother and myself visited England, as soon as I was convalescent; and I am ashamed to be compelled to confess that we turned the credulity of the English to excellent account. With all his pride and love of his country, John Bull is dazzled by anything which he can introduce to his friends, "as a foreign importation;" and every thing that is French, save cutlery and cottons, is sure to succeed in the land of our British neighbors.

On our return to Paris, we hired apartments in one of the most fashionable streets, and practiced the same game upon the English abroad, which we had so successfully played upon them at home. One evening I met a young English gentleman at the Opera, and we speedily became acquainted. The conversation soon became animated, and I fancied that I had already secured another dupe in my toils and meshes.

"Do you intend to make a long stay in Paris?" said I; "because if you do, the Countess, my mother, will be most delighted to see you."

"I hope to have the honor *de posséder* Monsieur at my *soirees*," said my mother.

"Why, the truth is," answered the young gentleman, "I am performing the grand tour, and instead of confining it to Europe, as many of my fellow-countrymen have done, I purpose to take Calcutta in my way, and come home by Canton; so that I shall see Asia as well as Europe, and thus kill two birds with one stone. I have obtained letters of introduction to the Great Cham of Tartary, who is an intimate friend of my father's—and shall pass the winter with him. He has promised me the use of his stud of elephants—and that, you know, is a considerable attraction."

"The young man is not right in his head," whispered my mother to me—an opinion in which I coincided.

"I am sick of horses," continued the English gentleman, "and long to have an opportunity of leaping over a five-barred gate upon the back of an agile elephant."

"Shall we have the pleasure of your company, to-morrow evening?" inquired my mother, with a smile.

"Certainly," answered the young stranger "I am a famous fellow for parties! How do you think I disposed of last night? Dined at the Ambassador's, at six—went to tea with an old lady, who has left me all her fortune in her will, at half-past seven—hurried home, and wrote forty-six letters on business to the Pope, by nine—went to an evening party, and danced seven quadrilles and two waltzes, by ten—returned home, made the porter drunk, and kicked him down stairs as the clock struck eleven—proceeded to Frescati's, and lost forty thousand francs in five minutes and seventeen seconds by a stop-watch—sate down to supper at twelve with Lord Bolthead and the Marquis of Thingmigg—went to a ball at Lady Walford Waddleton's—ate a second supper there at half-past one—thrashed the patrol as I left the house—joined a small and select party of fourteen young gentlemen over a bowl of punch—ate anchovy toast and drank Madeira at three—reeled home at four—went to bed—got up again at five—fought a duel at six—rode a race for a cool thousand at seven, and breakfasted at the Café de Paris at nine."

"He is one of those vaunting, boasting, ignorant Englishmen," said my mother to me, "whose delight is to thresh a hackney-coachman, drink porter with sweeps, and break their necks on thorough-bred horses. Ten to one he is a Captain."

"A Captain," said I, in a whisper, "and what makes you think so?"

"Because all broken-down Englishmen are Captains," was the answer; "and those who have never smelt powder are sure to be the first to assume that rank. If a man be only a clerk in a banking-house, the moment he leaves, he assumes the rank of a Captain: indeed, when an individual of that description is ruined or turned away for robbing the till, he has only two alternatives—either to sweep a crossing, or to dub himself a Captain. As he has not talent enough for the former, he usually does the latter, and adds the bully to the cheat."

"But I really think that this is an honest young man," said I.

"We can but try him," responded my mother.

In the meantime the stranger was talking as rapidly as if he were not compelled to wait for ideas like other men.

"Very pleasant, this," said he, "but rather dangerous to get amongst the crowd outside. I invariably carry a thousand pounds or so

in my pocket, and cannot say I admire a crowd. In fact, when I'm in London, I generally fill my coat-pockets with loose money, so that the thieves get that, and leave my breeches and waistcoat alone. A friend of mine has just realized half a million by his patent finger-trap: it is the death-blow of all pick-pockets; and I understand that those gentry are going to petition parliament against an innovation which threatens to ruin their profession."

"You seem to have observed a great deal in your life," said I to the young gentleman.

"Of course I have," was the answer, "I have been in half the debtors' prisons in England—that is, as an amateur—and had a very narrow escape some months since of figuring at the stepper."

"The stepper! what is that?" inquired my mother.

"The mill, my dear Lady," was the reply,—"a pleasant little gentlemanly exercise, undertaken by patriotic persons at Brixton, or Tothill Fields, for the good of their country."

By this time the Opera was concluded, and the young gentleman, having in vain sought for his own carriage, and wondered how his servants could be so remiss as not to have brought it, handed us into a hackney-coach, and ordered the driver to conduct us to the Café Anglais close by, where he insisted upon treating us to a supper. When the vehicle stopped, the stranger had no loose money; but he pulled out a purse filled with bank-notes, and I immediately liquidated the driver's demands.

We partook of the most sumptuous repast that the house could afford—the Champagne flowed in abundance—a pine-apple was ordered—and we became as intimate as possible.

"I must insist upon changing rings with you," said the English gentleman, playfully: "this ring of mine was given to my father by Count Wrobemorl, a German nobleman; I know that it cost thirty thousand francs in ready money;"—and with these words, he slipped his ring on my finger, and substituted in its place one which originally cost me nothing, my affectionate mother having one evening found it on the hand of a drunken gentleman, who never returned to claim it.

"You are really too good," said I, imagining that I had ensnared the finest dupe I had ever yet encountered.

"Not at all," returned he. "But what do they mean by giving us wine like this! Waiter! No one answers! I will soon see whether we cannot have the prime sort—I, who patronise this house always and never spend less than a couple of hundred francs a day! It is really too bad to be treated in this manner!"

With these words the young gentleman rose in great indignation, and left the room, assuring us that he should return in a few minutes.

"We shall pluck him finely!" said my mother to me, with a chuckle.

"What a beautiful ring this is that he has given me!" I remarked: "how the diamonds glitter!"

"He is as innocent as a lamb," continued my mother.

"And has plenty of money, too," added I.

At this moment the landlord entered, and presented his bill, the hour being very far advanced. We waited for some time to see if our friend did not return; but no one made his appearance—the landlord grew impatient—and at length my mother and myself were compelled to settle the account as well as we could.

On the following morning I rose early, and attired myself in the most simple apparel I possessed. The adventure of the previous evening was for the moment forgotten—the approaching marriage of the Count de Franconville, of which I had heard a few days before, occupied all my attention. The religious portion of the ceremony was to be performed at the Cathedral of Notre Dame, and something prompted me to witness the bridal. A species of vague curiosity impelled me to behold the countenance of the lady of his choice.

I proceeded to the Quai des Orfèvres, and did not wait long before the brilliant cortege of rank and fashion made its appearance. I suffered it to pass by me, and then followed it at a little distance, resolving to gratify my curiosity in the Cathedral, at the foot of the altar itself.

The procession passed on—and at length it reached the Morgue. A great many people were running in and out of that receptacle of death; and, urged by God only knows what feelings at the moment, I entered the dismal tenement of unclaimed corpses in company with other idlers, who stepped aside, with the coolness of an every-day occupation, from the nuptial train to view the asylum of the dead.

One body only was stretched upon a bench in the Morgue—and the moment I cast my eyes upon the features of that inanimate form, livid and swollen as they were, I recognized the lineaments of a lovely face which was too deeply imprinted in my memory to be ever forgotten. One loud scream issued from my lips, and I rushed almost frantically from the Morgue.

Wildly did I run along the narrow street which leads to the Place de Parvis; and I arrived at the magnificent old gate of the ancient Cathedral just as the bridegroom was landing a lovely young lady from the carriage.

"Stop!" cried I, almost unconscious of what I did: "Count de Franconville, thou wilt not surely commemorate thy bridal with one, while another who has loved thee lies a corpse at a little distance!"

"Ah! is it you, Anastasie?" said the nobleman, very coolly: "I am glad to see you. Make my compliments to your excellent old mother, and take this to remember the twenty-first of September—my marriage-day!" he added, handing me his purse, which I rejected.

"Villain!" exclaimed I: "the poor girl, whose cousin you slew in a duel, and whom you robbed of honor and happiness for ever, lies at this moment a corpse in the Morgue. I am another of your victims—me have you also deprived of that which woman cannot too highly value!"

I do not hesitate to confess that revenge alone prompted me thus to address the gallant nobleman: regret for the past, in reference to myself, I certainly did not *then* feel.

At this moment the father of the bride interfered.

"When did you leave the lunatic asylum, my dear?" coolly demanded the Count; then turning to his father-in-law, he said, "She is a poor girl who committed a robbery in my hotel some years ago, and ran away with the footman. But I found out that she was mad, and sent her to a private asylum in the Champs Elysées, where she has conducted herself in anything but a creditable manner. Indeed, at this moment, there are warrants out against her for child-murder."

As these infamous falsehoods fell upon my ear, I felt my brain whirl, and all powers of utterance leave me. I staggered and fell—and just before I sank into a state of insensibility on the pavement, I heard the wretch observe—"There, you see

she is intoxicated, even at this early hour."

When I recovered, I found myself in a neighboring café; but the marriage had been celebrated, and the cavalcade had returned to the princely hotel of the Count de Franconville. That same evening—while the gilded saloons of that nobleman's residence were echoing the sounds of music and dancing—the corpse of the young girl, whom I had met in the house of the *sage-femme*, was conveyed to the tomb! She had ended her days of misery by precipitating herself into the river, doubtless when the rumor of her seducer's intended marriage met her ears. The following lines were found in her bosom on a paper, which the wet had scarcely damaged; and as the circumstances by which such an effusion came into my possession are singular, I here reproduce that sad effusion of a broken spirit.

LINES.

If the joys of my life for ever must perish,
And hopes that I cling to so fondly, decay,
Oh! why should my bosom thus steadfastly cherish
The visions that please me and vanish away?

Why nourish an adder to sting me reposing?
Why grasp at a straw on the edge of the stream?
Oh! why hope, when the lustre of day-light is closing,
To catch from the western horizon its beam?

Alas! the green tree cannot flourish for ever,
The elegant rose is not always in bloom;
They fade, and they wither—their leaves the blasts
sever,
And mortals, like them, must be called to the
tomb!

Oh! then let me die without vainly inclining
To hopes that my fortune will ever betray;—
Our days are a series of constant repining
When pass'd in the search of those flowers that
decay.

But the efficacious lessons and good impressions which such adventures ought to have produced for my benefit, were soon effaced by the vicious counsels of my mother, and by the pursuits of that society which I daily met with at home or at the residences of others. Our only employments were how to entrap victims; and the manner in which Mr. Tupman was robbed by me and my confederates the first time we ever met, may be taken as a sample of our proceedings.

One day I was walking along the Boulevard Montmartre, when I met an individual whom I thought I knew. I could not be

mistaken—it was my English adventurer, who was going to ride elephants in Tartary, but who had left me to pay for his supper. I accosted him; and he did not attempt to elude me.

“Upon my word,” said he, “that was a fine piece of fun! The biter bit! But never mind—I am in the possession of funds now thanks to my old father who has just paid me out of prison, and I will do the thing that is right. This time I have not got play-bills in my purse instead of bank notes.”

“I need not tell you,” said I, “that your ring was only gilt, and not worth two francs.”

“Just as if I did not know that, my dear girl!” cried the young gentleman, laughing heartily. “But here is a five-hundred franc note for you, and to-night I am going to St. Omers. You shall accompany me. Be at the *Messageries Generales* this evening at five, and we will go together. Is it a bargain?”

“It is,” said I; for my mother was in a prison, and I was sick for the moment of Paris life.

“Well then,” returned he, “my name is Crashem—Adolphus Crashem—that is for the present—and I am nephew to the king of the North Pole, where there is no day. Adieu, till five!”

It is not necessary to say that the appointment was kept, and that Mr. Tipman accompanied us to St. Omers, whence he was fetched back by his friend Mr. Pickwick.

The life of the female adventurer is indeed one of excitement. To-day, rich, courted, and happy,—to-morrow, poor, shunned, and trembling upon the verge of suicide. The balloon soaring proudly in the air—and the ship, sinking into the abyss of the deep, are fit emblems of the species of existence led by individuals who, according to the usual term, “live upon their wits.” The first thing in the morning, the duns are at the door; and the last thing which is left at the porter’s lodge at night is a writ of summons or a notice of judgment. Tradesmen are obsequious at first, and impertinent afterwards: the servants, who thrive upon the fruits of the prosperous days of the female adventurer, become the masters in the hours of adversity. To-day the adventurer lounges in a gilded saloon, with costly furniture, flowers, silks, carpets, and jewellery around and about: to-morrow she dwells in

a garret, with a piece of a broken mirror on the mantel, a party-colored counterpane on the bed, and a herring on a broken plate in the cupboard;—now drinking the sparkling juices of Epemay from crystal cups—and in another week, fetching the pure spring-water from an adjacent pump in a yellow jug without a handle. At one moment the adventurer sees her wardrobe filled with costly things,—silks and satins lying about in all directions,—a gold watch thrown like an useless thing upon a table amongst a variety of curiosities and valuables,—and a new gown for each successive day; in a short time how changed is the scene! The old stuff gown alone remains,—the warm bed is left at an early hour to iron out the only cap snatched from the general wreck,—and two or three flights of stairs must be descended to ascertain the hour at a neighbor’s clock! In the day of prosperity, the last new novel is sent, immediately it is out, from the bookseller’s, and remains scarcely cut upon a side table, amidst albums, shells, work-boxes, music, pictures, China monsters, and all kinds of nack-necks: in the time of adversity the old journal, that wraps up the quarter of a pound of butter, which the adventurer fetches for her breakfast, is read and re-read a thousand times. The female adventurer knows a hundred more vicissitudes and changes than the adventurer of the opposite sex: because the latter is absolutely dependent on his own wits only, whereas the former chiefly relies upon the sagacity and cunning of others. Such, in a few words, is the life of the adventurer.

One evening as I was walking alone in the passage Colbert, waiting for a female friend who had appointed that place as a *rendez-vous*, I met the Count de Franconville.

“Ah, Anastasie!” said he, switching a horse-whip—(his groom was waiting with his thorough-bred in the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs),—“I have to ask your pardon for my conduct on my wedding day: but, really you were too bad. Had you introduced yourself as my cousin, or as my housekeeper’s daughter, I should not have cared!”

“And Madame de Franconville?” said I

“Listen, my dear Anastasie,” was his answer; and for some time he laughed so heartily, he could not continue his speech;—“listen! I made the very best of husbands—dined at home every Thursday, because on that day we received company

and took my wife every three months to Versailles, because at those periods she received her income. Well—what do you think the traitress has done?"

"I really do not know," said I. "Perhaps she declares that you have ceased to love her."

"Oh! no—no! not quite so bad as that, Anastasie," replied the Count, "for *that* I never could have forgiven. Guess again!"

"Appropriated her money to her own use," was my suggestion.

"No—nor yet half so bad as that. Guess once more," cried M. de Franconville.

"Well—run in debt," said I.

"Neither!" exclaimed the Count. "She has not run in debt, but she has run away with the colonel of the —th hussars."

"Impossible!" cried I. "Madame de Franconville—that young lady—so beautiful—so chaste—so innocent—and so unaffected!"

"Perfectly true," said the Count coolly; "and I am very glad of it, as a volatile friend of mine declares whenever any accident befalls him. She has written a penitent letter—no one knows anything about it in the fashionable world—and so, when she comes back, she cannot utter a word against my own follies. But I must leave you now, for my horse is waiting, and I have an affair of honor by torch-light at eight o'clock. You see that I have not much time to spare—especially as before I go, I have to order supper at Grillon's for myself, my antagonist, the doctor, and the seconds, at eleven precisely. It will be an excellent supper, and it would therefore be a great pity if either of us were killed, as in that case he would lose the entertainment."

"Adieu!" said I; and having received a handsome ring, which the Count drew from his finger and presented to me, I parted with one whose disposition was naturally good, although dissipation and the vicious usages of a corrupt society had changed or disfigured many noble attributes of his soul.

Scarcely had I parted with the Count, when I was accosted by a lady, elegantly dressed. She questioned me—somewhat rudely and imperiously, as I at first thought—relative to the particulars of my conversation with the young nobleman.—The lady was past the middle age; and in a few moments I could not fail to perceive the striking resemblance which was borne to her by M. de Franconville. A certain suspicion entered

my mind, and I candidly replied to all the lady's interrogations.

"Poor creature!" said she, in a compassionate tone of voice; "and are you now penitent?"

I burst into tears, and my well-affected sorrow produced an immediate impression upon the lady. She took me by the hand, led me to her carriage, which was waiting in the Rue Vivienne, and ordered the coachman to drive to Passy.

"You are another of my son's victims," said the Countess de Franconville—for she was my seducer's mother; "and I am delighted that an accident has thrown you in my way. I will make that reparation to you which he doubtless never would. You shall inhabit my house at Passy, and there you may lead a comfortable existence. Nor shall I forget you in my will. I have already heard of your loves with Germilly, and of the unfortunate death of that young man. You might dwell in my town residence, but there you will be liable to meet my son,—and such interviews cannot be too religiously avoided."

My benefactress fulfilled her promise; and for some weeks I was happy and comfortable in an abode where every one treated me with kindness and respect. I passed as the widow of an officer in the army, who was closely related to the Countess; and I candidly confess that those few weeks were the happiest of my life. They are pleasing reminiscences to which the mind looks back as the traveller glances towards the green fields and trees which border the desert upon which he is entering.

But this state of existence was not destined to continue for any length of time. One evening the young Count made his appearance at the peaceful residence, while his mother was in Paris. He was pale and haggard, his looks were terrific, and his demeanor strange and wild. He threw himself into a chair, and buried his face in his hands.

"Anastasie," said he at length, "I am undone, unless you come to my assistance. My mother does not speak to me—I have drawn so heavily upon her bankers, that she has closed my account with them, and I am totally dependent on her! I have just lost a large sum of money at play, and—O God! I was mad at the time—"

"What have you done?" said I, dreadfully alarmed.

"I have forged my mother's name to a cheque," he continued. "It will be presented to-morrow morning, and I shall be ruined."

"What can I do for you?" said I, forgetting at the moment all I had suffered from him, and feeling really interested in his position.

"Give me the plate, the pictures, and the valuables in this house," said he, "and I can procure the money to take up the cheque myself to-morrow morning, before the banks are opened. I will never forget your kindness as long as I live!"

"Impossible!" cried I. "What will the Countess say?"

"You must leave the house, and trust to me to make your peace with her. She cannot long remain incensed with me."

"And the servants?"

"If you will only consent," was the answer, "I can manage that difficulty."

But I hesitated still: he saw the combat that was taking place in my mind, and continued as follows:—

"I have a thousand francs in my pocket—you will want money, if you leave this house: the thousand francs are at your service, and I will write you an order upon my wife's milliner for any thing you may require."

"I consent," said I, after a moment's pause; and I swear most solemnly that no crime, of which I have ever been guilty, tormented me so much as this. The plate, the pictures, the time-pieces, and the china were all packed up, conveyed to a hackney-coach, and taken possession of by the Count. I did not wait to see the work of spoliation completed, but hurried away from the spot with feelings that made me even envy those which must have been experienced by Judas Iscariot, when he departed to hang himself!

On the following morning I met the Countess de Franconville on the Boulevards des Italiens.

"Anastasie!" said she in astonishment.

"Tis I, *Madame*!" was my answer.

"And what has brought you to Paris?"

"I called—I came—that is—I thought—"

"My son has been to annoy you!" interrupted the Countess: "he came to my hotel yesterday while I was out, and saw a letter from you lying open on the table. I know he read it, because it was moved from the place in which I left it."

"Indeed, *Madame*," said I, casting down my eyes, for I dared not meet her glances, "I can assure you—"

"Tell me the truth, Anastasie," said she, kindly, "he has been to see you."

"He has," was my reply.

"When?"

"Last evening."

"Did he ask you for money?"

I remained silent: the Countess repeated the question.

"He did, *Madame*," said I at length.

"Do you love him still, Anastasie?"

"I do."

"And you gave him all you had?"

"All that you had given me, *Madame*."

"That was not much!" said the Countess.

"More than you imagine," I observed.

"But we cannot talk in the street," said the Countess after a moment's consideration.

"My carriage waits at a little distance—I have been making a few purchases,—you shall accompany me to my hotel."

"*Madame de Franconville*!" cried I, "I cannot."

"What means this agitation? You are ill—you are annoyed! Oh! is it not enough that my son has destroyed your peace of mind for ever? or must he torment you still?" exclaimed the generous lady.

"An appointment—a pressing appointment," said I, hurriedly, "will prevent me from having the pleasure of accompanying you now. You are my benefactress—and I owe you much: do not press me to go with you at the present moment!"

"This conduct of yours astonishes—nay, displeases me, *Mademoiselle*," said the Countess. "Certainly I shall not attempt to force you into my carriage; but I appeal to you—by all I have done for you, do not see my son!"

"*Madame*—" I began.

"Nay—do not protest or declare anything," said she, interrupting me with firmness. "If you persist in leaving me now, I shall know what to think, and you need not return to the dwelling which I have provided for you."

At this moment, the Count de Franconville came up to the spot where we were standing. He bowed respectfully to his mother, and seemed surprised that we should be there in earnest conversation together.

"I see that I am betrayed," said he,—
"betrayed by a wretch, who—"

"No, Sir," cried *Madame de Franconville*, "this young woman has maintained that she had no appointment with you. But can I believe that this meeting is the result of pure accident?"

The young nobleman waited not to hear these last words. He doubtless felt con-

vinced that his mother knew all—that I had betrayed him—and that even the servants of the house at Passy, whom he had bribed over to his interests, would confess that the robbery was not committed by unknown depredators. He walked hastily away, and returned to his own house. On his arrival there, he ordered his domestics to serve up the best meal and the best wines his pantry and cellar could respectively afford. When he had eaten copiously of several delicacies, and drank two bottles of Champagne he wrote a letter to his mother and another to his wife, confessing all his delinquencies, and then blew his brains out. His valet rushed into the room, and found his master a corpse beneath a table laden with delicacies, and laying upon an elegant Brussels carpet, amidst foils, whips, boxing-gloves, pistols, dog-collars, vases of flowers and scents, and all the accessories to fashionable luxury,

* * * * *

I have only a few words now to add. My career has been a short one in the paths of vice: I hope it may be longer in the road of virtue. An excellent old man lately bestowed his affections upon me, believing me to be a virtuous girl. He offered me marriage—the day was fixed—and he entrusted me with a cheque for a large amount to carry to his banker's. I kept the money and expended it. Some weeks passed away, and I studiously avoided the places where I was likely to encounter my victim: but at length he met me, and in a moment of indignation handed me over to the tender mercies of the laws. I shall be punished—nothing can save me—but I shall issue from my prison with the determination of becoming a harmless, if not a virtuous or useful member of society.

“Can she be saved from punishment?” inquired Mr. Winkle, when this narrative was brought to a conclusion.

“Impossible!” responded Mr. Pickwick. “But an alleviation of her sufferings may be ensured by pecuniary assistance. I shall myself undertake the fulfilment of that task.”

“Poor girl!” said Mr. Tupman; “she may yet become all that she might have been without the vicious example of her mother!”

“I really think you still entertain a

distant partiality in that quarter,” said Mr. Winkle.

“Who—I?” exclaimed Mr. Tupman.

“Yes—whom else could I mean?” was the answer.

“I am certain that something more than philanthropy, Winkle, prompted you to offer to lend *Anastasie* a large sum of money, when you knew her by the name of *Madame de l'Amour*,” said Mr. Tupman, maliciously.

“Nonsense!” exclaimed Mr. Winkle.

“Do not kick me under the table,” cried Mr. Tupman, retreating a few paces.

“Well—some one has been kicking me too for the last five minutes,” remarked Mr. Snodgrass; “and I declare it is Winkle,” he added, after having made a survey beneath the table.

“Pure accident,” said Mr. Winkle, coloring; up to the eyes, and an inch or so above them.

“My dear friends,” cried Mr. Pickwick, looking kindly upon his companions through his immortal (immortal, if not eternal) spectacles, “let us not dispute. We are all men—and women are women!”

Having made this profound observation, Mr. Pickwick proceeded to order dinner.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Captain Horatio Clarence Walsingham teaches the young idea how to shoot.—A visit to the Sutherland Arms Inn.—Songs, lines, &c.—An old acquaintance.

We must again request our readers to put on the cap of Fortunatus, and transport themselves from Paris to the abode of Mr. Peter Muggins in Upper Stamford Street, London. The son and heir of Mr. Peter Muggins had just returned from school, to be present at his sister's wedding; and Captain Horatio Clarence Walsingham was expected every moment, he having kindly promised his future father-in-law, to accompany the young heir in a little ramble through the English metropolis. The Captain was so quiet and steady a young man, that Mr. Muggins, senior, had not the slightest objection to entrust his son to the care of such an exemplary individual as the aspirant to the hand of Miss Aramintha.

“Here I am, old fellow,” said the Captain, when he at length made his appearance; “and pretty punctual, too—I hope.”

He had merely arrived about an hour and a quarter behind the appointed time.

"You will take some lunch before you go out," cried Mr. Muggins, and having summoned his domestic, he was proceeding to order up the tray, when he was very unceremoniously stopped by an announcement on the part of the servant, that the cold meat, to which he slightly alluded, had ceased to exist.

"The cold meal is all eat up," said the domestic, leaning with considerable ease of manner over the back of Captain Walsingham's chair; an attitude which caused that gentleman to assure her that she was an excellent young woman for a limited number of individuals at a tea-party.

"The cold meat gone!" exclaimed Mr. Muggins; "and where is it gone to, pray?"

"The way of all flesh, to be sure," was the reply. "You don't suppose that I can live upon nothing?"

"And yet," observed Captain Walsingham, "there are people in Tartary—the realms of my friend the Great Cham—who breakfast upon the lightest and most wholesome thing you can conceive. It neither sits heavy upon their stomachs, nor costs their masters a single fraction."

"And what is that inviolable article?" demanded Mr. Muggins, hastily, probably with a view of adopting the same in his own household, he having a constant eye to economy as well as to the cold meat.

"What is it?" cried the Captain; "why—air, to be sure!"

"And is that good to eat?" inquired young Master Peter Muggins, who was a thin, raw, lanky, ill-looking youth of sixteen, with large red hands, very buxom cheeks, and long light hair, resembling an infinite number of skeins of packthread tied negligently together.

"Good to eat?" cried the Captain disdainfully; "yes—and to fatten on, too! I know no article of food that is finer than air—when you have got nothing else," he added in a lower tone of voice.

"But about this cold meat, Mary," continued Mr. Muggins: "I shall really be eaten out of house and home! It was only last night that the rats devoured the brimstone off all the matches, and the cat overturned the milk-jug into the tinder-box!"

"Well—never mind the lunch," cried Captain Walsingham. "Are you ready, Peter?"

"Quite," answered the hopeful son of the economical Mr. Muggins.

"Then let us brush."

"What—our hats?"

"No—off," returned the Captain; and with these words, he rose, intimated a temporary farewell to his intended father-in-law through the truly original and polite *medium* of a slap on the back that made the old gentleman reel; and then issued from the house, swinging himself from side to side as if he were afflicted with St. Vitus's dance. The young scion of the glorious race of the Muggins's sneaked along by his side; and in this manner they passed over Waterloo bridge and entered the Strand.

"Where are we going?" inquired Master Muggins, timidly.

"Going?" cried the Captain: "no fashionable men ever know where they are going—unless it be to the devil. "But, heavens!" ejaculated Horatio Clarence, stepping back two paces, and eyeing his companion from top to toe, "tell me—do not keep me in suspense—"

"What?" exclaimed Master Muggins considerably alarmed at the strange conduct of his companion.

"Who built your coat, my dear boy?" demanded Captain Walsingham.

"Why?" asked the youth, coloring even to the crown of his head.

"Because it is horrible," answered the gallant Captain: "the skirts too wide—the waist too loose—the collar too low—"

"And what is there in a coat?" inquired the uninitiated Master Muggins with a vacant stare.

"A coat!" exclaimed the Captain. "What is there in a coat? The stamp of a gentleman—the passport to society—the token of taste—the criterion of manners, birth, rank—every thing, in fine!"

"Indeed!" said the wondering youth.

"Yes—indeed!" cried his companion. "If I had met you in the Park, with that coat on, I should have cut you. But come to my tailor, and he shall equip you. If you were in Tartary, all you would have to do would be to run into the woods, kill a lion or a tiger, take his skin off, make two holes in it, thrust your arms through, and take care that the tail fell properly down behind: you would then have a coat, ready made in the best fashion of the country. But here they have no such advantages. This is my tailor's shop.

"But I have two suits of clothes already," objected the young man; "and scarcely require any more."

"If your clothes would shame a street-sweeper, you must have others," persisted the individual to whose care and guidance Mr. Muggins had so prudently consigned his son.

"My papa would call it waste," said Master Peter.

"Call it fiddlestick!" cried the Captain; and as he spoke he dragged his companion into the tailor's shop. "Measure this gentleman directly, Mr. Snipbodkin," and in obedience to this command, which was delivered in an authoritative tone of voice, a little man, redolent of Virginia, and breathing Barclay and Perkins, leapt from the boards of his counter to those of the floor, and began handling Master Peter Muggin's limbs in a highly skilful manner.

"Three, two," called out the tailor to a dirty boy, who wrote on an equally dirty piece of paper the numbers indicative of the measurement, which his master proclaimed to him.

"That's right," exclaimed Captain Walsingham, laughing heartily; and seating himself upon the counter at the same time, he surveyed with the most critical eye the proceedings of Snipbodkin.

A tailor is the natural enemy of the human race. If any misfortune happen to a man, a tailor is always at the bottom of it. Who is it that causes the sudden gaps in society, by the withdrawal of "the best fellows in the world" from our clubs and dinner-tables? The tailor, of course: he is a lion in the path of every one who owes him a bill: he goes about "seeking whom he may devour." It is to gratify his prejudices, and minister to his unholy feelings, that those mansions of security, whose walls are topped with *chevaux-de-frise*, were built. It is he who fills them with inmates. Inquire at the Farringdon Hotel* or the Royal Repose,† or any similar caravanserail, in or out of town, and you will find that the tailor is the *genius loci*. It was a happy idea of the Greeks to arm the presiding Destiny with shears: they

knew well that the tailor's symbol was the best emblem of Fate. In exercising the attributes of his craft, he invariably typifies the future lot of his victim. He taketh his measure for a double purpose—not only that he may fit him with garments, but that he may know his height, his breadth, and his minutest personal characteristics to a nicety, for necessary identification hereafter. As he encircles the limbs with his parchment shreds, he is even then thinking of the parchment writ whereon his name is to appear conjunct with those of Messieurs John Doe, and Richard Roe, at as early a day as the liberality of his customer will enable him to secure. His bast- ing, his over-laying, his cutting out and sewing up, are all metaphorically applicable to the future. Like the statue of Janus, he has two faces—his *customer* and his *creditor* aspect. The first is hidden in smiles and affability: the latter is shown in strong surly inflexibility. *Au premier abord*, he is as smooth as silk: when he pays his final visit, he is as stiff as buckram. When he is first evoked, he is the slave of the employer: when the term has expired, he is the inexorable demon exacting the price of his contract. He opens the account with cringing humility: he closes it with stern violence. At the commencement of his intercourse he heralds his approach with a gentle harmonious ring at the bell: at the termination thereof, his entry is effected by means of a sullen single knock at the door. He appears to doubt his own existence and individuality as he tremblingly essays the *first* suit: he puts you in fear of your own, as he prefers the *last*. He has been termed "a sufferer" *par excellence*: but if he suffer, it is not for conscience's sake. If the state of society, however, will not permit the disuse of garments, let us adopt no half measures. Employ the first names in the trade—be liberal in your orders, and magnificent in your style. Remember the *dictum* of ancient Pistol—"Base is the slave that pays," and when your tailor sends in your bill, imitate the principle of rejection adopted in Parliament, and move "that it be read that day six months."

But while the reader has had time to peruse these observations, the substance of which filled Captain Walsingham's imagination on this occasion—Mr. Snipbodkin completed the measurement of Master Peter Muggins.

* The Fleet Prison, which is in Farringdon-street.

† The Queen's Bench. These places of retirement for decayed gentlemen and insolvent black-legs, have also been denominated "Spike Island," "Denman's Park," &c., &c., by some of their fastidious inmates.

"My dear sir," whispered the youth to his intended brother-in-law, "I do not want these clothes; and even if I did, pa will not give me the money to pay for them."

"Pay! vulgar idea!" cried Captain Horatio Clarence Walsingham aloud. "Mr. Snipbodkin gives the best tick in the world; and if he dared send in a bill——"

"Oh! no, sir," interrupted the tailor,—"no bills till they're asked for, I assure you, sir."

"Send them home on Saturday," said the Captain, swaggering out of the shop, followed by the astounded Peter, who sneaked behind his companion in a way which induced many people to believe that he was a pickpocket who had an eye to the Captain's handkerchief.

"Where are we going to now?" inquired Master Muggins.

"To my boot-maker's," was the answer; and in a few minutes Captain Walsingham turned into a shop, whither he was followed by the youth entrusted to the benefit of his experience and example.

"What for?" asked the young man, timidly.

"Can't walk with you, if you wear such shoes," replied the Captain. "Here—take the dimensions of this gentleman's foot, Mr. Awlworthy."

"Directly, sir," said the boot-maker; and flinging his new customer upon a chair, he took up his foot with such precipitation, that Master Peter Muggins lost his balance and fell to the ground. "Beg pardon, sir—a thousand pardons, sir. There, now you are all right again. Patent leather, of course?"

"Of course," cried Captain Walsingham; and the particulars of the order were forthwith entered in the ponderous folio upon the comptoir.

"High heels, I suppose?" said the boot-maker.

"An inch and a quarter at least," returned the Captain; "and mind, Awlworthy, that they are sent home to this gentleman on Saturday night, or you shall lose my custom for ever."

Mr. Awlworthy would doubtless have been exceedingly vexed to deprive himself, by any indiscretion of his own, of the patronage of an individual who not only ordered upon credit at least one pair of boots per month, but who moreover condescended to borrow a few pounds every time he entered the shop.

"What do you mean by all this?" asked Master Muggins, mustering up a few sparks of courage. "If you intend to give me these articles, I cannot accept them; and if you intend me to pay for them, I cannot do so without the assistance of my father."

"Tick is the order of the day, my dear fellow," was the answer, delivered in a contemptuous tone of voice; "never bother yourself about payment. If I had time I would conduct you to Forbes's splendid laboratory in the Blackfriars Road. Every man of fashion visits that place, and purchases some of his famous Phoenix Pomade or Jelly of Roses. He supplies the Royal Family; and being a deuced liberal gentlemanly fellow himself, gets plenty of custom. When I had a favorite horse of mine shaved last year, the coat didn't come quick enough, and so I rubbed him all over with this Phoenix Pomade: the consequence was that all his hair grew again by the very next morning. But, as I was saying, never think of paying!"

"But that is dishonest," said the youth. Captain Walsingham intimated that if it were dishonest, it was only "over the left," and that a man could not wear "a shocking bad hat." He then assured Master Peter Muggins "that his mother knew that he was out;" and wound up his very elegant oration by declaring "that it was just as he thought, and no more than he expected." He did not, however, condescend to explain the subject of this unchangeable conviction.

"Now then," said Captain Walsingham, after a long silence, during which he and his companion had reached Charing Cross, "as I am rather thirsty, and as you must see a little of life, I will just introduce you to a set of the nicest fellows in existence."

Without uttering another word of explanation relative to the place whither he was conducting his young friend, Captain Walsingham turned to the right, lounged leisurely towards St. Martin's Lane, struck into May's Buildings, and led Master Peter into an elegant and fashionable little public house, called the *Sutherland Arms*.

The coffee-room of this select hotel is about five yards long by three in breadth. It is dimly lighted—or rather the darkness is diminished—by two panes of glass looking into a small court-yard bounded by high walls; and thus a greasy coat, shabby pantaloons, or a gossamer hat may pass unnoticed in one of the snug little boxes which grace and utilize the room. The walls

are conveniently covered with matting to the height of about four feet; and an immense fire is invariably maintained in the grate, in summer or winter, the scope of the kitchen below being somewhat circumscribed, inasmuch as only one person can stand in it at a time.

The moment Captain Walsingham and his friend entered this luxurious abode, a waiter, who, having been engaged all the morning in washing the glasses, had not found time to do the same by his own face, darted from an obscure recess, exclaiming with Horsemonger-lane ease and Newgate press-yard familiarity, "Gin, brandy, rum, or ale?"

"Neither," answered Captain Walsingham. "Whisky and cigars."

The order was executed as soon as the waiter had found leisure to fetch the liquor from the bar, and stop in the passage where there was a pump, to dilute it with cold water to increase the apparent quantity of the spirit; after which achievements he filled up the tumblers from the mighty cauldron simmering on the fire. In the meantime, Captain Walsingham had spoken to, and Master Muggins had timidly scrutinized, the inmates of the room.

One old gentleman, who had no nap to his coat, was taking one in the corner; and a tall, good-looking man, whom the others called "The Poet," (probably from the seediness of his appearance) was seated next to him, smoking a "flat" and a cigar at the same time. The "flat" was a young gentleman, with an affected voice, long curling hair, blue eyes, a lying tongue, and patent leather boots; and as he sipped his liquor, he drank in at the same time the "blarney" of the Poet with as great a relish as he bestowed upon the brandy-and-water. Five or six other gentlemen, who, if they had not been smoking and drinking at the *Sutherland Arms*, would most likely have been exercising themselves in sweeping a crossing, completed the party to which Captain Walsingham, like a discreet guardian, had introduced the youth entrusted to his care.

"Have you been to Calais lately?" demanded Captain Walsingham of the Poet.

"No—I have not," was the reply: "pressing business has kept me here in England for the last seven or eight months."

This was perfectly true; as the Poet had just passed that period in Whitecross Street Prison.

"Bones had promised us a song before you came in," continued the Poet: "I hope he will not disappoint us."

"Certainly not," cried Mr. Bones—an individual who lived upon his wits, and drank seventeen glasses of whisky before dinner every day. "So here goes;" and without further prelude, he regaled the company in the following manner, his voice finding an agreeable accompaniment in the singing of the large tea-kettle on the fire.

SONG.

From her warm couch at break of day does Mrs. Dilkins rise,
To see that Mary picks the plums, and Jane begins the pies;
The daughters have already thought of dressing and hair-curling,
For uncle Joe, who comes to dine, is worth ten thousand sterling.

The fashionable milliner, Miss Tippet, comes at nine;
At ten, good Mr. Dilkins goes to fetch up all the wine:
Lastwiggles, the shoemaker's man, has promised for eleven—
And Mr. Gunter comes at twelve, then goes away till seven!

At five the ladies haste to dress. Letitia's lost her pearls—
A trifle *that* to Mary's grief—for she can't find her curls;
Sophia's gown is much too long—the flounce is quite outrageous:
"To wear a sash like this," says Jane, "one must be more courageous."

But time is precious: Mr. Stubbs and Mr. Simmons wait—
And Mr. Dobson's family are never very late:
Sir Wiggan Browne—Miss Caringeross—and Mr. Samuel Wilkins,
Were never known to pass the hour when they dined at the Dilkins'.

"How are you, Dilkins?"—"Thank'ee, Stubbs, why tolerably well."
"What was the price of stock to-day?"—"What, Spanish?"—"Yes."—"It fell."
"Do you know anything about that Steam-hair-cutting Company?"—"Oh! yes—they asked me for some cash; but hang me if I stump any."

Dinner's served up, and Uncle Joe (he's not quite sixty-nine)
Insists on helping Mrs. D. to carve a stubborn chine:
Poor Mrs. Dilkins looks aghast—to hesitate unable—
And in the course of half an hour the chine rolls from the table.

Dessert appears—each her one glass of Port the ladies take,
And then (exiled by barb'rous law) the gentlemen forsake;

The Caret comes—and Mr. Stubbs the ladies' health proposes—
Then sacred to the hosts' fair daughters all the wine that flows is.

Need we detail how all this ends? Poor Mr. Dilkins falls
Beneath the table, while he for another bottle calls;
Old Uncle Joe and Mr. Stubbs dispute like Whigs and Tories,
And Mr. Dobson tells the rest a thousand curious stories.

Next morning Uncle Joseph strikes the Dilkins' from his will,
Because the treat they gave for him has made him very ill.
The use of asking folks to dine is therefore still a question—
Your relatives you ne'er must seek to kill through indigestion!

"Bravo! bravo!" shouted Captain Walsingham.

"Bravo!" cried the Poet, at the top of a voice rendered almost unintelligible by inebriety.

"When I was in Tartary, we used to sing national airs, as we galloped along at the rate of fifty miles an hour," observed Captain Walsingham. "Indeed the horses go so quick in that country, that in the course of two minutes you get from a place where the wind is north-west, to another where it is blowing due south."

"Extraordinary!" cried the Poet. "But who will favor us with the next song?"

"I will," ejaculated Captain Walsingham. "Here is one for the first of May—May-day, you know—on which the chimney sweeps dance."

A DIALOGUE.

Pray who's the little boy that is dancing so nimbly?

Come, Mary—bring a half-penny down!—
Please Ma'am, I'm the feller as swept your chimbley,
An' I'm very much obleeged for the brown.—

Alas! how his schooling has been neglected!
But perhaps his kind father's dead!—
No, Ma'am—he's a tinker as is very much respected;
An' this mornin' he's drunk in bed.—

Porchance 'tis a motherless child that they've fixed on
To dance. Does your mamma live still?—
Yes, Ma'am—at this moment she's stayin' at Brixton
With a gentleman as keeps a mill.—

Poor child! he is miserably clad—how shocking!
Not to give him some clothes were a sin!—
Thank'ee Ma'am—but I does'n't want no shoe nor stocking.
I'd rayther have a quartern o' gin!

"That's very good," said the Poet; "but I can do something better than that."

Captain Walsingham very coolly and deliberately assured the Poet in figurative language that he was uttering a condemned untruth.

"I can't sing," said the Poet: "but I can do what you can't. I'll make five rhymes to any word in the English language you like."

"Well then—*Xerxes*," cried Captain Walsingham, after a moment's consideration, and I'll stand a bottle of anything you like, if you do."

The Poet considered for a few moments, and then commenced as follows:—

LINES ON EDMUND BURKE.

If I were only half so great as Xerxes,
I'd rule the nation with a righteous hand;
But not on despot principles like Burke's. His
Reflections upon France none understand.
He takes a proposition, then he shirks his
Own chosen thesis, which himself had planned.
Through ev'ry page invariably there lurks his
Venomous hatred of a mighty land;
And when he enters on the theme, he works his
Arguments out on grounds where nought can stand.
His soul is far more grov'ling than the Turk's;
his
Logic resembles houses built on sand;—
But fifteen hundred pounds a year were stronger
Reasoning than common sense; and so we'll chide no longer.

"What will you have?" asked Captain Walsingham of the Poet, when the applause which followed this effusion, had subsided into a dying chuckle.

"Port, to be sure," was the reply; and the waiter, in his astonishment and joy at having an order for wine, actually executed it without adulterating the liquid or stealing more than one glass from the bottle.

"Does the *Eccentric Club* meet here now?" inquired Captain Walsingham, while Master Peter Muggins surveyed the place, the proceedings, the Port, and the people, with the most unfeigned delight.

"Yes, Sir," answered the waiter.

At this moment the old gentleman in the corner awoke from his nap, and called for a segar.

"We have drank your health while you were asleep, Mr. Ogle," said Captain Walsingham; "and must now call upon you

for either a song, a sentiment, a recitation, or a speech."

"Spontaneous and voluntary," observed the waiter, slinking back into his corner, and feasting upon the wit of the company, that being the *only* kind of food he was likely to regale upon till the evening, he having agreed to board himself, and that being the only part of his contract with his landlord which he was not scrupulously called upon to perform.

"Well, then," said Mr. Ogle, "if I must do something to amuse you, I think I have the means cut and dried to hand. Here is a *Valentine* which a person of my acquaintance wrote last February to his Mistress."

With these words, and having the consent of all present, Mr. Ogle took a paper from his pocket, and read the ensuing effusion:—

VALENTINE.

It ain't no vonder if my arts a cinder—
Cos vy your eyes is bright as burning ashes;
My buzzin's jist for all the world like tinder,
My soul is shivered to a thousand smashes.

That night ve vent to Bagnigge Vells together,
You wos so very pretty though you pouted,
Cos ven ve couldn't walk in sich bad veather,
To get a shay your necklisses I spouted.

Don't say I prig'd your vatch—I can't a-bear it,
I merely lent it to my father's brother;—
You needn't be afeard that he vill vear it—
Besides, on tick, I soon can get another.

You know how very fond I am of you, my dear—
Don't stand so often at the kitchen vindy;
I'm very much afeard you love that Jew dear—
But if you does—G—! von't I make a shindy?

You are my Walentine—I've often swore it:
But-if you hadn't lent me all your vages,
Your conduct was so bad, none could ha' borne it—
Besides the little diffrence in our hages.

Make haste and tell me ven you wish to marry—
Cos I'm your man,—you can't desire no better.
Ven you replies—in case it should mis-carry,
You'd better pay the postage of the letter.

"This is really a poetic morning," observed Mr. Bones, when the recitative was brought to a conclusion. "What with the gin, the wine, the cigars, and the poetry, one would really think we were the Muses in disguise?"

"Another glass of grog, John," cried Mr. Ogle.

"A go of gin!" shouted the waiter, through an open pane of glass, looking into the bar; and when he thought it might be ready, he lazily proceeded to fetch it, and mix it in a tumbler with sugar, &c. "Six-

pence, if you please, Sir," said the waiter, as he placed the glass before Mr. Ogle.

"Oh! presently—presently," exclaimed that gentleman. "I want change for a five."

"I only wishes as how I could keep a five pun' note as long as you does," said the waiter doggedly; "for to my certain knowledge you've wanted change for that there von upwards of three year."

"Nonsense—nonsense," cried Mr. Ogle; and after a great deal of reluctance he produced a sixpence from his pocket, and surrendered it with a deep sigh into the waiter's hands, at the same moment that another gentleman entered the room.

"Ah! Crashem, my dear fellow, how are you?" cried the new-comer. "Well, this is a blessing to get a sight of you! Now—don't do as you did in Paris when we met at Meurice's! You must recollect your old school-fellow Tims," added the new-comer, in a sarcastic tone of voice.

"Tims! Tims!" said Captain Walsingham, to whom the foregoing adjurations were all addressed, and on whose cheek they produced the same effect that is usually caused by a strong acid on a red silk gown: "really, my dear Sir—you must—you are—you cannot be otherwise than mistaken!"

Mr. Tims made no other answer than by putting his fore-finger up to his left eye, and considerably agitating the under lid—a graceful motion, which in fashionable society denotes incredulity, it being deemed ungentle to give the lie in any terms of a more direct nature.

"Crashem, did you say?" cried Captain Walsingham, after a moment's reflection: "Crashem! I must have known that name somewhere!" and he winked significantly to Mr. Tims.

"Come now, none of that nonsense," exclaimed Mr. Tims; "for whether your name is Sugden, Crashem, or any thing else, I know you to be a thorough rogue; and since you prey upon friends, I shall not stand it any longer. You swindled me out of forty pounds in Paris—"

"Ah!" ejaculated Master Peter Muggins. "Certainly, he did," continued the irate Mr. Tims: "and what is more, his real name is Sugden, and his father keeps the *Lanthorn and Cat* tavern in the Borough."

"Waiter!" cried the gentleman thus assailed, in a faint tone of voice, "is this man mad?"

"Mad!" exclaimed Mr. Tims: "yes—mad enough to lend you forty pounds to bring out

your Patent Self-Working Elastic Youth-Inspiring Crutches, which you said you had invented; and when you got the money, you ran away from Paris to St. Omers, and I was obliged to walk all the way to Calais, and then beg my passage across in one of the French steam-boats, because none of the English captains were charitable enough to take me for nothing."

"Really, Mr. Sims—Tims—or rather, Whims—" began the discomfited Mr. William Sugden, "I do not know what you are talking about."

"Don't tell me," vociferated Mr. Tims; "I know you well enough, and can prove my words."

"Will you oblige me with a moment's private conference?" said Master Peter Muggins to the irate commercial traveller, whom our readers doubtless recollect.

"With pleasure, Sir," was the reply. "Are you acquainted with this gentleman?"

"He is to marry my sister," answered the youth. "We know him as Captain Horatio Clarence Walsingham!"

"Captain, indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Tims. "I would back long odds that he can't even pay for his gin and water—"

"And the bottle of wine," continued the waiter.

"And the cigars," added the Poet, turning desperately pale, for he was doubtless afraid of being called upon to liquidate his amount of wine and cheroots, in default of the other security.

"I will not stay to be insulted here," exclaimed Mr. William Sugden, rising. "You shall hear from me, Sir," he added, addressing himself to Mr. Tims.

"I should like to, and so would the police on the other side of the water, by all accounts," cried the commercial traveller. "But I am now at your service, Sir," he continued, turning towards Master Muggins; "and can tell you a tale or two about that gentleman, which will effectually prevent any union between him and your sister."

"Take care that you are not taught the fall of a leaf * at Tuck-up fair,† retorted Mr. Sugden, "or get yourself sent to the Floating-Academy at Woolwich.‡ You are the most immaculate man in existence."

"I never dipped my mawley into a swell's groups,§ and stood a chance of being lagged for smashing queer screens,|| as you did once

upon a time," cried Mr. Tims, adopting the same elegant figures of rhetoric.

"Depend upon it, I will be even with you yet," returned Mr. Sugden; "and as I know that you are perfectly well acquainted with the flash tongue, put this in your pipe and smoke it:—*Yam eht lived ekat em fi I reve tegrof siht gnineve*,"*

"*Secanem ekil eseht era nian*,"† returned Mr. Tims; and then addressing his attention to Master Peter Muggins, whom he led into a corner of the room, he paid no farther regard to Mr. Sugden.

"Six-and-sixpence if you please, Sir," said the waiter, as that gentleman was about to leave the house in such precipitation that it is probable he quite forgot the little account.

"Out of the way, scoundrel," exclaimed Mr. Sugden; and he dealt one blow between the eyes of the luckless John, which propelled that individual over a table and deposited him under the grate, from which he rose slowly as Mr. Sugden succeeded in effecting his escape from the room.

"I happen to be acquainted with the illustrious Mr. Pickwick and his friends," said Mr. Tims, when he had concluded a long conversation with Master Muggins; "and they also have been taken in by this individual, who, when in Paris, passed under the name of Adolphus Crasheim. I shall write to them, by this day's post, a full account of all you have told me."

And Mr. Tims kept his word.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A resolution to which Mr. Pickwick, solicited by Mr. Tupman, comes.—Mr. Samuel Weller invites his friends to a farewell dinner.—Mr. Pickwick does the same.

Mr. Pickwick was scarcely awake one morning, when Mr. Tupman entered his room, holding to his eyes a large white towel, which he had seized in his hurry instead of a pocket-handkerchief, and uttering the most piteous groans imaginable.

* Every word must here be read backwards; the sentences will then stand thus:—"May the devil take me if I ever forget this evening." This species of slang, formed by an *inverted language*, as it were, is common amongst gentlemen of the swell mob and other individuals who occasionally find it convenient to converse in a tongue that is totally unintelligible to even a skilful linguist.

"Menaces like these are vain."

* The Drop. † The Gibbet. ‡ The Hulks.
§ A gentleman's pocket. || Passing forged Notes.

"What is the matter with you, my dear friend?" inquired the philanthropic Mr. Pickwick, seating himself up in his bed.

"Anastasia—poor Anastasia," began Mr. Tupman, heaving a desperate sigh, the din of which could not even be hushed by the towel.

"What of her?" demanded Mr. Pickwick, hastily.

"Condemned!" answered Mr. Tupman, mournfully.

"Condemned!" shouted the great man; "and to what? To universal scorn?"

"No—to six months' imprisonment," was the reply. "Pickwick, my dear friend," added Mr. Tupman, after a moment's pause, "Pickwick—I can stay here no longer."

"Where?" asked that gentleman, glancing around his room uneasily, as if he were afraid of encountering something horrible.

"Here—in Paris," rejoined Mr. Tupman. "With all her faults—I—I loved her, Pickwick!"

"Poor girl!" murmured the hero of these Memoirs, taking his white cotton night-cap gracefully but unaffectedly from his head, and conveying it to his eyes. "Retribution has overtaken her at last!"

"I must leave Paris," said Mr. Tupman: "I cannot breathe the same air as one whom I respect, and who is in a prison."

"If every one left for the same reason, my dear Tupman," suggested the truly learned Mr. Pickwick, "I think Paris would very soon be empty."

"Do not trifle with my feelings, Pickwick," said Mr. Tupman, "I shall return to England forthwith!"

"And I will accompany you," cried Mr. Pickwick, after a moment's pause. "Tupman, ring the bell!"

Mr. Pickwick's wishes were obeyed, and Mr. Samuel Weller introduced himself, and a jug of hot water into the room.

"Sam," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Sir," cried that functionary.

"We leave Paris to-morrow, Sam."

"To-morrow, Sir!" exclaimed Mr. Weller: "that's rayther short notice, as the traveller said to the thief, ven he cried out, 'Yer money or yer life!'"

"My wishes are such," said Mr. Pickwick, in a serious tone of voice. "To-day we will give our last party. See that there is a good dinner for ten or a dozen people on table at six precisely; and, Sam—

"Sir!"

"You may ask any one you choose to dine with you at one," added Mr. Pickwick.

"Wery good, Sir," cried Mr. Weller. "The more the merrier, as the convicts said ven they marched to the hulks."

While Mr. Pickwick was dressing himself, and while Mr. Tupman was communicating these arrangements to Mr. Snodgrass and Mr. Winkle, Mr. Samuel Weller wrote two notes from a copy which he had previously made, and directed one to Mr. Knackers and the other to Mr. Porrett. The following is a sworn counterpart, witnessed and attested as such before the British Consul in Paris, of these documents, which deserve to be kept amongst the archives of great men with the same care that the House of Commons bestows upon its own Reports:—

"*Roo royale*, 18.

"Mr. Veller, junior, presents his wery respectful compliments to Mr. Knackers, an' begs to inform him that there vill be a blow out at von precisely this day, Samivel himself in the cheer, vith other indooements 2 conviviality in the shape o' lickers. The cum-penny o' Mr. Knackers is so-lisited.

"N. B.—Heckney-coaches draws up outside the great door-vay. Full-dress, tops an' cords,

"As vitness my signature, an'

"all others is counterfit,

"SAMIVEL VELLER."

Supplying the name of Mr. Porrett for that of Mr. Knackers, the documents were alike: and Mr. Weller, much delighted with his composition, and in imitation of that denizen of the Emerald island who is so often quoted, carried the missives himself to their common destination. He fortunately found his two friends and his father at home—that is, at Wood's chop-house, and, therefore, was enabled to receive verbal replies to his polite invitations.

"Ve're off to-morrow, old un," said Sam to his father; "every man Jack of us, jist like a flight o' young whales, or a shoal o' vild-fowl."

"Wot's the use o' puttin' the veel-hoss afore the leader?" cried Mr. Weller, senior. "But ain't I included in that there invitation o' your'n, Sammy?"

"In course, you air, sir," replied Sam; "I thought you stood as little on ceremony, as the chap about to be hanged did ven he walked on to the drop afore the parson."

"That was wery impolite, Samivel," said

old Mr. Weller, with a most mysterious shake of the head; "I hope you'll never do sich a thing, or else I wouldn't call you von o' the Vellers."

"Vell, I can't stand idlin' away my time here, cos there's the preparations for two very grand and fashionable dinners to see about. Guv'nor gives *his* last spread to-day too; but *he* don't dine till six. Fust come, fust served, as the hangman says."

"How d'y'e go to-morrow, Sammy?" asked the old coachman.

"Post chay an' five to Calais," was the answer; "steam to Dover, and post-chays home."

In the meantime Mr. Pickwick issued his invitations: and—passing over the fashionable repast which took place at one precisely in the kitchen—we shall introduce our readers to that which was done justice to in the parlor. There (in the parlor aforesaid) around a table covered with the luxuries of the season, and with those that had been robbed from other seasons to which they were peculiar, sate Mr. Pickwick in an arm-chair and an excellent humor. Opposite to him was Mr. Tupman, in the vice-president's seat and a new suit of black. On the right of the president, were Mr. Snodgrass, M. Dumont, Mr. Chitty, and Mr. Wegsworth Muffley; and on his left were Mr. Hook Walker, Mr. Winkle, and Mr. Scuttle. Cooper has written a novel called "The Last of the Mohicans."—Scott has left us a poem of the "Last Minstrel,"—we have also "The Last Man,"—and a newspaper has given us a report of "The Last of the Charlies,"—and two great men have favored us with a description of the "Last of the Pickwick Dinners in Paris!" To Mr. Wegsworth Muffley, and Mr. Septimus Chitty, is the world indebted for this elucidation of that important event which would otherwise have remained, like a sealed book, unknown to posterity. The prose of the one, and the poetry of the other, have immortalized this dinner, and history may record it amongst the other achievements of great men.

"I cannot admit that I leave Paris without many—many regrets," observed Mr. Pickwick, in the course of this memorable entertainment: "I confess that there are many ties which connect me and my affections to Paris. In the first place—"

The most profound silence at this moment, reigned throughout the room; and Mr. Scuttle having accidentally let fall

a pin from his shirt frill, the noise was heard as distinctly as a clap of thunder.

"In the first place," continued Mr. Pickwick, "the wine is most excellent—the water, I confess, is not so good; but as I invariably took the precaution of mixing it with brandy, I have not suffered from that inconvenience. There is only one thing which I have *not* seen, and I regret the oversight. I have visited the Chamber of Deputies, but never the Chamber of Peers, during the sitting."

"Indeed!" exclaimed M. Dumont; "then you have really lost a grand spectacle. I remember when the ministers of Charles the Tenth were tried in 1830, I was on duty in the Chamber on one of the days during which that memorable trial lasted. Never shall I forget the sight! The calm demeanor of those, who, if they had acted wrong, had perhaps behaved conscientiously, awoke feelings of the most profound respect and awe in the minds of all present. It was a grand struggle between the sons of Freedom and the advocates of conservative tyranny; and as all Europe was interested in the fight, so was every nation pleased with the moderation of the result, successful as it was for the new dynasty."

"M. Dumont's good health," cried Mr. Pickwick, and the toast was drank with enthusiasm.

"A friend of mine once made a famous speech in favor of himself," observed Mr. Wegsworth Muffley. "He had been condemned to a certain punishment very unjustly, and he harangued the multitude for upwards of two hours from the place where he was confined."

"And from whence did he speak?" inquired Mr. Pickwick: "from the Tower?"

"No—from the stocks," was the reply.

"*Cepit facile*—he took it easy, then," said Mr. Septimus Chitty.

"Very," returned Mr. Wegsworth Muffley. "But there was another gentleman of my acquaintance, whom we used to call the Peripatetic Philosopher, because he harangued his comrades while they were all taking the most violent exercise imaginable."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Pickwick: "in the fields, I presume."

"No," rejoined Mr. Muffley.

"Where then?" asked Mr. Pickwick.

"At the tread mill," was the reply.

"There is one thing in which I envy you your return to England," said Mr. Chitty to Mr. Winkle.

"What is that?" was the very natural question.

"The heavy wet—*grave humidum*," returned Mr. Chitty. "Nothing I like so much as *dimidium et dimidium*."

"As what?" said Mr. Pickwick, who had overheard this portion of the discourse.

"As half-and-half," replied Mr. Chitty.

"Half-and-half!" exclaimed Mr. Scuttle; "well—so it is, I declare! I have been filling my claret up with sherry for the last ten minutes, and should not have perceived it, had there been any more wine in either of the bottles!"

"M. Dumont," said Mr. Pickwick, as soon as a pause in the conversation enabled him to address a few words to the good-hearted Gendarme; "this is the last time we shall tax your kindness (in Paris at least) for one of your excellent tales. You have often gratified us before, and be assured that should accident or inclination again lead you to England, no man will be more welcome at my house—and I can say the same for my three friends—than yourself!"

"And never shall I forget the kindness I have experienced at your hospitable board," cried Dumont. "If all Englishmen be as generous and open-hearted as yourselves, I have no doubt but that there exists, in the breasts of both French and English, the germ of a lasting peace and union between the two greatest nations in the universe. United, they can defy the world—repress the arrogance and encroachments of Russia—and maintain peace in Europe: separated, they can only retard the progress of civilization and liberty, by the violence of disastrous and useless war."

The "bravos!" and "hurrahs!" which followed these observations, having subsided, M. Dumont related the following tale, in obedience to the wishes of all present.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE TOWER OF ST. JACQUES.—A TALE.

The chiffonnier.—Visits to the old tower.—Mystery upon mystery.—The tall stranger.—The disclosure.

THE fine old tower of Saint Jacques-la-

Boucherie stands, divested of the church to which it was once attached, as a proud rival to the two gigantic structures of Notre Dame. It is about one hundred and seventy feet in height; and the width of each of its sides, it being a perfect square, is thirty-six feet. The foundations were laid in the year 1508; and the old tower still stands to mock the ravages of time, and illustrate the architectural taste of those who lived three centuries ago.

In 1828 this tower was unoccupied. Some individuals, who had used it as a shot-manufactory, had left it, and for a few weeks it remained unused by the artisans. It is now again tenanted by shot-founders; but it was during the interval alluded to that the particulars, which I am about to relate, occurred.

I was one night passing along the street where the entrance of the old tower is situate, when violent shrieks and screams, evidently emanating from a female, fell upon my ears. I listened—and the cries seemed to proceed from a height above my head. At length I felt convinced that they came from the tower. I accordingly knocked loudly at the gate, but no one answered the summons. I tried the latch—it yielded to my touch; and, guided only by the light of a lovely moon, which penetrated through the large casements of the building, I groped my way to a narrow staircase, up which I mounted without allowing myself to reflect even for a moment. The screams still continued—but less violently than before; and when I reached the first landing-place, they suddenly ceased altogether.

Guided, however, by the direction whence they appeared to emanate, I ascended another flight of steps, and arrived at a door which was ajar. I was now on a level with the second windows, and the beams of the moon streamed brightly into the apartment to which this door admitted me. I stopped for a moment and listened; the cries had totally ceased; but a noise, as of a man asleep, fell upon my ears. I listened more attentively still—and this time I was not deceived. Some one was breathing hard in my immediate vicinity. I advanced cautiously; the rays of the moon entered the apartment by the top of the window, and fell obliquely across the bottom of the wall on the other side. The floor was consequently involved in almost total darkness. Suddenly I stumbled over something, and fell upon a human body.

"Oh! thieves! thieves!" cried a man, starting from the floor.

I immediately leapt up, and seized him by the collar.

"Move not an inch, and do not call to a soul," said I. "I am a gendarme, and have a drawn sword in my hand."

As I spoke I raised my weapon over my head, and I felt the man, whom I had seized, tremble beneath my grasp.

"What do you want with me?" inquired the fellow, in a low gruff kind of voice.

"To tell me whence came those screams which attracted me hither," said I.

"Screams!" he exclaimed. "No one screamed here—unless it were I in my sleep; for I am alone in the tower."

"And what do you here?" I asked.

"This is the only asylum I possess," was the answer; "and I thought there was no harm in sleeping in a place untenanted and left open to any one who chooses to walk through its gates."

"What are you?" said I.

"A *chiffonnier*,"* returned the man.

"Have you the means of procuring a light?"

He replied in the affirmative, and immediately produced his lanthorn, the candle of which he lit by means of a phosphorous box that he carried in his pocket. When this was done, I discovered that I was in the presence of one whose features were thin and emaciated, apparently by indisposition or debauchery, but whose general cast of countenance was honest, and expressive of good humor. He was dressed in ragged attire, and about his person were pieces of straw, collected from the bed upon which he had been lying.

"Do you know your way over this tower?" I inquired.

"No," was the answer: "I have never been higher than this floor."

"Will you accompany me, or wait for me here," said I, "while I inspect the place?"

"I will go with you," returned the *chiffonnier*; and we accordingly proceeded to examine the premises together: but nothing occurred to corroborate my suspicions that the screams had issued from the building. As I was descending the stairs to the apartment in which I had first seen my strange companion, my foot pressed upon something brittle. I stooped, picked up the object that had thus attracted my notice, and per-

ceived that it was a beautiful ear-ring. The *chiffonnier* observed me with the most imperturbable coolness, and expressed his astonishment that such a jewel should be there.

"It is indeed strange," said I, watching his countenance, which did not vary, nor was his eye cast down, beneath my glance.

"Some ladies visited the tower this morning, if I remember rightly," remarked the man, after a moment's pause: "I was pursuing my avocation in the street, and saw them enter."

For a moment I was undecided how to act, I was inclined to conduct my companion to the nearest guard-house; but I felt that I should not be justified in thus treating an individual who had answered my questions with clearness and precision. I therefore attributed the circumstance of the screams and the ear-ring to a coincidence, and having wished the man a good night's rest, returned to my own home.

On the following morning, I repaired to the Commissary of Police who dwelt nearest to the tower, and communicated all that had taken place. There was no advertisement relative to a lost ear-ring in the newspapers; nor had any of the inhabitants of the street, in which the tower is situate, perceived ladies enter the building on the previous day. The commissary summoned a town-serjeant, and we went all three together to inspect the premises once more.

At the entrance of the street I perceived the *chiffonnier*. He recognised me, bowed, glanced without fear at my companions, and then applied himself to his nauseous labor of raking amidst the heaps of dirt collected in the streets, and which the municipal carts had not yet cleared away. I, however, noticed that his work was done with a species of disgust that was seldom manifested by those who had pursued the same employment for any length of time.

The Commissary, the town-serjeant (whose name was Versac), and myself, hastened to the tower, and inspected it as minutely as possible. We, however, discovered nothing to excite our suspicions; and, having thus terminated a vain examination, returned into the street, where the *chiffonnier* was still standing.

"I dropt my handkerchief in the old building," observed the Commissary, "and now recollect that I used it last on the roof of the tower."

In a moment the town-serjeant hastened

* A rag-picker and bone-collector.

to fetch it; and in the meantime the Commissary and myself entered into conversation with the *chiffonnier*. A quarter of an hour passed away, and Versac did not return. Twenty minutes elapsed—and still he did not make his appearance. I became alarmed at this protracted absence; and, as we were stationed against the entrance, we were well aware that Versac could not have issued thence without perceiving, or being observed by us. We accordingly re-entered the building, and searched for him everywhere—from top to bottom—but all in vain! Versac was nowhere to be found. Private houses joined the three sides of the tower, which did not look into the street, and there was no other apparent means of egress or ingress save the great gateway at which we had been standing.

We returned to the office of the Commissary, but Versac did not join us the whole day.

"There is a most unaccountable mystery in this affair," said the Commissary, "and I cannot help thinking that the *chiffonnier* is at the bottom of it."

"Shall I arrest him, *Monsieur*?"

"Upon what plea?" asked the magistrate.

"We should not know what questions to put to him; and to arrest a man upon a vague suspicion and then discharge him, were not only to render ourselves liable to an action, but also to appear ridiculous at the Prefecture."

"That night, I was compelled to repair in plain clothes to a gambling-house, where a disturbance was expected. Notice had been received at the Prefecture that a certain number of young men intended to possess themselves of the bank; and in order to protect the proprietors of the 'hell,' I was ordered to pass the evening in the apartment devoted to play. At about ten o'clock, an individual, tolerably well dressed, entered the room in which I was a spectator of the proceedings of those present, and began to play at the *rouge-et-noir* table. He staked but small sums, and won almost every time. He, however, seemed to play without system, and trusted entirely to the luck which appeared to attend him. Precisely as the clock struck twelve, he rose and departed, without having noticed me; but his form and features were too deeply impressed upon my mind to be ever effaced; for that man, who had staked his gold Napoleon, and who had probably carried away a thousand francs of sheer gains, was the *chiffonnier* of the old tower of Saint Jacques!

I would have given worlds to have followed him and ascertained whether he returned to his bed of straw in the ancient building; but I had a specific order to obey, and dared not leave the place in which I had met that mysterious individual. I, however, inquired of the *croupiers* if they had ever seen him before, and every one present replied in the negative.

I could scarcely believe that a man, with a considerable sum of money in his possession, would seek a ruin as his bed-chamber, and straw for his pallet;—a ruin, through the broken windows of which the pitiless night-wind whistled shrilly,—and a pallet, upon which even his brethren of the rake, the basket, and the lanthorn, would not have condescended to stretch their limbs. For in this vast metropolis the beggars have their *rendez-vous*, their inns, their lodging-houses, and their magnificent suppers; they subscribe to pay for concerts of music and for dancing girls; and those who give the alms of charity to the poor in the street, are often deceived as to the purport to which their coin is destined. Not that we have many beggars in this country, thank God! In France none need beg,—the land is large and wide enough to afford labor to all—it is only the idle, the worthless, or the proud that will not work!

The meditated attack did not take place,—false alarms of this kind are frequent in Paris; and those who plan the greatest atrocities, often repent ere it is too late. The moment the grey dawn appeared on the eastern side of the tall buildings of the Palais Royal, the gambling-house was closed, and I hastened, fatigued as I was, to the old tower of Saint Jacques. As on other occasions, the gates were unlocked,—I ascended the stairs with a hasty step,—it was quite dark in the gloomy building, and in the species of hollow column up which the stair-case winds. I stopped for a moment to recover breath, just as I reached the second floor; and stretching out my arm to support myself against the wall, my hand encountered that which I immediately recognised to be the face of a human being—stone-cold—and moist with the sleet which beat through a little loop-hole perforated in the wall to light the stair-case.

The bravest man in existence would have been alarmed at this contact with that which to all appearance was the countenance of a corpse, and I candidly confess, that when I recollected the screams which had emanated

from the tower two nights previously—the mysterious conduct of the singular inmate—the discovery of the ear-ring—and the present strange object which my hand had encountered, I yielded to the first impulse of my alarm and hastened down stairs. The noise which my retreating footsteps made upon the stone steps reverberated through the old building; and something more than a mere echo succeeded them; for when, ashamed of my childish fears, I stood still and listened, other footsteps distinctly fell upon my ears. I hesitated no longer, but retraced my way up the stairs; and rushing past the place where I had felt the cold face, without extending my arm again, hastened into the large apartment on the second floor, just as the clock of the adjacent Hotel de Ville struck the hour of five. It was now broad day-light; and there—in the middle of the apartment—upon his straw—clad in his old rags—and sound asleep, to all appearance, lay the *chiffonnier*.

I was about to arouse him, when suddenly the creaking of a door, at the further end of the apartment, startled me. That door opened upon the flight of stairs which led to the top rooms and the roof of the building. I glanced in that direction, and the shadow of a tall man, seen imperfectly in the gloom, met my eyes. The person evidently saw me immediately; for he instantly retreated; and at the same time the *chiffonnier* suddenly roused himself, started up, and looked anxiously around him. Without a moment's hesitation, I rushed towards the door behind which I had seen the figure, darted up the stair-case, and heard footsteps hastily ascending the steps above me.

"This time," thought I, "the mystery shall be unravelled;" and I ran with the speed of lightning after the fugitive. But I suddenly merged upon the roof of the tower—and no one was to be seen! I uttered a desperate imprecation against this unaccountable disappearance; and methought that a loud laugh, issuing from the room beneath, rang through the old tower.

What could I do? had I been deceived by my own imagination? No—that was impossible; for I recollected the appearance, and saw the principal characteristics in the dress of the man whom I had only seen for a moment behind the door. He was tall, handsome, with dark hair and mustachios, and piercing black eyes; and he was clad in a long frock coat and dark grey trousers. It could therefore be no illusion of the brain?

Yet whither was the mysterious stranger gone? When once he had ascended to the summit of the building, he must either have leaped to the ground, or evaporated into the air; the first was improbable, and I need not say, the latter was still more so. Yet the staircase was a spiral one, formed in the circular hollow of one of the angles of the tower, and leading to no apartment or passage save those which I had looked into as I passed them! Besides—the sound of the footsteps, which I had followed, ceased only at the actual extremity of the stair-case, at the little door opening upon the leads of the roof from the raised structure at one corner of the building.

Astonished as I was, I could not help casting a glance over the parapet at the mighty city which lay spread for miles around the foot of the tower. The gilded spires on the numerous domes glittered in the morning-sun; the tri-colored banners waved from many a staff to greet the refreshing breeze; and the hum of the great city, awaking from its rest, reached me even where I stood! At a short distance were the two towers of Notre Dame; and it struck me that I would have given many years of my life to be able to imitate the bird which at that moment started by my steps, winged its lofty flight from the eminence where I stood to one of those I was surveying! And then, through a thousand high-piled masses of buildings, palaces, temples, churches, museums, and princely abodes—beneath the mighty arms which the ingenuity of man had stretched across it—glided the silent and placid Seine, as if its treacherous waters could be reproached with no midnight murder and no long-concealed suicide!

But I only allowed myself one moment to contemplate all that it takes me minutes here to describe. I recollected that the *chiffonnier* was below; and now, being determined to question him more closely than ever, I hastened down the stairs to the room on the second floor. He was still lying upon his straw; but this time his eyes were not closed.

I interrogated him in every manner which the singularity of all I had seen could suggest; but he denied having been to the gambling-house as strenuously as he persisted in his ignorance of there being any other inmate of the tower. Undecided how to act, I withdrew slowly from the room; and as I passed the little loop-hole perforated in the wall, I looked anxiously to ascertain if there were

not a human head appended to a nail in the recess. There was certainly a large nail—but nothing more to excite my curiosity. Could the circumstance of the cold face have been also a delusion? thought I, as I proceeded to the office of the Commissary of Police to report what I have just related, and ascertain whether the advertisements, which had been inserted in the journals, relative to the discovery of the ear-ring, had met with any reply.

My visit to the magistrate was unsatisfactory, so far as it regarded my own curiosity; and wearied by my night's work and tedious vigil, I repaired to my lodgings, in the Faubourg Saint Antoine, to snatch a few hours of necessary repose. At two o'clock I arose, and, being oppressed with a partial headache, determined upon taking a long walk to endeavor to dissipate it. I accordingly set out from the Place de la Bastille to stroll round the Boulevards as far as the Madeleine.

I was lounging slowly along the Boulevard du Temple, when the figures of two individuals who were walking in front of me, and engaged in earnest conversation, suddenly attracted my closest attention. There could be no mistake as to the identity of those persons—one of whom was the *chiffonnier*, in the same attire which he had worn at the gaming-house; and the other was the tall stranger of whom I had caught a hasty glimpse behind the door leading to the top of the tower of Saint Jacques-la-Boucherie. Keeping a proper distance, I resolved to watch them narrowly; and I was not sorry to observe that they turned into one of the bye-streets leading from the Boulevard du Temple into the Marais. They stopped beneath the gate-way of a house, and there resumed their earnest conversation, in the course of which the *chiffonnier* put his hand into his pocket, and drew forth a mask, which his companion inspected for a moment, and then broke into a thousand pieces, laughing heartily at the same time. In a few minutes they were joined by a third person, whom—to my astonishment and dismay—I instantly recognised to be Versac, the town-serjeant, whose mysterious disappearance had so much astonished me.

They then all three proceeded to an obscure *restaurant* in the Rue Charlot, and requested to be shown into a private room. The moment they were installed in a parlor, I desired the waiter to conduct me to the one adjoining, slipping a couple of five-franc pieces into his hands at the same time. By

the bye, I forgot to observe that, not being on duty at the time, I was in plain clothes.

As I had anticipated, the partition between the rooms was so thin, that I could hear all which was taking place in the next chamber; and having skilfully perforated a small hole with a pen-knife, I could also indulge my visual curiosity as well as that of my ears.

"Am I not punctual?" said Versac.

"To a minute," answered the tall stranger; "and now I will pay you the reward of your secrecy."

"I think that such a knock on the head as I got upon the old tower, well deserves five thousand francs," observed Versac.

"And double that sum if I secure the girl and her fortune," said the tall stranger. "Thanks to my excellent Lapierre here—"

"The *chiffonnier*! ah! ah!" shouted the individual, who now laughed at the title which he had assumed—doubtless to cheat me.

"Here are five thousand francs, my friend," said the tall stranger, handing over several bank-notes to Versac. "And now—remember our compact; leave Paris—and if I marry the girl—"

"You will forward me the remainder of whatever place I may select as my residence," added Versac.

"Certainly," replied the tall individual. "and in after life, any favor that I can grant you shall be readily accorded."

"I shall not weary your patience with my demands," observed Versac; "for I am an honest man in my way; and you must confess that it was a long time before you could persuade me to agree to your terms, when I recovered from my swoon and found myself in that accursed hole."

"Oh! I will give you all due credit for keeping your word," said the tall stranger.

"It was the condition upon which you let me out of that horrid place," returned Versac.

"I wonder what the poor creatures are doing now," said the individual, who had personated the *chiffonnier*, with a loud laugh. "They may cry themselves hoarse there, and no one will answer them!"

I waited to hear no more. The idea that there were probably some of my fellow-creatures immured within the walls of the old tower, decided me how to act; and then for the first time, I recollected that the cellars had never been searched. These subterraneous places, by an unaccountable oversight,

were neglected on each occasion of my visit to the tower.

Without waiting another moment to deliberate, I hastened to the adjacent guard-house, procured half a dozen soldiers, and in a few minutes succeeded in arresting the perfidious Versac and his two companions. Nothing can equal the horror and astonishment that was depicted upon the countenance of the tall stranger, when he found that he was a prisoner. He offered large bribes to me and the soldiers to let him escape; but we were firm, and in the course of a quarter of an hour the three wretches were standing in the presence of one of the Commissaries of Police for the *arrondissement* in which they were taken. Any further concealment of the whole conspiracy was unnecessary as well as impossible: and by degrees the following facts were elicited from the culprits.

In the neighborhood of the Rue Richelieu resided a widow and her only daughter. The widow was immensely rich, and her daughter exceedingly beautiful. By accident they formed the acquaintance of the Viscount de Lestrelles—a profligate young nobleman, who had dissipated a large fortune in the most vicious pursuits and amusements. The moment Madame Granger ascertained the character and reputation of de Lestrelles, she politely but firmly declined his acquaintance, and intimated that his visits would, in future, be disagreeable to her. The Viscount protested that report had done him wrong, and that slander had been busy to traduce him in the eyes of his friends; he, moreover, declared that he was an aspirant to the hand of Mademoiselle Clarisse, the daughter of Madame Granger; and concluded by assuring her that his aims and intentions were perfectly honorable. But all his eloquence was vainly expended upon the widow: that lady had a certain duty to perform in reference to her child; and her determination was the more strengthened by the fact that Clarisse was in no way predisposed in favor of her suitor. The Viscount de Lestrelles at length abandoned the enterprise; and left the house, muttering threats of vengeance.

The Viscount had a valet who was most fertile in the invention and execution of any plan of villany—especially where a female was concerned. Dissipated like his master, addicted to gambling, and attached to all kinds of vicious pleasures, Lapierre saw in the aggrandizement of the Viscount's fortunes the assurance of his own, so long as he

was in possession of the secret connected with their reinstating. This man had formerly been a partner in the firm that had carried on the shot manufactories at the old tower of Saint Jacques-la-Boucherie; and accident had made him acquainted with a secret connected with the old building, which he now proposed to turn to account. He accordingly unfolded his plan to his master, who listened to it with delight. A very short time was necessary to arrange every preliminary ere it was carried into execution.

The Viscount de Lestrelles ascertained that Madame Granger was going to pass a few days with her sister at Versailles; and that, for certain reasons which it is not now worth while to explain, Mademoiselle Clarisse was to remain at home. This was a favorable opportunity to put the infernal scheme, planned by Lapierre, into execution; and it was not suffered to pass without being rendered available.

Lapierre, attired as an old woman, and wearing a wax mask so admirably contrived, that even a close inspection could not have immediately detected it, presented himself one evening at the house in which Clarisse and an old servant resided, and declared that Madame Granger was extremely ill at a neighboring hotel, having been seized with a sudden indisposition on her return from Versailles, a few minutes previously. It may be readily conceived that Clarisse, attended by her female domestic, hastened to accompany the pretended old woman in a hackney coach which she had brought to the door. The vehicle moved along through many narrow and bye streets; and at length it stopped at a large gate-way, where a tall man, enveloped in a cloak, waited to receive the young lady and her attendant. The moment they dismounted from the vehicle, it drove rapidly away.

Unsuspecting of the trap that was laid to ensnare them, the young lady and her servant entrusted themselves to the guidance of the two strangers; and Lapierre conducted them up a narrow winding staircase, with the assurance that it led to the apartment in which Madame Granger lay. But ere they had even reached the second floor, Clarisse felt her courage fail her, and horrible fears shot across her imagination. She refused to proceed unless her guides procured a light; and then Lapierre seized hold of the domestic, and the stranger caught Clarisse in his arms.

"It is I—Lestrelles—your lover!" said he. "All resistance is useless—you are my prisoner till you consent to become my wife."

The old woman overheard these words, which were addressed to her young mistress (who fainted in the arms of the Viscount) and she gave vent to the most terrible and appalling screams. At that moment Lapierre was struggling with her near the loop-hole before mentioned; and hastily taking off his mask, he hung it upon a nail which he knew to be there, in order that it might not be broken by the violence of the old female, as he was not aware how soon he might require it for other purposes. In the meantime the Viscount de Lestrelles carried Clarisse, who was still in a state of insensibility, up the winding staircase, and at length reached the roof of the tower. He crossed the leads to the angle precisely opposite, in a diagonal direction, to the little turret whence the door opens on the summit, and pressed an iron plate that was set in a stone. The plate flew open, and discovered a brass knob, which, upon being turned, caused a portion of the stone work of the parapet to fall back, as if it were a trap-door. Indeed, the mass of stone and masonry was contained in an iron frame-work, to form a species of concealed trap. When open, the aperture discovered a flight of stairs, down which the Viscount passed, till he reached a small chamber, about three yards square, which did not encroach upon the inner apartments of the tower, as it was actually hollowed out of the thick walls themselves. On a pallet in this cell, to which air was admitted by a loop-hole, did Lestrelles deposit the lifeless form of Clarisse; and in a few moments he recalled her to sense and recollection by applying water to her temples, just as Lapierre and the old woman made their appearance in the same room.

"You had better hasten away for a moment," said the Viscount: "the screams of the old woman may have alarmed the patrol, and unwelcome visitors might chance to visit the tower."

Lapierre hurried up the stairs, closed the trap behind him, descended the other staircase, and having gained the large apartment on the second floor, threw off his female garb, and assumed that of a laboring man, which he had conveyed thither in the morning in case of necessity. His old wo-

man's attire he concealed under the straw, upon which he threw himself and feigned to be asleep, when I entered the room.

It is not necessary to mention the alarm and agony experienced by Clarisse, when she found herself in that horrible cell. Nor shall I recount how Lestrelles used every threat and menace he could think of to induce Clarisse to become his wife. She preferred death to such a portion—and the Viscount determined to reduce her to submission by length of captivity. As Lapierre was obliged to run out and in the tower very frequently during the day, to fetch provisions and other necessities, he had taken the precaution of supplying himself with all the *paraphernalia* of a *chiffonnier* in order to avoid exciting the suspicions of the neighbors.

On the morning after this eventful night, the tower was visited by the Commissary of Police, Versac, and myself. The Viscount de Lestrelles, for some purpose or another, was obliged to issue from his place of concealment, and, as he emanated from the trap, he found himself in the presence of the town-sergeant. The case was desperate—he saw that his secret was discovered, and did not hesitate how to act. With one blow of his pistol he felled the man on the leads, and hastily dragged him into the stair-case, where he bound him tight, hand and foot, and then took every necessary measure to recal him to life.

It appears that the domestic forgot his mask which he had hung in the loop-hole; and the gloom of the stair-case, even in the day time, will fully account for its having escaped my notice on my previous visits to the tower, as well as that of the Commissary and Versac. But on the morning when I placed my hand upon it, and retreated down the stairs, an idea flashed across the mind of Lapierre, who was listening at the door of the second floor, because he had heard my approaching footsteps, that such was the cause of my sudden alarm; and ere I had time to re-ascend the stairs again—indeed, during my precipitate retreat—he had rushed to the loop-hole and possessed himself of the mask. He then threw himself upon his straw, and pretended to be asleep, till the inopportune presence of his master at the door of the upper flight excited my attention, and succeeded in alarming him. It must also be observed that no screams that issued from

the secret cell, in which the females were immured, could be heard without.

It is hardly necessary to state that Clarisse was restored to her almost broken-hearted parent, and that the old domestic accompanied her home. The Viscount de Lestrelles and Lapierre were condemned to eighteen months of solitary imprisonment, each; and Versac was sent for five years to the galleys at Brest.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

Pickwick abroad.

THE sun rose from the lap of Thetis, and Mr. Pickwick from that of Sleep. Thus two luminous objects appeared above the horizon of the common world at the same time. The former divested itself of the clouds of night, and the other of the white cotton cap which had shaded his brow. In a word—one was the sun, and the other was Mr. Pickwick; and in saying that, we leave nothing to the imagination, but say everything.

Alas! the land of France, and especially the city of Paris, knew not the fate that was in store for them. The halls of French philosophy were about to lose a philosopher—whom they had never seen: the Parisian ladies were speedily to dispense with the amatory glances of a Tupman; poetry was to experience a dreadful shock in the return of a Snodgrass to the land of his forefathers; and all classes of society in general would have to deplore the absence of a Winkle. Ill-fated France! alas, that day was one of mourning and tears for thee; for the clouds were black above, and large drops of rain fell upon thy devoted soil!

The arrangements for posting throughout France are entirely in the hands of the government; and thus all attempt at imposition is impossible. The general news or posting-house in Paris is in the Rue de l'Abbaie Saint Germain; and from the Poste Royale must all horses for private vehicles be procured. This establishment is connected with every posting-house throughout France; and the principles upon which the whole machinery is conducted are as excellent as they are grand. Even the very rope-harness, which astonishes the eye of an Englishman, is a matter of cal-

culatation, and the result of an arrangement which enables the traveller to procure posting-horses in France at a cheaper rate than in any other country in the world.

At an early hour on the 2d of September, 1837, Mr. Samuel Weller proceeded to the Poste Royale, and after a great many very ineffectual attempts at making himself understood—especially as he confounded *cheveux*, which means “hair,” with *chevaux*, the name for “horses”—succeeded in convincing a clerk in the establishment, not only that he was in his right senses—a circumstance at first materially questioned—but also that six gentlemen required horses for an immense travelling carriage which they had procured to convey themselves to Calais.

“Which air de six gentlemen?” inquired a clerk, who spoke a little English.

“Vy,” returned Sam, “there’s me—there’s my father—that’s two—and then there’s Pickwick, Tupman, Winkle, and Snodgrass.” “Den you vill require seven horse,” said the clerk.

“Seven!” exclaimed Sam: “that be d—d!”

“Dere no G—d—n in de matter,” cried the clerk, impatiently. “You a Goddem—I me know dat vare well: but you have seven horse—six for you-selves—dat is von for each personage—and den von for de carriage. Dem’s de rules.”

“Vell, we von’t dispute about it, youngster,” said Sam, his gravity remaining as imperturbable and severe as ever: “all I knows is, that there’s six on us, so jist you send up as many hosses as you can, an’ on the most ek-vi-nomical scale; for economy’s the order o’ the day, as the New Poor Law Commissioners said ven they starved the paupers in the vorkus.”

And having thrown the address of his master’s residence upon the office table, and made the necessary deposit, Mr. Samuel Weller returned to the Rue Royale in a cabriolet and a violent hurry.

All the friends, and even many of the distant acquaintances of our hero and his companions, were assembled on this eventful morning, to bid adieu to those great men who were about to turn their backs upon France—perhaps for ever! We need not enumerate the names of all those who met together upon this occasion: the ties of friendship and the prospects of a good breakfast were inducements sufficient to entice all who had ever shaken the illustri-

ous Mr. Pickwick by the hand, to witness his departure.

"I really envy you your return to England," said Mr. Chitty to Mr. Winkle: "you will see your *melius dimidium*—better half, once more, and will again enjoy the endearments of home."

"I should like to take some claret back with me," observed Mr. Winkle, "as well as gloves and *eau-de-cologne*."

"Alas!" resumed Mr. Septimus Chitty; "when the unjust persecutions of my enemies in England shall have ceased, I may myself hope to return to my native land."

"And will they terminate soon—these persecutions of which you are talking?" asked Mr. Winkle.

"In seven years—by the statute of limitation," was the answer—an explanation which reminded Mr. Winkle that the unrelenting enemies complained of were nothing more nor less than certain tailors, boot-makers, hatters, &c., who, when grouped together, are termed "creditors." But we never yet heard a man speak well of the people who had trusted him, and who merely wished to recover the amounts due to them: and even in the English debtors' prisons, there is not a soul who (according to his own account) either owes a farthing or ought to be there.

"You will have a beautiful day for travelling," remarked Mr. Wegsworth Muffley to Mr. Pickwick. "It was just such weather as this, when I set out last year upon my celebrated Hampshire tour, starting from London to Portsmouth in a vehicle and four horses."

"Ah! a coach, I presume," said Mr. Pickwick.

"No, it was not," returned the traveller.

"A four-in-hand, I dare say, then," exclaimed our hero, with a cunning smile, as if he had guessed a great secret.

"Wrong again," cried Mr. Muffley, provokingly.

"What was it then? a post-chaise and four?"

"No—the waggon," answered Mr. Muffley.

In the meantime three gentlemen, who were seated together at one end of the table, were making a desperate attack upon the cold meat and hot rolls, and their tongues worked as freely as their jaws the whole time.

"Wasn't that a spree last night, Jopling?" asked one.

"Was it not?" cried the gentleman thus appealed to. "How did you get home Lipman?"

"Oh! Walker and I reeled home together, didn't we?" cried Mr. Lipman.

"It was our system," answered Mr. Hook Walker. "But I broke my violin in a scuffle as we went along the streets. That, however, was not a part of my usual system."

It appears that Mr. Walker had regaled his friends with a little music at their own residence on the previous evening; and that being eventually tired of playing the part of fiddler, he got as drunk as one, by way of a change.

"I say, Snodgrass, my dear fellow," whispered Mr. Lipman to that gentleman, "you couldn't do me a little favor, could you?"

"What is it?" demanded Mr. Snodgrass.

"Why—I have got a small balance in the hands of my London bankers, Aldgate, Pump, and Company, Whitechapel; and if you could do me the favor to cash my cheque upon them, I should esteem it a very great obligation that I lay myself under to you," said Mr. Lipman. "It's only fifteen pound, ten, and seven-pence half-penny," added Mr. Lipman, taking a popular, and therefore dirty song-book from his pocket, and pretending to refer to it as if it were his bankers' account.

"To tell you the truth," said Mr. Snodgrass, who was by this time tired of lending and advancing monies, the interest even of which he never heard of—much less saw, "I am rather short myself, and—"

"Well, well, no matter," interrupted Mr. Lipman. "You can cash my cheque for a five, I suppose."

"Really, my dear Sir—" began Mr. Snodgrass.

"Well,—say two pun' ten," cried Mr. Lipman.

"My travelling expenses—"

"Lend us a guinea, then, and there's an end of it," said Mr. Lipman, by way of clinching the matter at once.

Mr. Snodgrass tendered the twenty-six francs demanded, but Mr. Lipman, by some unaccountable oversight, forgot to tender the cheque upon the eminent and wealthy firm of Aldgate, Pump, and Company.

"You will not forget your promise about poor Anastasie," said Mr. Tupman, in a whisper to Mr. Hook Walker. "I and Pickwick will take care that you shall receive regularly the sum we have agreed upon—"

"Depend upon my exactitude," interrupted Mr. Scuttle.

"Any little attention on your part to that poor penitent creature—" exclaimed Mr. Tupman.

Mr. Scuttle squeezed Mr. Tupman's hand, and Mr. Tupman squeezed a tear out of his eye; and the two gentlemen having thus satisfactorily understood each other, the conversation dropped between them.

"Have you ever heard anything about your friend Mr. Adolphus Crashem?" inquired Mr. Jopling of Mr. Pickwick.

"Oh! yes," answered that gentleman. "Some time ago I received a letter from a Mr. Tims—I don't know whether you were acquainted with him—"

"Didn't we all pass an evening in the Jug together?" cried Mr. Jopling.

"In the New Prison!" ejaculated Mr. Pickwick. "Ah! so we did—I recollect now. Well—this Mr. Tims has written me a long letter, telling me all about Mr. Crashem, and how he exposed him in a public house where they met. It appears that Crashem, or rather Sugden—for that I believe, is his real name—was going to marry Miss Muggs or Muggins, and that Mr. Tims prevented the match. What has become of Sugden since that period, I don't know."

"He's as wide-awake a cove as any I ever met," observed Mr. Jopling, to the great astonishment of Mr. Pickwick, who had not even intimated that Mr. Sugden was addicted to sleep: "a man must get up very early in the morning to take him in."

"Or rather he mustn't go to bed at all," exclaimed Mr. Lipman, exercising his own tongue while he cut a large slice of a cold one that stood before him.

"You don't eat, my dear Scuttle," said Mr. Winkle to that gentleman.

"I am sorry to part with so many friends and have lost my appetite," replied Mr. Scuttle. "These kinds of things always affect me more or less. I remember, when I lived in London, a great fire took place in a house opposite to mine one night; and though I had only been in bed an hour, I thought it was morning, and rang the bell for breakfast. Indeed, I never discovered my mistake, till I put my head out of the window, and received a cascade of water from one of the engines in my left eye. I was ill for a week after."

At this moment, M. Dumont was ushered into the room by Mr. Samuel Weller; and a very red face at the same time pro-

truded itself in at the doorway. A smile beamed upon that red countenance, and one of its eyes indulged in several elaborate and palpable winks, as it surveyed the numerous individuals seated round the table.

"Walk in, Mr. Weller," said Mr. Pickwick, who had recognized the countenance, the smile, and the winking eye: "this is the last time we shall all of us meet together in this room."

"Wehicle's at the door, sir," said Sam, who now stopped forward to announce the fact: "an' a wery nice shay it is—on'y four hosses, tho' ve pays for seven."

"And here are your passports," observed M. Dumont. "I promised to save you the trouble of getting them signed yourselves, and that has made me late." With these words the Gendarme laid the documents upon the table.

"We must now think of bidding adieu to our friends," said Mr. Pickwick, "and of shortening the hour of departure as much as possible. One of the most important periods of my life has been passed in Paris; and though I have occasionally met with disagreeable adventures, still the reminiscences of them are almost entirely effaced from my mind by the many—many happy hours that I have spent in this great city. I have been particular in keeping notes and minutes of all that has happened to me since the day I left England. The numerous songs, tales, and anecdotes that I have heard or read, are carefully entered in my memorandum-book; and on my return to England I shall place the whole in the hands of some gentleman connected with the press, and who at the same time is conversant with France, and acquainted with the characteristics of her inhabitants, for the purpose of laying them before the public in a proper form."

"The talented editor of your travels and adventures in England would be the most fitting person for such a work," observed Mr. Chitty. "He is the most popular writer of the day, and from the manner in which he executed the important task you formerly entrusted to his care and abilities, certainly deserves your confidence in this instance."

"No,—" returned Mr. Pickwick; "I am sorry to say that he declines the labor, and it therefore remains for me to find one who will be bold enough to undertake it, with the fear of being called an imitator and a plagiarist before his

eyes. I am perfectly aware that there will be much hypercriticism to contend with—that many journals will be severe, if not actually overwhelming, in their remarks upon this new undertaking—and that even the public will look suspiciously upon the commencement of a new editor's labors. But the test of the success to be experienced by the work, shall exist in the continuation of the publication—it being my design to have it issued to the world, in the first instance, in monthly parts. You see I have arranged all my plans in reference to this important measure; and soon shall those friends whom I have met *abroad*, hear, I hope, of my safe arrival *at home*."

Mr. Pickwick took off his spectacles, and wiped them—and Mr. Chitty declares that he also applied his handkerchief to his eyes ere he again put on the immortal glasses. Be that as it may, a tear dimmed every eye around the table; and then hands were shaken, and vows of lasting friendship were exchanged, and promises to write letters were given, and messages to acquaintances in England were sent, and then the shaking of hands was gone through all over again.

"You remember my invitation," said Mr. Pickwick to M. Dumont: "I hope that in a very short time I shall have an opportunity of returning all the kindnesses you have shown me, in my own house at Dulwich."

"Here is a letter for Mrs. Siffkin," cried Mr. Scuttle, who had almost forgotten the epistle which he had written the previous evening: "she has one child, I know—but whether it's a boy or girl, I really forget. You can remember me to it."

"If you ever publish any of your poems," said Mr. Chitty to Mr. Snodgrass, "*animus*—mind you send me a copy."

"And you will write to me about Anastasie," whispered Mr. Tupman to Mr. Scuttle.

To all these speeches, suitable answers were returned.

"You won't have my cheque, then, upon Aldgate and Pump for the whole," asked Mr. Lipman.

"I had rather not, I thank you," returned Mr. Snodgrass, as if he were the person obliged by the offer.

"Now, then," cried old Mr. Weller, "the *may* is a *vaitin'*, an' von o' the hosses is fast asleep."

"Good bye—good bye," echoed on all

sides; and the whole cavalcade hastened into the street. The luggage had all been properly packed up—a basket with wine and cold pies, ham, beef, &c., had been stowed away under one of the seats inside—and the two postillions sat like automata upon their horses. Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Tupman, Mr. Snodgrass, and Mr. Winkle, jumped into the chaise—Mr. Samuel Weller banged the door very hard—his father mounted the dickey—he followed the example—and the carriage rolled rapidly away from the Rue Royale, amidst the wavings of handkerchiefs, the shouts, and the "farewells!" of those whom the travellers left behind them.

In the next chapter but one we shall most probably have to welcome PICKWICK AT HOME.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

The Dinner at Beauvais.—The Hashed Rabbit.—The Mashed Potatoes.—Mr. Winkle's Night's Rest is disturbed in a most extraordinary manner.

At five o'clock in the evening, the travellers arrived at Beauvais, where they determined upon dining and passing the night, Mr. Winkle declaring that it would be quite impossible for them to travel during the darkness,—not that he was by any means afraid; but it was a strange country—and robberies *had* been committed—and throats *had* been cut—and, all things considered, prudence was the better part of valor. Mr. Snodgrass was of the same opinion: and Mr. Tupman, who had espied a pretty chambermaid, also supported the motion. Mr. Pickwick accordingly yielded to the wishes of his friends; and in a very short time dinner made its appearance.

"This is comfortable," said Mr. Pickwick, who had just scalded his mouth with the hot soup: "I know nothing more pleasant than a nice dinner after a tedious day's travelling."

"Nor I," said Mr. Tupman. "Waiter—what have we here?"

"A *gibelotte*, Sir," was the reply.

Now Mr. Tupman was excessively fond of rabbit hashed in the French fashion, and he commenced a vigorous assault upon the dish before him, helping himself at the same time to a quantity of mashed potatoes which were also within his reach.

"I wonder what Arabella will say to all the gloves and shoes I am taking over to her," said Mr. Winkle.

"I wish I had bought that monkey for Emily, which I saw on the Boulevards the other day," observed Mr. Snodgrass.

Mr. Pickwick was also expressing his regrets that he had not purchased a large dancing-bear, to which he had taken a fancy one day in Paris, in order to present it to the Zoological Society of London, when a violent ejaculation from the lips of Mr. Tupman cut short his useless repinings.

"What is the matter, Tupman?" cried Mr. Pickwick: "is the house on fire?"

"Or have you burnt your mouth?" demanded Mr. Winkle.

"Neither," answered Mr. Tupman, his usually red face being at this moment excessively pale: "but, as I live, here is a rabbit that fed upon wood!"

"On wood!" shouted his three friends.

"On wood," returned Mr. Tupman; and, as he spoke, he rattled something about in his plate with his fork.

"Well, upon my word, it is wood!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick. "I hope the French don't luxuriate on deal boards."

"I have heard that French cooks can make a dish out of anything," said Mr. Winkle, in a voice rendered tremulous by deep emotion; "and that a fricassee of an old slipper is no unusual thing. But I did not think that they could stew down a large log of wood, and call it a rabbit."

"Well—it is mysterious," said Mr. Pickwick, taking off his spectacles, wiping, and putting them on again. "But we will sift this to the bottom."

"So I have," cried Mr. Tupman, "and can find nothing but two pieces of wood mixed up with the meat."

At this moment the waiter entered the room; and the four gentlemen detailed the grounds of their complaints and alarms all at the same time.

"Pieces of wood—" began Mr. Tupman.

"Instead of rabbit!" cried Mr. Winkle.

"Stewed logs—" said Mr. Snodgrass.

"Served up to gentlemen," added Mr. Pickwick—an exclamation which seemed to infer that the great man would not have been so much astonished nor so deeply indignant, were the guilty dish presented to people who were *not* gentlemen.

"Ah! *mon dieu!*" cried the waiter: "me now understand de whole affair! me see

trough de whole ting! Ah! ha! god-dem! *Sacrebleu! je vois ça moi.*"

"What is it, Sir?" ejaculated the indignant Mr. Pickwick.

"Vot it is?" returned the waiter; "me go for to explain dis little bisness to you, *Messieurs*, in de two minits."

"Make haste then," cried Mr. Winkle, lifting up his fork in a most menacing manner.

"Dis it, dis it," exclaimed the waiter. "You see my master, de *bourgeois*, he have one vare pretty little son—a son boy, how you call him? *Eh bien!* Dis little son boy he vare fond o' all kind of amusements like all de little boys in de world; an' he also vare much fond of skippin'—"

Here Mr. Tupman gave a very audible groan.

"An' by some accident or von other," added the waiter, "you may depend upon it his skippin' rope is fell into de fricassee—how you call it?"

"Wretch!" cried Mr. Tupman. "Bring me a glass of brandy this in-tant—do you hear?"

"*Oui, Monsieur,*" answered the waiter; and in a very short time this little accident was remedied and forgotten. But just as Mr. Tupman was making amends for his disappointment in respect to the *gibelotte*, by attacking other dishes, and especially the mashed potatoes, Mr. Samuel Weller rushed very unceremoniously into the room.

"Stop there now," cried Sam, hastening up to Mr. Tupman, and wresting the knife and fork out of his hands, as soon as he had cast a hurried look around the table, and scrutinized the contents of each gentleman's plate: "no more o' this here, Sir. Beg pardon for the interruption, as is wery uncivil on my part, vich wos the observation made by the sveep ven he fell down the wrong chimbley into the gen'leman's kitchen."

"Sam!" exclaimed Mr. Tupman; "what does all this mean?"

"Vy, you don't vant to be pisoned, do you, Sir?" cried Mr. Samuel Weller, placing his arms akimbo.

"Poisoned!" ejaculated Mr. Tupman, while Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Snodgrass sate aghast and speechless in their chairs; and Mr. Winkle seized a knife and swore he'd do for the landlord before he'd done.

"Yes, pisoned!" reiterated Sam. "I see it all, an' wos determined not to let that there kitchen-maid have her evil vays. Perwention's better than cure, as the sailor

said ven he cut his leg off to hinder it from mortifyin'."

"What do you mean, Sam?" cried the agonised Mr. Tupman. "Am I poisoned, or am I not? If so, bring me pen and ink, and let me make my will."

At this dolorous speech, Mr. Winkle was not only moved to tears, but also out of his chair, and on to Mr. Tupman's neck, where he fell, and swore that his old friend should not die unavenged.

"Wot's all this gammonin' about?" cried Sam, replacing Mr. Winkle in his seat. "There—you keep your cheer, and don't make yourself uneasy. It ain't so very bad, arter all; o'ny rayther nasty—that's all."

"Explain yourself, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, peremptorily; for he now recovered his breath and his authority simultaneously.

"Vell, then, here goes," exclaimed Mr. Weller. "Jist now I takes a peep into the kitchen, and wot should I see but a very pretty young gal as had burnt her finger vith that ere i-dentical dish as you kicked up a row about jist now. The poor young creatur cried very bad, and didn't know wot to do vith her finger. So I scrapes a little tatur and claps it on the sore place for her, and it give her very great ease in a minit, 'cos tatur is very good for scalds, sir, tatur is. I repeated the application, as chaps says ven they sends petitions to the Ministers an' gets no answers; an' in a few moments the place was nearly vell. But, mind, I didn't tell her, sir, to go an' make you a dish o' mashed tatur vith the very scrapin's as come off her fingers. Wot's good in von place ain't in another, as the doctor said to his patient ven he drank all the brandy vith vich he ought to ha' bathed his leg."

"And are you sure that *that* potato is the same which—" began Mr. Pickwick.

"The same as—" said Mr. Snodgrass, unable to achieve the sentence which his greater leader had begun.

"The same as vos on the sore finger," cried Sam. "Sure! eh—to be sure, I am sure! Didn't I see it vith my own eyes?"

"Then why didn't you tell us of it before?" asked Mr. Pickwick.

"'Cos there's another dinner-party in the 'ouse," answered Sam; "an' I thought that the tatur was for them, till I see some come out on the plate vich had contained Mr. Tupman's hashed rabbit."

"You may retire now Sam," said Mr.

Pickwick. "The very first thing to-morrow morning we will start, and leave this horrible hotel, without breakfasting here."

"It's on'y a triflin' accident, sir," returned Sam, as he slowly retreated from the room, "an' von vich is very easily mended, as the gen'leman said who broke the Policeman's head."

Mr. Pickwick and his friends did not, however, seem to entertain the same opinion. The two little accidents just related, cast a damp upon their spirits, and not even the use of ardent ones could put them into a good humor. They therefore soon retired to their respective couches, with the understanding that they were to rise and pursue their journey at a very early hour.

Mr. Winkle had not been quite three-quarters of an hour in bed, and certainly not more than twenty minutes asleep, when he was suddenly awoken by a heavy substance which fell with amazing violence upon his body. The impression that first flashed across his mind, was that the chimney had fallen in, and he roared out, "Fire!" with all his might: but the heavy weight, beneath which he lay, suddenly moved of its own accord, and he was therefore convinced that it was not an assemblage of bricks and mortar; he accordingly changed his note, and sang out, "Thieves!"

But his room was in a secluded part of the house, and no one answered his exclamations. He therefore began to use superhuman endeavors to rid himself of the oppressive weight that lay upon him, and nearly crushed him to atoms; but all his efforts were unavailing. The mass gave one loud grunt, turned round again, and then set up such a sonorous snore, that Mr. Winkle felt convinced his unpleasant companion was really a living being.

Covered with perspiration, the unhappy Mr. Winkle made a desperate thrust with his two fists at the sides of the mighty mass which had overwhelmed him, and by dint of the most strenuous and unwearied efforts, succeeded in extricating himself from his unpleasant position. The moment he had hurled the corpulent person from off his own, he rushed out of the room, and commenced a hideous bawling in the passage, commingling the words, "Fire!" "Thieves!" "Robbers!" "Murderers!" and "Help!" in a species of original melody which was anything but grateful to the ears of those whom it at length reached.

Mr. Pickwick started from his dreams,

his slumber, a violent perspiration, and his couch, at the same moment, and darted into the passage; but as Mr. Snodgrass occupied the room precisely opposite, and was emanating from that room just at the moment when Mr. Pickwick issued from his own, those great men came in violent contact with each other, and rolled heavily upon the ground, to the total discomfiture of Mr. Tupman, who on his part had been also awakened by the hideous cries of Mr. Winkle, and in his haste to ascertain the cause of the disturbance, fell over his two friends as he rushed up the passage in a state of frantic alarm.

The confusion was now at its utmost. At one end of a long and dimly-lighted passage was a gentleman roaring with all his might and main; and at the other were three more, sprawling upon the ground. These latter, however, soon succeeded in recovering their equilibrium; but Mr. Winkle did not so speedily recover his presence of mind; and when questioned by his friends as to the cause of his terror, he merely pointed towards his own room and bawled out "Fire!" louder than ever.

"This is most extraordinary!" cried Mr. Pickwick, returning to look into his young friend's room, and *seeing* nothing but the darkness.

"Fire! Thieves! they are there!" shouted Mr. Winkle.

"Where?" demanded Mr. Pickwick.

"On my bed," answered Mr. Winkle.

"That is a curious place for thieves to choose, my dear Winkle," remonstrated Mr. Pickwick; and, encouraged by the lucky truth of his own observation, he stepped quietly and cautiously into the room.

"He rushes to death and to destruction!" exclaimed Mr. Snodgrass, smacking his left breast very hard with his right hand.

In the meantime Mr. Pickwick stole up to the bed which Mr. Winkle had abandoned, and the noise of a man breathing very hard fell upon his ears. Mr. Pickwick therefore came to the sagacious and logical conclusion that there *was* a living being in the room.

"Who are you, my good fellow?" said Mr. Pickwick, in his blandest tones.

A loud grunt was the only reply.

"G—d bless me!" thought Mr. Pickwick: "it can't be a real pig—and yet it might be. I have seen a learned pig in England who did very wonderful things; and surely, if an English pig could tell the different

cards, a French one might very easily escape out of his sty and find his way to a bed-room."

Scarcely had Mr. Pickwick made these very sapient reflections, when the living being turned slowly round upon the bed, and spoke in human tones. Mr. Pickwick listened attentively.

"Samivel—Samivel!" said the voice: "wot a very undutiful little boy you air, Samivel. Here's your old father, as brought you up and eddicated you at the charity-school, a-dyin' o' thirst, an' you don't even ax him to take a drop o' water. Them tumbler's o' punch as ve took a leetle too much on, operates wery strange on my brain!"

"Mr. Weller," said Mr. Pickwick, softly.

"Who's that a-takin' my name in wain?" cried the old coachman. "Vy, blowed if I aint gone to bed with my boots an' unexpressibles on. Ve doesn't grow viser as ve grows older, I'm wery much afeerd."

"Mr. Weller, my good friend," said Mr. Pickwick, once more apostrophising the moralizer, "is that you?"

"Me!" ejaculated Mr. Weller; and, after a little prudent consideration as to whether the truth consisted in a negative or affirmative reply, he added, "Yes, it be. But who air you?"

"Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Weller," answered the immortal gentleman. "But here comes a light."

At that moment Sam entered the room, bearing a candle in his hand, and followed by Mr. Winkle, Mr. Snodgrass, and Mr. Tupman.

"Vell, here you air, old touch-an'-go," cried Sam. "This comes o' drinkin' too much punch afore you goes to bed. You've got into the wrong box, old feller, for vonce in your life, as the constable said ven he locked the drunken nobleman up in the cage."

"The wrong box, Samivel," cried Mr. Weller, senior: "wot d'ye mean?"

"Vy, that you've found your vay into Mr. Winkle's room," explained Sam: "an' the sooner you're out on it the better, cos ve has to rise airly in the mornin', an' wants a good night's rest aforehand."

Mr. Weller, senior, rose from the couch on which he had been so comfortably reposing, as his son uttered these words, and began to stammer out a variety of apologies to Mr. Winkle. Peace and tranquility were thus once more restored, and the re-

mainder of the night was passed without any further adventures of importance. At an early hour on the ensuing morning, the travellers rose, ordered the horses to be harnessed to their carriage, and resumed their journey, with the intention of breakfasting at Grandvilliers—a town only a few leagues distant from Beauvais.

CHAPTER XL

Pickwick at home.

OUR history is now drawing to a conclusion, and the pen of the faithful biographer will be shortly laid aside—at least for a season. We set out on our travels with Mr. Pickwick from the town of Calais, and we return home with him for the present as far as Dover. The morning was murky and dull when his foreign travels commenced: the sun shone blythely and brightly to welcome his arrival once more in his native clime. If such be the welcome he received at the hands of that great luminary on his landing at Dover, let us see what greeting awaits him at the Ship Hotel, whither he and his companions bent their way, with the hope of obtaining luncheon and a post-chaise—the former to take the cold out of their stomachs, and the latter to take them to London.

As they entered the hall of the Ship Hotel, landlord, waiters, and chambermaids rushed out to receive them, the prospect of feeding six comely looking gentlemen (three of whom were very fat and must eat to keep up their sleekness of condition, and the other three, being very thin, were consequently compelled to do the same to prevent themselves from growing thinner)—such a prospect we say, being a highly gratifying one to all connected with the hotel.

“Private rooms and luncheon immediately,” said Mr. Pickwick, surrendering his great coat to a waiter, his hat to a chambermaid, his umbrella to the “boots,” and his appetite to the care of the landlord.

“Hadn’t we better ask about the post-chaise at the same time, Pickwick?” inquired Mr. Tupman.

“What name did you say, sir?” exclaimed the landlord: “beg pardon—sir—but will explain my motives for asking such a question.”

“My name is Pickwick,” answered our great hero.

“How singular!” cried the landlord, turning to the head-waiter.

“Very,” answered that functionary, surveying his own white cotton stockings with great complacency, and Mr. Pickwick’s gaiters with an air of contempt.

“What is singular?” demanded Mr. Pickwick. “My name, I suspect,” he added, with a smile, “is pretty well known to the world.”

“Pray, sir, are you any relation to the great Mr. Pickwick—to *the* Mr. Pickwick?” continued the landlord.

“I rayther think this is *the* Pickwick, old feller,” interrupted Mr. Samuel Weller, who did not at all relish this multiplicity of questions. “That’s Pickwick, an’ I’m Weller.”

“Impossible!” cried the landlord, glancing towards the head-waiter.

“Impossible, Sir,” echoed the head-waiter, looking at his cotton-stockings.

At this crisis, Mr. Samuel Weller stepped forward, and putting himself into a pugilistic attitude, threatened, in figurative language, to inflict concealment—or rather to bestow “a good hiding” upon any one who should dare to doubt the identity of his master with the greatest traveller in the universe.

“You need not get into a passion, young man,” said the landlord, *hiding* himself behind the head-waiter to escape one of another description: “I do not doubt but that your master is a very excellent man; though as for his being *the* Mr. Pickwick, you must excuse me if I decline to believe it, inasmuch as the real traveller has been staying with us for these last six weeks.”

“And the best customer he is that *we* ever had,” cried the head-waiter. “He never sits down to dinner without champagne and turtle-soup.”

“And he has promised to take me with him to France in his new balloon, when it is ready,” exclaimed the chamber-maid.

“He has only been waiting here for the arrival of a French government steam-boat from Cherbourg to take him across,” added the landlord.

“He’s a prince in his hexpenditur,” said the waiter.

“Sich a nice young man,” simpered the chamber-maid. “Talks so fine, no one can’t understand him.”

“Vears patent-leather butes,” cried the

individual whose attributes the cleansing of those articles especially concerned, and from which he borrowed his expressive name.

"And, as Joseph observes, the best customer I ever had," said the landlord. "For the six weeks he's been here I'm sure his bill ain't less than ninety pound—with the ready money advanced because his Paris bankers haven't sent his remittances yet."

"There is something very extraordinary in all this," remarked Mr. Pickwick to Mr. Tupman.

"Decidedly," said Mr. Tupman.

"My good man," said Mr. Pickwick to the landlord, "do you mean to assert that there is a gentleman of my name in this house?"

"I do, Sir," was the reply.

"And does *he* assert that he is the great Mr. Pickwick?" inquired our hero modestly.

"He declares that he is the gentleman who has made such a noise in the world within the last few years," answered the landlord.

"Where is he?" demanded Mr. Pickwick.

"He is not in at this moment, Sir," said the landlord: "he generally walks out about this time."

"Very well," returned Mr. Pickwick. "Let us have some lunch, and as soon as the individual in question returns, let me know."

These directions were received by the landlord with a low bow, and the luncheon was speedily got ready. Old Mr. Weller and Sam were provided with a similar meal in another room.

"How singular an English town seems after so long an absence," said Mr. Pickwick, helping himself to a glass of bottled ale.

"Very," returned Mr. Winkle: "the houses are so low, and the windows so small."

"Nothing poetical about them," observed Mr. Snodgrass.

"The chamber-maid is not bad-looking," said Mr. Tupman; and then he bestowed a sigh upon the memory of Mademoiselle Anastasie de Volage.

"You are continually talking about the girls, Tupman," cried Mr. Snodgrass; "and yet you have never married."

"I always had an aversion to matrimony ever since I saw the *Ladder* which gives you an idea of the ups and downs of the married life," answered Mr. Tupman.

"It is very easy for one man to write his own opinions concerning a particular subject," returned Mr. Snodgrass: "but I have paraphrased the verses of the *Lover's Ladder* to

which you allude; and yet my views are only the impressions of one man's experience."

"Very just, Snodgrass," ejaculated Mr. Pickwick. "Have you the lines about you?"

"I have got the paraphrase in my pocket-book," replied Mr. Snodgrass.

"I should like to hear it," said Mr. Tupman, somewhat pettishly.

Mr. Snodgrass accordingly favored his companions with the following stanzas upon a most interesting subject.

PREVIOUS TO AND AFTER MARRIAGE

ADMIRATION.

Young Claudia's charms a thousand hearts had gained,
But her's by Damon only was obtained:
They marked each other's form—their eyes once met—
And these were glances neither could forget.

FLIRTATION.

And now together see the happy pair,
At balls and festivals—they both are there;
While he is jealous of his future bride,
Ling'ring for hours unwearied by her side.

APPROBATION.

Cupid! thou knowest that a glance approves,
Better than words, with him who truly loves:
Oh! yes—for Damon's eyes at once conveyed
His approbation of the charming maid.

DECLARATION.

One eve he told his love! Was she distressed?
Oh! no—a gleam of pleasure filled her breast;
Yet modest fears were on her features seen,—
For wedlock's heav'n or hell—and nought between!

HESITATION.

Then came the soft timidity—the flush
Of virgin terrors mantling in a blush:
Thus the red rose-bud, when it greets the morn,
Is veiled in crimson deeper than the dawn!

AGITATION.

That Rose too quivers, when it hears the tale,
In Persian climates, of the Nightingale:
So beat the heart of Claudia, as she heard
From Damon's lips each soft—impressive word!

ACCEPTATION.

But he from fear and doubt was quickly freed
When both the parents to the match agreed:—
No cruel impediment before them lay—
Smiling through life appeared their future way!

SOLEMNIZATION.

Though all the prayers by holy churchmen said,
And all the formal things by lawyers read,

* The love of the Bulbul, or Nightingale, for Gul the Rose, is proverbial in the East

Could ne'er increase their passion—still we find
Their hands at length before the altar joined.

ENDEARMENT.*

Deem'st thou, young Muse, that they are wearied
yet—
That they their vows—their promises forget?
Though months be passed, their love is still the same,
And years will only serve t' increase the flame.

ATTACHMENT.

The ardent fires of love, 'tis true, are flown,
The rest to deep attachment mellowed down :—
They seem two flowers upon the self-same thorn,
Pluck one at night, the other's dead at morn !

OCCUPATION.

With them the hours roll happily away,
Their hearts contented, and their spirits gay :
Music and poetry—no selfish joy—
Or household duties—all their time employ !

CONTENTMENT.

No angry word their peace of mind impairs,
No foolish jealousy—no groundless cares ;
Their thoughts are placid as the summer sea,
Or as the perfumed gales of Araby.

HARMONY.

No voice discordant in their dwelling 's heard—
Between them ne'er has passed a hasty word :
Gentle remonstrance—in a gentle tone—
And that but seldom—has been heard alone.

OFFSPRING.

Their children thrive around them, fair and brave,
As he who whilome crossed the Atlantic wave,
And daring shaped his course till he unfurled
The Spanish banner in the Western World.†

OLD AGE.

Now forty years have rolled o'er Damon's head,
Since he and Claudia were together wed :—
Still is their love unchanged—aye, more sincere,
More deeply fixed with each revolving year.

DEATH.

Go—reader, mark that tomb !—There, side by side,
Do they repose,—and they together died ;
For when stern Death had closed on one the day,
The other did not linger on the way !

"After all," said Mr. Tupman, when this paraphrase of a popular poem was brought to a conclusion, "matrimony may be very pleasant—but I think I am a *little* too old to marry now."

"Old!" ejaculated Mr. Pickwick,—"a man is never too old to act prudently!"

At this moment a noise, emanating from the hall of the hotel, fell upon the ears of

the four gentlemen, just as they were winding up their repast with a glass of excellent Madeira.

"Dinner at six, waiter—do you hear?" cried a loud voice in the hall; "and for eight of us, mind. Turtle, iced punch—and a neck of venison. And, waiter—"

"Yes, sir."

"Ask your master to cash me another cheque on my Paris bankers for ten pounds," continued the voice. "I had a letter this morning to say that my funds are on the road; but as all the money in France is in specie, and I have got an enormous sum to receive, the wagon that brings it from Paris to Calais will be eight days before it arrives here."

"Very well, sir," returned the waiter. "But here is master himself."

"I was just saying," began the loud voice once more.

"Beg pardon, sir," interrupted the landlord; "but there is a gentleman in the next room—a gentleman, sir, with three friends—who desires to speak with you *His* name is also Pickwick."

"Pickwick! Pickwick!" cried the loud voice. "Oh! very well—I will just say a word to a friend who is waiting for me in the street, and will then come back and see this Mr. Pickwick. Probably he is a relation of mine."

At that moment the door of an adjacent room was flung hastily open, and Mr. Pickwick, with his hand under his coat-tails, and followed by his three friends, issued into the hall.

"It is just as I thought!" exclaimed the indignant Mr. Pickwick.

"And no more than you expected," returned the loud voice, which belonged to no less a gentleman than Mr. William Sugden, late Captain Walsingham, and before that Mr. Adolphus Crashem, "How are you, Pickwick—my dear fellow?" Then in a whisper, he added, "Don't blow me here, old chap, it won't do you any good, and may affect my interest more than you can imagine. In two days I shall marry old Lady Pengarlick, and will then pay you all I owe. You were always my best friend, you know—You and the Great Cham."

"Swindler!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick; "I renounce all acquaintance with you. Ever since I knew you, you have done nothing but prey upon myself, my companions, or my friends; and scarcely a week passed away

* Hitherto, the titles of the original *Love's Ladder*, as they *ascend* the ladder, have been preserved: henceforth, in their *descent*, they are all altered in this paraphrase, the result being different.

† Christopher Columbus.

without my hearing of your infamous exploits."

"What!" cried the landlord, with a very long face, is this the case, sir?"

"It is," returned Mr. Pickwick, "that man is the greatest swindler under the canopy of heaven."

"Then he won't take me in the balloon," murmured the chamber-maid, whom the noise had attracted to the spot.

"An' he ain't a gentleman though he did wear paytent leathers," added the "boots."

"Waiter!" cried the landlord. "Waiter—Joseph, I say—don't stand there like a fool, looking at your d——d white cotton stockings, but go and fetch a constable."

"Mind what you are about," exclaimed Mr. Sugden, folding his arms very coolly and leaning against one of the door-posts with considerable indifference of manner; "I am nothing but a common debtor, and no felon. A man may take any name he chooses—and as for my being a great traveller, why—Pickwick is nothing to me. He has never gone farther than Paris, and I have been not only as far as Tartary, but also round the world fourteen times."

"Then, if this person," cried Mr. Pickwick, pointing to the landlord, "cannot give you in charge to a police-constable, I can and will for the several frauds you have practised upon me and my companions."

"Out again, old fellow," returned Mr. Sugden, as coolly as ever. "Those little inadvertencies of which you speak, happened in France—and *this* is England!"

"The rogue!" exclaimed the landlord, clenching his fists. "But I have got his three trunks—they are pretty heavy, and their contents will help to pay my bill. Not a stitch of anything shall he have! That's one consolation!"

"You are very welcome to all you can find in them, my dear fellow," said Mr. Sugden. "I make it a rule never to travel with much luggage on account of thieves; but as for the stones, cabbages, hay, and empty bottles, which you will find in my portmanteaus, as I before said, you are quite welcome to them. Have you any thing else to say to me, gentlemen?"

"Yes—you are a scoundrel," answered Mr. Pickwick.

"Anything else?" demanded Mr. Sugden.

"A rogue—a villain," shouted Mr. Tupman.

"How's Anastasie?" asked Mr. Sugden.

"Go on."

"A———" began Mr. Winkle; but as

Mr. Sugden turned rather sharply round, he very prudently held his peace and Mr. Pickwick's coat-tails simultaneously.

"Wouldn't you like to take a share in my Equitable British and Foreign Elastic Wooden-Leg Company?" cried Mr. Sugden, pulling a pocket-book from the breast of his coat and preparing to write down the names of Mr. Pickwick and his companions, with all imaginable gravity. "Or, stay—suppose we get up a Society for Protecting Hotel Keepers and Soft Gentlemen from the Wiles of the Artful?"

"Wretch!" cried the indignant Mr. Pickwick, fire flashing from his expressive eyes; "your presence is hateful to me."

"Vich coach does he drive?" exclaimed old Mr. Weller, who now appeared upon the scene, followed by his dutiful son; "cos he'd better drive his-self off in a twinklin' or so, or blowed if I don't show him the way out o' this here coach-yard."

"This is a friend of your's, Pickwick?" said Mr. Sugden, casting a patronizing glance upon old Weller, and then a familiar one upon Mr. Pickwick.

"That's for you, my fine feller, vith your imperent dewices and your knock-me-down vild Indian selvidge manners about you," cried Sam, at the same time bestowing such a kick upon the hinder parts of Mr. William Sugden, that that gentleman made but one leap from the door-way down the steps into the street. But nothing abashed, the young gentleman rose with considerable alacrity from the gutter, made a gracious bow to the crowd assembled at the door of the inn, and lounged leisurely away from the place with his hands in his pockets, a song in his throat, and a light heart in his left breast.

"Vell, if this ain't the rummevest go I ever see in all *my* life, call me a Norvegian, that's all!" cried Mr. Weller, senior.

It is not quite clear that the old gentleman fully understood the meaning of the term which he desired might be applied to himself upon a certain condition: but one thing is very sure, that he attached an idea of the most unmitigated contempt to the epithet, and in his mouth it was therefore as expressive as if it had been a word of more general usage in the same sense.

"Then you are *the* Mr. Pickwick after all, sir—beg pardon," said the landlord, with a low bow, to the gentleman whose claims to that honorable title he had but a short time previously even more than doubted.

"I am," answered Mr. Pickwick; "and

you are the victim of the greatest swindler that ever lived."

"Post-chaise is ready, gen'lemen," cried the head waiter, who had disappeared for a moment, during the above colloquy, and now returned again to the hall.

The bill was paid—the gentlemen stepped into the vehicle—old Mr. Weller and his son took their seats upon the dickey—and in a few moments the equipage was rolling on the high road to the English metropolis.

It was about ten o'clock at night when Mr. Pickwick and his companions reached Dulwich Lodge, where numerous relations and friends had assembled to welcome the arrival of the travellers, in consequence of letters which had been dispatched to them from Paris a few days previously. And then came such a quantity of kissing—and such shaking of hands—and such an interchange of kind words, compliments, questions, answers, and affectionate glances—that an observer would have melted into tears of gladness at the happy spectacle. Old Wardle, (the father-in-law of Mr. Snodgrass) Mrs. Snodgrass, Mrs. Winkle, Trundle (Mr. Wardle's son-in-law) and his wife, and a variety of cousins and friends, were there to greet the travellers upon their return to England, and to be the first to welcome PICKWICK AT HOME!

On the following morning, immediately after breakfast, a distribution of the various presents took place. Gloves, bottles of *eau-de-cologne*, beautiful little Breguet watches, shoes, and a grand assortment of jewellery, were spread upon the table in Mr. Pickwick's study. And around that table was gathered a group of as happy faces as ever an observer could wish to behold; and while the division of the booty took place, the task was lightened by a thousand jokes, *bon mots*, and witty sayings. Some anecdote belonged to almost every article that Mr. Pickwick took up; and as he tendered the various presents to those for whom they were destined, he made his observations in something like the following manner:

"Here is a beautiful ring for you, Arabella," he said, addressing himself to Mrs. Winkle. "I recollect purchasing it at a jeweller's in the Palais Royal—the day I had my pocket picked by a thief who begged to restore me my handkerchief which I had dropped. 'This is the way, Sir,' said he, 'in which you ought to put your handkerchief in your pocket; and then you will baffle all the

thieves in Europe.'—'I am exceedingly obliged to you,' said I.—'Not at all, Sir,' returned the gentleman; and he walked away. Two minutes afterwards I found that he had robbed me of my purse."

"Well, I never!" exclaimed all the ladies at once.

"And here is a brooch for you, Wardle," continued Mr. Pickwick: "I selected it on purpose last Christmas-day. I recollect the circumstance well, because as I was coming out of the shop, with a heap of five-franc pieces in my hand, I was accosted by an English gentleman, who asked me to oblige him with change for a five pound Bank of England note. I immediately gave him a hundred and twenty-five francs, and received a note in exchange. But on my return home, what was my astonishment when I read these words: *I promise to shave the bearer five times in return for this note. For the Governor and Company of the Barber's Society, Thomas Smith*; and in the corner was an immense *Five*."

"Excellent!" shouted Mr. Wardle. The anecdote will always occur to my memory as often as I wear the brooch, which I hope will be a long time, old fellow, for your sake."

"These bracelets," resumed Mr. Pickwick, after a pause, "are for you, Emily. Snodgrass, my dear friend, hand them to your wife. They will be more useful to her than the monkey which you intended to bring her over."

"A monkey!" shrieked all the ladies.

"Such was his intention," continued Mr. Pickwick. "However, there are the bracelets, and wear them for my sake. The day that I purchased them was marked by the following singular occurrence. I was walking across one of the bridges in Paris, when a well-dressed man suddenly threw himself over the parapet into the Seine. Fortunately he fell into a place where the water was not very deep, and he was speedily rescued from his perilous predicament. A crowd immediately collected round him—and I amongst the rest. He opened his eyes, and his first words were '*Mes enfans—mes pauvres enfans*!'—My children, my poor children! These piteous exclamations moved me, and I immediately gave the man a couple of Napoleons, they being all the money I had about me. 'L—d bless you, Sir,' said an Englishman, whom the occurrence had also attracted to the spot, 'he's done that already three times this week. He regularly drowns,

or poisons, or stabs himself four or five times every week.'—'Good G—d I' said I; 'what does he do that for? Is he mad?'—'Mad! no,' returned the man; 'he is a devilish clever fellow on the contrary, and picks up a good deal of money in this way. It's an excellent business. He lives better by dying five or six times a week than I do by working hard.'—'What! is he an imposter, then,' cried I, naturally indignant at the gross manner in which I had been imposed upon.—'That's a harsh word, Sir,' answered the man: 'but he's something like it though.'—I walked away, determined never to do another good action."

"That was really infamous," said Mrs. Snodgrass.

"Of course it was," coincided her husband.

"This snuff-box is for you, Trundle," cried Mr. Pickwick, addressing himself to Mr. Wardle's son-in-law. "I bought it on the Quai des Orfevres—a street occupied almost entirely by jewellers and silver-smiths. As I came out of the shop, I saw a venerable and gentlemanly old man, with long white hair, suddenly slip down by the parapet that overlooks the river. I immediately hastened to his assistance, and raised him from the stones on which he had fallen. He appeared very weak and feeble, and leant heavily upon me as I helped him to get up. But when he was once more on his legs, he thanked me very sincerely, asked me my name and address, called a hackney-coach, and departed, assuring me that I should ere long have cause to remember him. I thought I had probably been of some service to a nobleman in disguise, and was felicitating myself upon the occurrence as I walked home, when accidentally putting my hand into my pocket, I found that my purse was gone. The rogue was a practised thief no doubt; and had the snuff-box not been in another pocket, I dare say that I should not have had the pleasure of giving it to you to-day."

"Extraordinary!" exclaimed old Wardle. "Then it appears that there are thieves and rogues in that Paris which you love so much, as well as elsewhere."

"There are dishonest men everywhere," answered Mr. Pickwick; "but this I can safely say, that there is much less crime in France than there is in England."

"And how do you account for that?" demanded Mr. Wardle.

"There are two direct causes," answered

Mr. Pickwick, "which strike even a superficial observer. In the first place there is not near so much poverty and want in France, as there is in this country, because the taxes are far less oppressive, and much more just—the principal taxes being a property and a poll-tax; and hence there is less necessity to commit crime for the purpose of obtaining the means of existence. In the second place, the system of passports leads to an almost certain detection of the malefactor, and thus another kind of dread is added to that which the law of course inspires. But let us not discuss serious matters now: the distribution of my little presents is not quite terminated. Sam!

"Sir," said Mr. Weller, stepping forward.

"Call your wife, Sam," returned Mr. Pickwick. "Tell Mary I want to speak to her."

In a few minutes Mary made her appearance, blushing and looking as modest as the first day of her marriage. As she approached her master, she curtsied, and then cast a timid glance round the room.

"Here are some stuffs to make frocks for your children, Mary," said Mr. Pickwick, "and a pair of ear-rings for yourself. And this time," added Mr. Pickwick, glancing towards the friends that surrounded him, and smiling, "there is no anecdote attached to my present."

"Thank'ee kindly, Sir," said Mary, and with another curtsy, she retired from the room.

"I have only one regret," observed Mr. Pickwick very seriously, "in reference to the various presents which I have now distributed; and that is—I am sorry I did not bring home the dancing-bear for the Zoological Society. A finer bear I never saw in my life, and the keeper declared that a more affectionate animal he never had had to deal with."

"Wery right he wos too, Sir," remarked Mr. Weller; "for to my certin knowledge this same wery affectionate hanimal hugged a old lady to death von mornin' in the streets, and was then a-goin' to pay his attentions to a young child, ven a Johnny Darny put an end to his perliteness, by tellin' him an' his mas'er not to interfere vith other people's bisness, but to go about their own."

"Then, everything considered," said Mr. Pickwick, after a moment's deep reflection, "it is perhaps as well that the dancing-bear should remain where he is."

"Quite," exclaimed Mr. Wardle.

"Dangerous things them is, Sir," remarked Mr. Weller; "very dangerous; cos there's sich a thin' as bein' a little too tender at times, as the lady said ven her husband' volloped her for not lovin' him enough?"

The discussion about the merits of the bear now dropped, and the ladies proceeded to pack up in neat little parcels the various articles of the *toilette*, which Mr. Pickwick had brought for them from Paris. The remainder of the day—and indeed of the whole week—was passed in merriment and pleasure; and Mr. Pickwick declared that he felt himself quite young again as he joined in the dance together with his friends, when the social hour of evening arrived, and the thick curtains shut out the cold winds of approaching winter.

CONCLUSION.

There now remains for us but little more to say. We cannot, however, conclude our labors, without placing at the disposal of our readers such information as we possess concerning the present position of some of the important characters that have figured in the preceding pages.

Mr. Pickwick continues to reside at Dulwich Lodge, resolved never to undertake any more journeys, but to pass the remainder of his life in peace and tranquillity at home. He is contented with the vast reputation which his travels have procured for him, but prefers his renown as an universal philanthropist, to that which his undying exploits as a traveller have obtained. Since his acquaintance with Mr. Septimus Chitty, he often quotes the words—*Erexit monumentum cere perennius*; but applies them, with that modesty which is one of the principal characteristics of this extraordinary man, rather to his fame as a friend to humanity, than as the great traveller he really was. For the behoof of those who feel interested in such matters we do not hesitate to say that he still wears the tights and immortal gaiters which contributed, in no small degree, to his extensive and well-earned reputation. Whenever he retrospects over his residence in France, and the circumstances connected with it, his principal cause of self-felicitation is the failure he experienced in securing the hand of Mrs. Weston. He prefers his bachelor-condition,

and nothing now could induce him to change it. All his amiable traits and peculiarities remain unchanged; and, of an evening, when he sits in a brown study, and in a coat of similar hue, he does not forget to have his jovial glass as well as his book before him.

Mr. Tupman has taken a cottage at a little distance from Mr. Pickwick's house; and the two gentlemen pass much of their time together. Every quarter day Mr. Tupman despatches a letter, containing a remittance (why the word "remittance" should always mean money, we know not) to Mr. Scuttle in Paris; and that gentleman's reply is always awaited with the utmost anxiety. Mr. Tupman loves to converse upon the amours of his youthful days, and now and then visits certain suburban balls and fetes, to which however he is not accompanied by Mr. Pickwick.

Mr. Snodgrass has also given up a roving life, and has promised his wife never to leave her again. He devotes himself to his children—and divides his attention between those of the body and those of the brain: in plain English, he rocks the cradle and writes poetry. Thus he nurses his babies, and at the same time does not neglect the offspring of his imagination. It is but a short time since a celebrated bookseller applied to him for a poem to be inserted in a newspaper, and intended to puff a valuable forthcoming work by no less a person than the learned Mr. Wegsworth Muffley, to whose kindness we are indebted for the following copy—

All people, who in steamers go, with children and
with wives,
Take care you've paid the *premium* for th' insurance
on your lives;
And if you had just learnt to swim, 'twould be
perhaps convenient,
For when two packets have a smash, the fates are
seldom lenient.

Although the trip to Greenwich be most perilous to
dare,
And though a thousand risks you run before you
can get there,
I own the eels and flounders are a very great tempta-
tion,
To prompt a man to put himself in such a situa-
tion.

Great is th' excitement that prevails upon the river
now,
Anxiety has left its mark upon the sailor's brow;
Unsettled are the captains' minds, because the
opposition
Has placed the traffic of the Thames in such a sad
condition.

A book has been already writ, for which the public wait,—

"Notes of a trip to Greenwich in the Year, of Thirty-Eight,"

With Preface and Appendix by the Author of "A History

Of Thames Coal-barges," and a novel called "The Wapping Mystery."

'Tis therefore hoped the abuses soon will undergo reform;

And, that we may be guaranteed against the wreck or storm,

An Universal Life-preserving Anti-death Society Might really be established now with very great propriety!

It is confidently whispered amongst the friends of Mr. Snodgrass, that he received five guineas for this poem,—a rumor which the following entry in his memorandum-book seems to corroborate:—"Received five guineas this morning from Vellum, Quarto, Puff, and Company, of Paternoster Row. Lent them to Muffley, as he had procured me the introduction."

Mr. Winkle, in imitation of his friend of whom we have just taken leave, made a solemn promise to Arabella not to travel without her in any future journeys that he might undertake; and we are inclined to believe that he tenaciously keeps his promise; for whenever a coach stops at Mr. Pickwick's door, and Mr. Winkle jumps out of it, he invariably stops to hand his wife from the vehicle.

Mr. Nassau Siffkin renewed his acquaintance with our heroes, on their return to London; and Mrs. Siffkin—(Mrs. Weston who was) exhibited to Mr. Pickwick, on his first call, a large bale of linen and lace, in the midst of which reposed a fat baby. Mrs. Siffkin kindly placed the whole burthen in Mr. Pickwick's arms; and when that gentleman proceeded to amuse the child by tickling its chin, and making sundry wry faces at it, the amiable little innocent set up such a hideous squall, that Mr. Pickwick had a head-ache for a fortnight afterwards. Indeed, down to the present moment, he is entirely deaf to all requests of mothers to take their children in his arms.

Mr. William Snugden, *alias* Captain Horatio Clarence Walsingham, *alias* Mr. Adolphus Crashem, having passed through a series of most interesting adventures, and experienced a thousand hair-breadth escapes (in reference to the treadmill and the hulks), succeeded in inveigling a rich old widow into the matrimonial noose. It is scarcely necessary to relate that the eminent Asphalte Company, over which he had so ably

presided, went—not the "way of all flesh," but of all companies—viz., to the dogs, the moment Master Peter Muggins related the chairman's delinquency to his father. Mr. Muggins, senior, was so distressed at the loss of his money, and the failure of all his hopes in reference to the Captain, that he would not allow his old servant a morsel of meat for upwards of a fortnight; and even then it is probable he would not have relented, had he not discovered that the aforesaid old servant had run up a score in his name at the butcher's. As for Miss Aramintha, she ran away with a French Marquis, who turned out to be an Irish pauper. Mr. Sugden is now a great man about town, and is more careful of his money than he used to be. He still swears by his friend the Great Cham of Tartary, and tells some wonderful tales about his adventures in France. When applied to, a short time since, by a friend who was in want of a small loan, he replied in the following terms:—"My dear fellow, I have given up lending, because those vulgar people, Rothschild and Baring, persist in it. But if you want a discount, I will introduce you to a friend, who will cash your bill on the best possible terms. Draw one for a hundred, and I will answer for it that, in less than four-and-twenty hours, you shall have twenty-five in money, twenty-five in warming pans, and the remainder in crutches, wooden-legs, and scrubbing-brushes. It was but the other day that I got a friend of mine—but then he was a *very* intimate friend—fifty in money, and fifty in tomb-stones and roasting jacks, at the same discount's."

And what of Mademoiselle Anastasie de Volage? By some means, the real history of which we have never been enabled to ascertain with any degree of accuracy, she was liberated from prison at the end of three months. Mr. Scuttle then hired for her a small cottage in the neighborhood of Auteuil, where she resides with an old domestic whom the same gentleman also provided for her. She receives twenty pounds, or five hundred francs, every quarter; and four times a year only does Mr. Scuttle see her. But on each occasion he is glad to find that she is really penitent and changed in tastes as well as pursuits; and the satisfactory report is duly conveyed to Mr. Tupman, who continues to be interested in her fate. We have just heard that Anastasie's mother has lately died through excessive drinking, just as she was about to

accompany to the altar an old Belgian gentleman on whom she had passed herself off as a Russian Princess.

M. Dumont, the Gendarme, is now a Captain in his favorite corps; and from a letter which Mr. Pickwick has lately received from him, it is anticipated that he will shortly pay a visit to Dulwich Lodge. One thing is very certain, that if he should come to England, he will be received by Mr. Pickwick with the utmost hospitality and the sincerest welcome.

Mr. Septimus Chitty has lately discovered that his case does not come within the meaning of the Statute of Limitation; inasmuch as during the time he has resided abroad, his creditors have not had an opportunity of enforcing execution against his body in England. He has therefore sent over to tender the handsome and equitable composition of three half-pence in the pound, a production of his, *The Creation*, having been printed and published, a memorable occurrence, which produced him an immediate and net benefit of six pounds sixteen and sixpence. In a letter to Mr. Snodgrass, he observes: "*Mea pax*—my piece, is at length in print. *Ambulator*—Walker—has just done reading it—*fecit legens*—and declares that it runs as smoothly as possible. All I want is to have it advertised in the London papers; but I could not think of asking you to go to that expense for me. However, I send you a copy of the advertisement—and if you know any one—*ullum unum*—who will, I shall be very much obliged. *Pulcher bene*—Farewell!"

Mr. Scuttle still resides in Paris, and is still guilty of an occasional absence of mind. The last error of the kind of which we are informed, was as ridiculous as any of its predecessors. The unlucky gentleman was making himself some gruel in his bed-chamber just before he retired to his peaceful couch; and in a momentary fit of oblivion, he put the china basin upon his head and poured the liquid into his night-cap. He did not discover his error till the gruel ran through and scalded his toes.

Mr. Lipman and Mr. Jopling also remain in Paris, of which they consider themselves to be amongst the foremost of the living ornaments. They pursue a systematic mode which keeps them in good health, and prevents them from becoming corpulent and unwholesome—the grand secret of their hygeian plan consisting in long and

frequent abstinence from food. They now and then—that is to say, about five nights out of the week—sleep in the various guard-houses of the French metropolis; anything in the shape of luxuries, such as beds and bolsters, forming no portion of their present strict regime. They wash and break fast at the public pumps, and not unfrequently take their tea there also. Being moreover very much put to their shifts, they have given up shirts altogether. As they study comfort rather than appearance, and it being now the warm season of the year, they have no crowns to their hats, and their shoes possess certain convenient ventilating apertures at the toes, in order that those members may enjoy the full benefit of the refreshing breezes,—at least, such were the reasons which they gave for their singular appearance, to Mr. Scuttle, the last time that gentleman met them. But Messieurs Lipman and Jopling are very eccentric young men, and will no doubt, amidst other facetious jokes, one day take to sweeping some respectable crossing.

Mr. Hook Walker has lately taken up his abode altogether with his particular friend, Mr. Septimus Chitty, whose productions it is a part of his system to admire and praise to the skies. But we are afraid that Mr. Walker is not so sincere as he might be; for a few weeks ago, when he had received a remittance from some lucky quarter, and was standing treat, because Mr. Chitty happened to take it into his head to imitate the four winds over again, Mr. Walker exclaimed, in the least ceremonious manner in the world, "*D—n The Creation*, Chitty: drink your grog, and eat the oysters, and make that horrible moaning noise afterwards. It isn't a part of my system to be fond of such music at meals."—Mr. Chitty declared that this was the unkindest cut—*malignissimus scindo*—or all.

Mr. Wegsworth Muffley pursues his literary avocations at this moment, and, we believe, with the same success which he always experienced. A few days ago he met Mr. Snodgrass in the Strand; whereupon the following dialogue ensued:

"Well—how gets on your new book?" asked Mr. Snodgrass, alluding to the *Trip to Greenwich*.

"Oh! admirably," was the answer. "I see it everywhere."

"Indeed!" cried Mr. Snodgrass. "What—in the circulating libraries?"

"Oh! no," said Mr. Muffley.

"Where then?" demanded Mr. Snodgrass.

"In the cheese-shops," was the reply.

Mr. Weller, senior, continues to inhabit his little public house on Shooter's Hill; and we are happy to inform our readers, that he has given up drinking to a very considerable extent. The last tidings we had of the old gentleman were not, however, very satisfactory: he had just been

finned by a county magistrate for aiding and abetting at a prize-fight between two individuals of the names of Porrett and Knackers, and the untoward circumstance had quite upset him. We however confidently hope that he will be better in a few days.

Sam Weller is still the faithful domestic and adherent of Mr. Pickwick, from whose service he is determined that death alone shall part him.

THE END.

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A NOVEL WITHOUT A HERO

BY

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.



NEW YORK:
HARPER AND BROTHERS.

MDCCCXLIX.



V A N I T Y F A I R.

A Novel without a Hero.

BY

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

With Illustrations by the Author.



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82 CLIFF STREET, NEW YORK.

PLATE 1

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BEFORE THE CURTAIN.

As the Manager of the Performance sits before the curtain on the boards and looks into the Fair, a feeling of profound melancholy comes over him in his survey of the bustling place. There is a great quantity of eating and drinking, making love and jilting, laughing and the contrary, smoking, cheating, fighting, dancing, and fiddling: there are bullies pushing about, bucks ogling the women, knaves picking pockets, policemen on the look-out, quacks (*other* quacks, plague take them!) bawling in front of their booths, and yokels looking up at the tinselled dancers and poor old rouged tumblers, while the light-fingered folk are operating upon their pockets behind. Yes, this is VANITY FAIR; not a moral place certainly; nor a merry one, though very noisy. Look at the faces of the actors and buffoons when they come off from their business; and Tom Fool washing the paint off his cheeks before he sits down to dinner with his wife and the little Jack Puddings behind the canvas. The curtain will be up presently, and he will be turning over head and heels, and crying, "How are you?"

A man with a reflective turn of mind, walking through an exhibition of this sort, will not be oppressed, I take it, by his own or other people's hilarity. An episode of humor or kindness touches and amuses him here and there; a pretty child looking at a gingerbread stall; a pretty girl blushing while her lover talks to her and chooses her fairing; poor Tom Fool, yonder behind the wagon, mumbling his bone with the honest family which lives by his tumbling; but the general impression is one more melancholy than mirthful. When you come home, you sit down, in a sober, contemplative, not uncharitable frame of mind, and apply yourself to your books or your business.

I have no other moral than this to tag to the present story of "Vanity Fair." Some people consider Fairs immoral altogether, and eschew such, with their servants and families: perhaps they are right. But persons who think otherwise and are of a lazy, or a benevolent, or a sarcastic mood, may perhaps like to step in for half an hour and look at the performances. There are scenes of all sorts; some dreadful combats, some grand and lofty horse-riding, some scenes of high life, and some of very middling indeed; some

love-making for the sentimental, and some light comic business: the whole accompanied by appropriate scenery, and brilliantly illuminated with the Author's own candles.

What more has the manager of the Performance to say?—To acknowledge the kindness with which it has been received in all the principal towns of England through which the Show has passed, and where it has been most favorably noticed by the respected conductors of the Public Press, and by the Nobility and Gentry. He is proud to think that his Puppets have given satisfaction to the very best company in this empire. The famous little Becky Puppet has been pronounced to be uncommonly flexible in the joints, and lively on the wire: the Amelia Doll, though it has had a smaller circle of admirers, has yet been carved and dressed with the greatest care by the artist: the Dobbin Figure, though apparently clumsy, yet dances in a very amusing and natural manner: the Little Boys' Dance has been liked by some; and please to remark the richly dressed figure of the Wicked Nobleman, on which no expense has been spared, and which Old Nick will fetch away at the end of this singular performance.

And with this, and a profound bow to his patrons, the Manager retires, and the curtain rises.

LONDON, *June*, 1848.

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VANITY FAIR.

A NOVEL WITHOUT A HERO.

CHAPTER I.

CHISWICK MALL.

WHILE the present century was in its teens, and on one sun-shiny morning in June, there drove up to the great iron gate of Miss Pinkerton's academy for young ladies, on Chiswick Mall, a large family coach, with two fat horses in blazing harness, driven by a fat coachman in a three-cornered hat and wig, at the rate of four miles an hour. A black servant, who reposed on the box beside the fat coachman, uncurled his bandy legs as soon as the equipage drew up opposite Miss Pinkerton's shining brass plate, and as he pulled the bell, at least a score of young heads were seen peering out of the narrow windows of the stately old brick house. Nay, the acute observer might have recognized the little red nose of good-natured Miss Jemima Pinkerton herself, rising over some geranium-pots in the window of that lady's own drawing-room.

"It is Mrs. Sedley's coach, sister," said Miss Jemima. "Sambo, the black servant, has just rung the bell; and the coachman has a new red waistcoat."

"Have you completed all the necessary preparations incident to Miss Sedley's departure, Miss Jemima?" asked Miss Pinkerton herself, that majestic lady: the Semiramis of Hammersmith, the friend of Doctor Johnson, the correspondent of Mrs. Chapone herself.

"The girls were up at four this morning, packing her trunks, sister," replied Miss Jemima; we have made her a bow-pot."

"Say a bouquet, sister Jemima, 'tis more genteel."

"Well, a booky as big almost as a haystack; I have put up two bottles of the gilly-flower-water for Mrs. Sedley, and the receipt for making it, in Amelia's box."

"And I trust, Miss Jemima, you have made a copy of Miss Sedley's account. This is it, is it? Very good—ninety-three pounds, four shillings. Be kind enough to address it to John Sedley, Esquire, and to

seal this billet which I have written to his lady."

In Miss Jemima's eyes an autograph letter of her sister, Miss Pinkerton, was an object of as deep veneration, as would have been a letter from a sovereign. Only when her pupils quitted the establishment, or when they were about to be married, and once, when poor Miss Birch died of the scarlet fever, was Miss Pinkerton known to write personally to the parents of her pupils; and it was Jemima's opinion that if any thing *could* console Mrs. Birch for her daughter's loss, it would be that pious and eloquent composition in which Miss Pinkerton announced the event.

In the present instance Miss Pinkerton's "billet" was to the following effect:—

"The Mall, Chiswick, June 15, 18—.

"MADAM,

"After her six years' residence at the Mall, I have the honor and happiness of presenting Miss Amelia Sedley to her parents, as a young lady not unworthy to occupy a fitting position in their polished and refined circle. Those virtues which characterize the young English gentlewoman, those accomplishments which become her birth and station, will not be found wanting in the amiable Miss Sedley, whose *industry* and *obedience* have endeared her to her instructors, and whose delightful sweetness of temper has charmed her *aged* and her *youthful* companions.

"In music, in dancing, in orthography, in every variety of embroidery and needlework, she will be found to have realized her friends' *fondest wishes*. In geography there is still much to be desired; and a careful and undeviating use of the backboard, for four hours daily during the next three years, is recommended as necessary to the acquirement of that dignified *deportment and carriage*, so requisite for every young lady of *fashion*.

"In the principles of religion and morality, Miss Sedley will be found worthy of an establishment which has been honored by

the presence of *The Great Lexicographer*, and the patronage of the admirable Mrs. Chapone. In leaving the Mall, Miss Amelia carries with her the hearts of her companions, and the affectionate regards of her mistress, who has the honor to subscribe herself,

"Madam,

"Your most obliged humble servant,

"BARBARA PINKERTON.

"P.S. Miss Sharp accompanies Miss Sedley. It is particularly requested that Miss Sharp's stay in Russell Square may not exceed ten days. The family of distinction with whom she is engaged, desire to avail themselves of her services as soon as possible."

This letter completed, Miss Pinkerton proceeded to write her own name, and Miss Sedley's, in the fly-leaf of a Johnson's Dictionary—the interesting work which she invariably presented to her scholars, on their departure from the Mall. On the cover was inserted a copy of "Lines addressed to a young lady on quitting Miss Pinkerton's school, at the Mall; by the late revered Doctor Samuel Johnson." In fact, the Lexicographer's name was always on the lips of this majestic woman, and a visit he had paid to her was the cause of her reputation and her fortune.

Being commanded by her elder sister to get "the Dictionary" from the cupboard, Miss Jemima had extracted two copies of the book from the receptacle in question. When Miss Pinkerton had finished the inscription in the first, Jemima, with rather a dubious and timid air, handed her the second.

"For whom is this, Miss Jemima?" said Miss Pinkerton, with awful coldness.

"For Becky Sharp," answered Jemima, trembling very much, and blushing over her withered face and neck, as she turned her back on her sister. "For Becky Sharp: she's going too."

"MISS JEMIMA!" exclaimed Miss Pinkerton, in the largest capitals. "Are you in your senses? Replace the Dictionary in the closet, and never venture to take such a liberty in future."

"Well, sister, it's only two-and-nine-pence, and poor Becky will be miserable if she don't get one."

"Send Miss Sedley instantly to me," said Miss Pinkerton. And so, venturing not to say another word, poor Jemima trotted off, exceedingly flurried and nervous.

Miss Sedley's papa was a merchant in London, and a man of some wealth; whereas Miss Sharp was an articulated pupil, for whom Miss Pinkerton had done, as she thought, quite enough, without conferring upon her, at parting, the high honor of the Dictionary.

Although schoolmistresses' letters are to be trusted no more nor less than churchyard epitaphs; yet, as it sometimes happens that a person departs this life, who is really deserving of all the praises the stone-cutter carves over his bones; who is a good Christian, a good parent, child, wife or husband; who actually *does* leave a disconsolate family to mourn his loss; so in academies of the male and female sex it occurs every now and then, that the pupil is fully worthy of the praises bestowed by the disinterested instructor. Now, Miss Amelia Sedley was a young lady of this singular species, and deserved not only all that Miss Pinkerton said in her praise, but had many charming qualities which that pompous old Minerva of a woman could not see, from the differences of rank and age between her pupil and herself.

For she could not only sing like a lark, or a Miss Billington, and dance like Hillisberg or Parisot; and embroider beautifully; and spell as well as the Dictionary itself; but she had such a kindly, smiling, tender, gentle, generous heart of her own, as won the love of every body who came near her, from Minerva herself down to the poor girl in the scullery, and the one-eyed tartwoman's daughter, who was permitted to vend her wares once a week to the young ladies in the Mall. She had twelve intimate and bosom friends out of the twenty-four young ladies. Even envious Miss Briggs never spoke ill of her: high and mighty Miss Saltire (Lord Dexter's grand-daughter) allowed that her figure was genteel: and as for Miss Swartz, the rich woolly-haired mulatto from St. Kitt's, on the day Amelia went away, she was in such a passion of tears, that they were obliged to send for Dr. Floss, and half tipsify her with sal volatile. Miss Pinkerton's attachment was as may be supposed, from the high position and eminent virtues of that lady, calm and dignified; but Miss Jemima had already blubbered several times at the idea of Amelia's departure; and, but for fear of her sister, would have gone off in downright hysterics, like the heiress (who paid double) of St. Kitt's. Such luxury of grief, however, is only allowed to parlor-boarders. Honest Jemima had all the bills, and the washing, and the mending, and the puddings, and the plate and crockery, and the servants to superintend. But why speak about her? It is probable that we shall not hear of her again from this moment to the end of time, and that when the great filligree iron gates are once closed on her, she and her awful sister will never issue therefrom into this little world of history.

But as we are to see a great deal of Amelia, there is no harm in saying at the outset of our acquaintance, that she was one of the best and dearest creatures that ever lived; and a great mercy it is, both in life and in

novels, which (and the latter especially) abound in villains of the most somber sort, that we are to have for a constant companion, so guileless and good-natured a person. As she is not a heroine, there is no need to describe her person; indeed I am afraid that her nose was rather short than otherwise, and her cheeks a great deal too round and red for a heroine; but her face blushed with rosy health, and her lips with the freshest of smiles, and she had a pair of eyes, which sparkled with the brightest and honestest good-humor, except, indeed, when they filled with tears, and that was a great deal too often; for the silly thing would cry over a dead canary-bird, or over a mouse, that the cat haply had seized upon, or over the end of a novel, were it ever so stupid; and as for saying an unkind word to her, were any one hard-hearted enough to do so—why, so much the worse for them. Even Miss Pinkerton, that austere and god-like-woman, ceased scolding her after the first time, and though she no more comprehended sensibility than she did Algebra, gave all masters and teachers particular orders to treat Miss Sedley with the utmost gentleness, as harsh treatment was injurious to her.

So that when the day of departure came, between her two customs of laughing and crying, Miss Sedley was greatly puzzled how to act. She was glad to go home, and yet most wofully sad at leaving school. For three days before, little Laura Martin, the orphan, followed her about like a little dog. She had to make and receive at least fourteen presents—to make fourteen solemn promises of writing every week: "Send my letters under cover to my grandpapa, the Earl of Dexter," said Miss Saltire (who, by the way, was rather shabby): "Never mind the postage, but write every day, you dear darling," said the impetuous and woolly-headed, but generous and affectionate Miss Swartz; and little Laura Martin, (who was just in round hand) took her friend's hand, and said, looking up in her face wistfully, "Amelia, when I write to you, I shall call you Mamma." All which details, I have no doubt, Jones, who reads this book at his Club, will pronounce to be excessively foolish, trivial, twaddling, and ultra-sentimental. Yes; I can see Jones at this minute (rather flushed with his joint of mutton and half-pint of wine), taking out his pencil and scoring under the words "foolish, twaddling," &c., and adding to them his own remark of "*quite true*." Well, he is a lofty man of genius, and admires the great and heroic in life and novels; and so had better take warning and go elsewhere.

"Well, then. The flowers, and the presents, and the trunks, and bonnet-boxes of Miss Sedley having been arranged by Mr. Sambo in the carriage, together with a very

small and weather-beaten old cow's-skin trunk, with Miss Sharp's card neatly nailed upon it, which was delivered by Sambo with a grin, and packed by the coachman with a corresponding sneer—the hour for parting came; and the grief of that moment was considerably lessened by the admirable discourse which Miss Pinkerton addressed to her pupil. Not that the parting speech caused Amelia to philosophize, or that it armed her in any way with a calmness, the result of argument; but it was intolerably dull, pompous, and tedious; and having the fear of her schoolmistress greatly before her eyes, Miss Sedley did not venture, in her presence, to give way to any ebullitions of private grief. A seed-cake and a bottle of wine were produced in the drawing-room, as on the solemn occasions of the visit of parents, and these refreshments being partaken of, Miss Sedley was at liberty to depart.

"You'll go in and say good by to Miss Pinkerton, Becky?" said Miss Jemima to a young lady of whom nobody took any notice, and who was coming down stairs with her own handbox.

"I suppose I must," said Miss Sharp, calmly, and much to the wonder of Miss Jemima; and the latter, having knocked at the door, and receiving permission to come in, Miss Sharp advanced in a very unconcerned manner, and said in French, and with a perfect accent, "*Mademoiselle, je viens vous faire mes adieux*."

"Miss Pinkerton did not understand French; she only directed those who did: but biting her lips, and throwing up her venerable and Roman-nosed head (on the top of which figured a large and solemn turban), she said, "Miss Sharp, I wish you a good morning." As the Hammersmith Semiramis spoke, she waved one hand both by way of adieu, and to give Miss Sharp an opportunity of shaking one of the fingers of the hand which was left out for that purpose.

Miss Sharp only folded her own hands with a very frigid smile and bow, and quite declined to accept the proffered honor; on which Semiramis tossed up her turban more indignantly than ever. In fact, it was a little battle between the young lady and the old one, and the latter was worsted. "Heaven bless you, my child," said she, embracing Amelia, and scowling the while over the girl's shoulder at Miss Sharp. "Come away, Becky," said Miss Jemima, pulling the young woman away in great alarm, and the drawing-room door closed upon them forever.

Then came the struggle and parting below. Words refuse to tell it. All the servants were there in the hall—all the dear friends—all the young ladies—the dancing-master who had just arrived; and there was such a scuffling, and hugging, and kissing.

and crying, with the hysterical *yoops* of Miss Swartz, the parlor-boarder, from her room, as no pen can depict, and as the tender heart would fain pass over. The embracing was over; they parted—that is, Miss Sedley parted from her friends. Miss Sharp had demurely entered the carriage some minutes before. Nobody cried for leaving her.

Sambo of the bandy-legs slammed the carriage-door on his young, weeping mistress. He sprang up behind the carriage. "Stop!" cried Miss Jemima, rushing to the gate with a parcel.

"It's some sandwiches, my dear," said she to Amelia. "You may be hungry, you know; and Becky, Becky Sharp, here's a book for you that my sister—that is, I—Johnson's *Dictionary*, you know; you mustn't leave us without that. Good by. Drive on, coachman. God bless you!"

And the kind creature retreated into the garden, overcome with emotions.

But, lo! and just as the coach drove off, Miss Sharp put her pale face out of the window, and actually flung the book back into the garden.

This almost caused Jemima to faint with terror. "Well, I never!"—said she—"what an audacious!"—Emotion prevented her from completing either sentence. The carriage rolled away; the great gates were closed; the bell rang for the dancing lesson. The world is before the two young ladies; and so, farewell to Chiswick Mall.

CHAPTER II.

IN WHICH MISS SHARP AND MISS SEDLEY
PREPARE TO OPEN THE CAMPAIGN.

WHEN Miss Sharp had performed the heroical act mentioned in the last chapter, and had seen the *Dictionary* flying over the pavement of the little garden, fall at length at the feet of the astonished Miss Jemima, the young lady's countenance, which had before worn an almost livid look of hatred, assumed a smile that perhaps was scarcely more agreeable, and she sank back in the carriage in an easy frame of mind, saying—"So much for the *Dictionary*; and, thank God, I'm out of Chiswick!"

Miss Sedley was almost as flurried at the act of defiance as Miss Jemima had been; for, consider, it was but one minute that she had left school, and the impressions of six years are not got over in that space of time. Nay, with some persons, those awes and terrors of youth last forever and ever. I know, for instance, an old gentleman of sixty-eight, who said to me one morning at breakfast, with a very agitated countenance, "I dreamed last night that I was flogged by Dr. Raine." Fancy had carried him back only

fifty years in the course of that evening. Dr. Raine and his rod were just as awful to him in his heart, then, at sixty-eight, as they had been at thirteen. If the Doctor, with a large birch, had appeared bodily to him, even at the age of threescore and eight, and had said, in an awful voice, "Boy, take down your pant . . . ?" Well, well, Miss Sedley was exceedingly alarmed at this act of insubordination.

"How could you do so, Rebecca?" at last she said, after a pause.

"Why, do you think Miss Pinkerton will come out and order me back to the black hole?" said Rebecca, laughing.

"No: but——"

"I hate the whole house," continued Miss Sharp, in a fury. "I hope I may never set eyes on it again. I wish it were in the bottom of the Thames, I do; and if Miss Pinkerton were there, I wouldn't pick her out, that I wouldn't. O, how I should like to see her floating in the water yonder, turban and all, with her train streaming after her, and her nose like the beak of a wherry."

"Hush!" cried Miss Sedley.

"Why, will the black footman tell tales?" cried Miss Rebecca, laughing. "He may go back and tell Miss Pinkerton that I hate her with all my soul; and I wish he would; and I wish I had a means of proving it, too. For two years I have only had insults and outrage from her. I have been treated worse than any servant in the kitchen. I have never had a friend or a kind word, except from you. I have been made to tend the little girls in the lower schoolroom, and to talk French to the Misses, until I grew sick of my mother tongue. But that talking French to Miss Pinkerton was capital fun, wasn't it? She doesn't know a word of French, and was too proud to confess it. I believe it was that which made her part with me; and so thank Heaven for French. *Vive la France! Vive l'Empereur! Vive Bonaparte!*"

"Oh, Rebecca, Rebecca, for shame!" cried Miss Sedley; for this was the greatest blasphemy Rebecca had as yet uttered; and in those days, in England, to say, "Long live Bonaparte!" was as much as to say, "Long live Lucifer!" "How can you—how dare you have such wicked, revengeful thoughts?"

"Revenge may be wicked, but it's natural," answered Miss Rebecca. "I'm no angel." And, to say the truth, she certainly was not.

For it may be remarked in the course of this conversation (which took place as the coach rolled along lazily by the river side), that though Miss Rebecca Sharp has twice had occasion to thank Heaven, it has been, in the first place, for ridding her of some person whom she hated, and secondly, for enabling her to bring her enemies to some



REBECCA'S FAREWELL. (p. 12.)

sort of perplexity or confusion; neither of which are very amiable motives for religious gratitude, or such as would be put forward by persons of a kind and placable disposition. Miss Rebecca was not, then, in the least, kind or placable. All the world used her ill, said this young misanthropist (or misogynist, for of the world of men she can be pronounced as yet to have had but little experience), and we may be pretty certain, that the persons of either sex whom all the world treats ill, deserve entirely the treatment they get. The world is a looking-glass, and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face. Frown at it, and it will in turn look sourly upon you: laugh at it and with it, and it is a jolly, kind companion; and so let all young persons take their choice. This is certain, that if the world neglected Miss Sharp, she never was known to have done a good action in behalf of any body; nor can it be expected that twenty-four young ladies should all be as amiable as the heroine of this work, Miss Sedley (whom we have selected for the very reason that she was the best-natured of all, otherwise, what on earth was to have prevented us from putting up Miss Swartz, or Miss Crump, or Miss Hopkins, as heroine in her place?); it could not be expected that every one should be of the humble and gentle temper of Miss Amelia Sedley; should take every opportunity to vanquish Rebecca's hard-heartedness and ill-humor; and, by a thousand kind words and offices, overcome, for once at least, her hostility to her kind.

Miss Sharp's father was an artist, and in that quality had given lessons of drawing at Miss Pinkerton's school. He was a clever man; a pleasant companion; a careless student; had a great propensity for running into debt, and a partiality for the tavern. When he was drunk, he used to beat his wife and daughter; and the next morning, with a headache, he used to rail at the world for its neglect of his genius, and abuse, with a good deal of cleverness, and sometimes with perfect reason, the fools, his brother painters. As it was with the utmost difficulty that he could keep himself, and as he owed money for a mile round Soho, where he lived, he thought to better his circumstances by marrying a young woman of the French nation, who was by profession an opera-girl. The humble calling of her female parent, Miss Sharp never alluded to, but used to state subsequently that the Entrechats were a noble family of Gascony, and took great pride in her descent from them. And curious it is, that as she advanced in life this young lady's ancestors increased in rank and splendor.

Rebecca's mother had had some education somewhere, and her daughter spoke French with purity and a Parisian accent.

It was in those days rather a rare accomplishment, and led to her engagement with the orthodox Miss Pinkerton. For, her mother being dead, and her father finding himself not likely to recover, after his third attack of *delirium tremens*, wrote a manly and pathetic letter to Miss Pinkerton, recommending the orphan child to her protection, and so descended to the grave, after two bailiffs had quareled over his corpse. Rebecca was seventeen when she came to Chiswick, and was bound over as an articulated pupil, her duties being to talk French, as we have seen, and her privileges to live cost free; and, with a few guineas a year, to gather scraps of knowledge from the professors who attended the school.

She was small and slight in person; pale, sandy-haired, and with eyes habitually cast down: when they looked up they were very large, odd, and attractive; so attractive, that the Reverend Mr. Crisp, fresh from Oxford, and curate to the Vicar of Chiswick, the Reverend Mr. Flowerdew, fell in love with Miss Sharp; being shot dead by a glance of her eyes, which was fired all the way across Chiswick Church from the school-pew to the reading-desk. This infatuated young man used sometimes to take tea with Miss Pinkerton, to whom he had been presented by his mamma, and actually proposed something like marriage in an intercepted note, which the one-eyed applewoman was charged to deliver. Mrs. Crisp was summoned from Buxton, and abruptly carried off her darling boy; but the idea, even, of such an eagle in the Chiswick dovecot caused a great flutter in the breast of Miss Pinkerton, who would have sent away Miss Sharp, but that she was bound to her under a forfeit, and who never could thoroughly believe the young lady's protestations that she had never exchanged a single word with Mr. Crisp, except under her own eyes on the two occasions when she had met him at tea.

By the side of many tall and bouncing young ladies in the establishment, Rebecca Sharp looked like a child. But she had the dismal precocity of poverty. Many a dun had she talked to, and turned away from her father's door; many a tradesman had she coaxed and wheedled into good humor, and into the granting of one meal more. She sate commonly with her father, who was very proud of her wit, and heard the talk of many of his wild companions—often but ill suited for a girl to hear. But she never had been a girl, she said; she had been a woman since she was eight years old. Oh, why did Miss Pinkerton let such a dangerous bird into her cage?

The fact is, the old lady thought Rebecca to be the meekest creature in the world, so admirably, on the occasions when her father brought her to Chiswick, used Rebecca to perform the part of the *ingénue*. She thought

her a modest and innocent little child ; and only a year before the arrangement by which Rebecca had been admitted into her house, and when Rebecca was sixteen years old, Miss Pinkerton majestically, and with a little speech, made her a present of a doll—which was, by the way, the confiscated property of Miss Swindle, discovered surreptitiously nursing it in school-hours. How the father and daughter laughed as they trudged home together after the evening party (it was on the occasion of the speeches, when all the professors were invited), and how Miss Pinkerton would have raged had she seen the caricature of herself which the little mimic, Rebecca, managed to make out of her doll ! She used to go through dialogues with it ; it formed the delight of Newman-street, Gerard-street, and the artists' quarter : and the young painters, when they came to take their gin-and-water with their lazy, dissolute, clever, jovial senior, used regularly to ask Rebecca if Miss Pinkerton was at home : she was as well known to them, poor soul ! as Mr. Lawrence or President West. Once she had the honor to pass a few days at Chiswick ; after which she brought back Jemima, and erected another doll as Miss Jemmy ; for though that honest creature had made and given her jelly and cake enough for three children, and a seven-shilling piece at parting, the girl's sense of ridicule was far stronger than her gratitude, and she sacrificed Miss Jemmy quite as pitilessly as her sister.

The catastrophe came, and she was brought to the Mall as to her home. The rigid formality of the place suffocated her : the prayers and the meals, the lessons and the walks, which were arranged with a conventual regularity, oppressed her almost beyond endurance : and she looked back to the freedom and the beggary of the old studio in Soho with so much regret, that every body, herself included, fancied she was consumed with grief for her father. She had a little room in the garret, where the maids heard her walking and sobbing at night ; but it was with rage, and not with grief. She had not been much of a dissembler, until now her loneliness taught her to feign. She had never mingled in the society of women : her father, reprobate as he was, was a man of talent ; his conversation was a thousand times more agreeable to her than the talk of such of her own sex as she now encountered. The pompous vanity of the old schoolmistress, the foolish good humor of her sister, the silly chat and scandal of the elder girls, and the frigid correctness of the governesses, equally annoyed her ; and she had no soft, maternal heart, this unlucky girl, otherwise the prattle and talk of the younger children, with whose care she was chiefly intrusted, might have soothed and interested her ; but she lived among them two years,

and not one was sorry that she went away. The gentle, tender-hearted Amelia Sedley was the only person to whom she could attach herself in the least ; and who could help attaching herself to Amelia ?

The happiness—the superior advantages of the young women round about her, gave Rebecca inexpressible pangs of envy. "What airs that girl gives herself, because she is an earl's granddaughter," she said of one. "How they cringe and bow to that Creole, because of her hundred thousand pounds ! I am a thousand times cleverer and more charming than that creature, for all her wealth. I am as well bred as the earl's granddaughter, for all her fine pedigree ; and yet every one passes me by here. And yet, when I was at my father's did not the men give up their gayest balls and parties in order to pass the evening with me ?" She determined at any rate, to get free from the prison in which she found herself, and now began to act for herself, and for the first time to make connected plans for the future.

She took advantage, therefore, of the means of study the place offered her ; and as she was already a musician and a good linguist, she speedily went through the little course of study which was considered necessary for ladies in those days. Her music she practiced incessantly, and one day, when the girls were out, and she had remained at home, she was overheard to play a piece so well, that Minerva thought wisely, she could spare herself the expense of a master for the juniors, and intimated to Miss Sharp that she was to instruct them in music for the future.

The girl refused ; and for the first time, and to the astonishment of the majestic mistress of the school. "I am here to speak French with the children," Rebecca said abruptly, "not to teach them music, and save money for you. Give me money, and I will teach them."

Minerva was obliged to yield, and, of course, disliked her from that day. "For five-and-thirty years," she said, and with great justice, "I never have seen the individual who has dared in my own house to question my authority. I have nourished a viper in my bosom."

"A viper—a fiddlestick," said Miss Sharp to the old lady, almost fainting with astonishment. "You took me because I was useful. There is no question of gratitude between us. I hate this place, and want to leave it. I will do nothing here but what I am obliged to do."

It was in vain that the old lady asked her if she was aware she was speaking to Miss Pinkerton ? Rebecca laughed in her face, with a horrid sarcastic demoniacal laughter, that almost sent the schoolmistress into fits. "Give me a sum of money," said the girl, "and get rid of me—or, if you like better,

get me a good place as governess in a nobleman's family—you can do so if you please." And in their further disputes she always returned to this point, "Get me a situation—we hate each other, and I am ready to go."

Worthy Miss Pinkerton, although she had a Roman nose and a turban, and was as tall as a grenadier, and had been up to this time an irresistible princess, had no will or strength like that of her little apprentice, and in vain did battle against her, and tried to overawe her. Attempting once to scold her in public, Rebecca hit upon the before-mentioned plan of answering her in French, which quite routed the old woman. In order to maintain authority in her school, it became necessary to remove this rebel, this monster, this serpent, this firebrand; and hearing about this time that Sir Pitt Crawley's family was in want of a governess, she actually recommended Miss Sharp for the situation, firebrand and serpent that she was. "I can not, certainly," she said, "find fault with Miss Sharp's conduct except to myself; and must allow that her talents and accomplishments are of a high order. As far as the head goes, at least, she does credit to the educational system pursued at my establishment."

And so the schoolmistress reconciled the recommendation to her conscience, and the indentures were canceled, and the apprentice was free. The battle here described in a few lines, of course, lasted for some months. And as Miss Sedley, being now seventeen years of age, was about to leave school, and had a friendship for Miss Sharp (" 'tis the only point in Amelia's behavior," said Minerva, "which has not been satisfactory to her mistress"), Miss Sharp was invited by her friend to pass a week with her at home, before she entered upon her duties as governess in a private family.

Thus the world began for these two young ladies. For Amelia it was quite a new, fresh, brilliant world, with all the bloom upon it. It was not quite a new one for Rebecca—indeed, if the truth must be told with respect to the Crisp affair, the tart-woman hinted to somebody who took an affidavit of the fact to somebody else, that there was a great deal more than was made public regarding Mr. Crisp and Miss Sharp, and that his letter was *in answer* to another letter). But who can tell you the real truth of the matter? At all events, if Rebecca was not beginning the world, she was beginning it over again.

By the time the young ladies reached Kensington turnpike, Amelia had not forgotten her companions, but had dried her tears, and had blushed very much and been delighted at a young officer of the Horse Guards, who spied her as he was riding by, and said, "A dem fine gal, egad!" and before the carriage arrived in Russell-square,

a great deal of conversation had taken place about the drawing-room, and whether or not young ladies wore powder as well as hoops when presented, and whether she was to have that honor; to the lord mayor's ball she knew she was to go. And when at length home was reached, Miss Amelia Sedley skipped out on Sambo's arm, as happy and as handsome a girl as any in the whole big city of London. Both he and coachman agreed on this point, and so did her father and mother, and so did every one of the servants in the house, as they stood bobbing, and courtesying, and smiling, in the hall, to welcome their young mistress.

You may be sure that she showed Rebecca over every room of the house, and every thing in every one of her drawers, and her books, and her piano, and her dresses, and all her necklaces, brooches, laces, and gimcracks. She insisted upon Rebecca accepting the white cornelian and the turquoise rings, and a sweet sprigged muslin, which was too small for her now, though it would fit her friend to a nicety; and she determined in her heart to ask her mother's permission to present her white Cashmere shawl to her friend. Could she not spare it? and had not her brother Joseph just brought her two from India?

When Rebecca saw the two magnificent Cashmere shawls which Joseph Sedley had brought home to his sister, she said, with perfect truth, "that it must be delightful to have a brother," and easily got the pity of the tender-hearted Amelia, for being alone in the world, an orphan without friends or kindred.

"Not alone," said Amelia, "you know, Rebecca, I shall always be your friend, and love you as a sister—indeed I will."

"Ah, but to have parents, as you have—kind, rich, affectionate parents, who give you every thing you ask for; and their love, which is more precious than all! My poor papa could give me nothing, and I had but two frocks in all the world! And then, to have a brother, a dear brother! Oh, how you must love him!"

Amelia laughed.

"What! *don't* you love him? you, who say you love every body?"

"Yes, of course, I do—only—"

"Only what?"

"Only Joseph doesn't seem to care much whether I love him or not. He gave me two fingers to shake when he arrived after ten years' absence! He is very kind and good, but he scarcely ever speaks to me; I think he loves his pipe a great deal better than his" but here Amelia checked herself, for why should she speak ill of her brother? "He was very kind to me as a child," she added; "I was but five years old when he went away."

"Isn't he very rich?" said Rebecca.

"They say all Indian nabobs are enormously rich."

"I believe he has a very large income."

"And is your sister-in-law a nice, pretty woman?"

"La! Joseph is not married," said Amelia, laughing again.

Perhaps she had mentioned the fact already to Rebecca, but that young lady did not appear to have remembered it; indeed, vowed and protested that she expected to see a number of Amelia's nephews and nieces. She was quite disappointed that Mr. Sedley was not married; she was sure Amelia had said he was, and she doted so on little children.

"I think you must have had enough of them at Chiswick," said Amelia, rather wondering at the sudden tenderness on her friend's part; and, indeed, in later days Miss Sharp would never have committed herself so far as to advance opinions, the untruth of which would have been so easily detected. But we must remember that she is but nineteen as yet, unused to the art of deceiving, poor innocent creature! and making her own experience in her own person. The meaning of the above series of queries, as translated in the heart of this ingenious young woman, was simply this: "If Mr. Joseph Sedley is rich and unmarried, why should I not marry him? I have only a fortnight, to be sure, but there is no harm in trying." And she determined within herself to make this laudable attempt. She redoubled her caresses to Amelia; she kissed the white cornelian necklace as she put it on; and vowed she would never, never part with it. When the dinner-bell rang she went down stairs with her arm round her friend's waist, as is the habit of young ladies. She was so agitated at the drawing-room door, that she could hardly find courage to enter. "Feel my heart, how it beats, dear!" said she to her friend.

"No, it doesn't," said Amelia. "Come in, don't be frightened. Papa won't do you any harm."

CHAPTER III.

REBECCA IS IN PRESENCE OF THE ENEMY.

A very stout, puffy man, in buckskins and Hessian boots, with several immense neckcloths, that rose almost to his nose, with a red striped waistcoat and an apple green coat with steel buttons almost as large as crown pieces (it was the morning costume of a dandy or blood of those days), was reading the paper by the fire when the two girls entered, and bounced off his arm-chair, and blushed excessively, and hid his entire face almost in his neckcloths at this apparition.

"It's only your sister, Joseph," said Amelia, laughing and shaking the two fingers which he held out. "I've come home for good, you know; and this is my friend, Miss Sharp, whom you have heard me mention."

"No, never, upon my word," said the head under the neckcloth, shaking very much—"that is, yes—what abominably cold weather, Miss;"—and herewith he fell to poking the fire with all his might, although it was in the middle of June.

"He's very handsome," whispered Rebecca to Amelia, rather loud.

"Do you think so?" said the latter, "I'll tell him."

"Darling! not for worlds," said Miss Sharp, starting back as timid as a fawn. She had previously made a respectful virgin-like courtesy to the gentleman, and her modest eyes gazed so perseveringly on the carpet that it was a wonder how she should have found an opportunity to see him.

"Thank you for the beautiful shawls, brother," said Amelia to the fire-poker. "Are they not beautiful, Rebecca?"

"O heavenly!" said Miss Sharp, and her eyes went from the carpet straight to the chandelier.

Joseph still continued a huge clattering at the poker and tongs, puffing and blowing the while, and turning as red as his yellow face would allow him. "I can't make you such handsome presents, Joseph," continued his sister, "but while I was at school, I have embroidered for you a very beautiful pair of braces."

"Good Gad! Amelia," cried the brother, in serious alarm, "what do you mean?" and plunging with all his might at the bell-rope, that article of furniture came away in his hand, and increased the honest fellow's confusion. "For heaven's sake see if my buggy's at the door. *I can't wait*. I must go. D—that groom of mine. I must go."

At this minute the father of the family walked in, rattling his seals like a true British merchant. "What's the matter, Emmy?" says he.

"Joseph wants me to see if his—his *buggy* is at the door. What is a buggy, papa?"

"It is a one-horse palanquin," said the old gentleman, who was a wag in his way.

Joseph at this burst out into a wild fit of laughter; in which, encountering the eye of Miss Sharp, he stopped all of a sudden, as if he had been shot.

"This young lady is your friend? Miss Sharp, I am very happy to see you. Have you and Emmy been quarreling already with Joseph, that he wants to be off?"

"I promised Bonamy, of our service, sir," said Joseph, "to dine with him."

"O fie! didn't you tell your mother you would dine here?"

"But in this dress it's impossible."

"Look at him, isn't he handsome enough to dine any where, Miss Sharp?"

On which, of course, Miss Sharp looked at her friend, and they both set off in a fit of laughter, highly agreeable to the old gentleman.

"Did you ever see a pair of buckskins like those, at Miss Pinkerton's?" continued he, following up his advantage.

"Gracious heavens! Father," cried Joseph.

"There now, I have hurt his feelings. Mrs. Sedley, my dear, I have hurt your son's feelings. I have alluded to his buckskins. Ask Miss Sharp if I haven't? Come, Joseph, be friends with Miss Sharp, and let us all go to dinner."

"There's a pillau, Joseph, just as you like it, and papa has brought home the best turbot in Billingsgate."

"Come, come, sir, walk down stairs with Miss Sharp, and I will follow with these two young women," said the father, and he took an arm of wife and daughter and walked merrily off.

If Miss Rebecca Sharp had determined in her heart upon making the conquest of this big beau, I don't think, ladies, we have any right to blame her; for though the task of husband-hunting is generally, and with becoming modesty, intrusted by young persons to their mammas, recollect that Miss Sharp had no kind parent to arrange these delicate matters for her, and that if she did not get a husband for herself, there was no one else in the wide world who would take the trouble off her hands. What causes young people to "come out," but the noble ambition of matrimony? What sends them trooping to watering-places? What keeps them dancing till five o'clock in the morning through a whole mortal season? What causes them to labor at piano-forte sonatas, and to learn four songs from a fashionable master at a guinea a lesson, and to play the harp if they have handsome arms and neat elbows, and to wear Lincoln Green toxophilite hats and feathers, but that they may bring down some "desirable" young man with those killing bows and arrows of theirs? What causes respectable parents to take up their carpets, set their houses topsy-turvy, and spend a fifth of their year's income in ball suppers and iced champagne? Is it sheer love of their species, and an unadulterated wish to see young people happy and dancing? Psha! they want to marry their daughters; and, as honest Mrs. Sedley has, in the depths of her kind heart, already arranged a score of little schemes for the settlement of her Amelia, so also had our beloved but unprotected Rebecca, determined to do her very best to secure the husband, who was even more necessary for her than for her friend. She had a vivid

imagination; she had, besides, read the "Arabian Nights" and "Guthrie's Geography," and it is a fact, that while she was dressing for dinner, and after she had asked Amelia whether her brother was very rich, she had built for herself a most magnificent castle in the air, of which she was mistress, with a husband somewhere in the background (she had not seen him as yet, and his figure would not therefore be very distinct); she had arrayed herself in an infinity of shawls, turbans, and diamond necklaces, and had mounted upon an elephant to the sound of the march in Bluebeard, in order to pay a visit of ceremony to the Grand Mogul. Charming Alnaschar visions! it is the happy privilege of youth to construct you, and many a fanciful young creature besides Rebecca Sharp, has indulged in these delightful day-dreams ere now!

Joseph Sedley was twelve years older than his sister Amelia. He was in the East India Company's Civil Service, and his name appeared, at the period of which we write, in the Bengal division of the East India Register, as collector of Boggley Wollah, an honorable and lucrative post, as every body knows: in order to know to what higher posts Joseph rose in the service, the reader is referred to the same periodical.

Boggley Wollah is situated in a fine, lonely, marshy, jungly district, famous for snipe-shooting, and where not unfrequently you may flush a tiger. Rangunge, where there is a magistrate, is only forty miles off, and there is a cavalry station about thirty miles farther; so Joseph wrote home to his parents, when he took possession of his collectorship. He had lived for about eight years of his life, quite alone, at this charming place, scarcely seeing a Christian face, except twice a year, when the detachment arrived to carry off the revenues which he had collected, to Calcutta.

Luckily, at this time he caught a liver complaint, for the cure of which he returned to Europe, and which was the source of great comfort and amusement to him in his native country. He did not live with his family while in London, but had lodgings of his own, like a gay young bachelor. Before he went to India he was too young to partake of the delightful pleasures of a man about town, and plunged into them, on his return, with considerable assiduity. He drove his horses in the park; he dined at the fashionable taverns (for the Oriental Club was not as yet invented); he frequented the theaters, as the mode was in those days, or made his appearance at the opera, laboriously attired in tights and a cocked hat.

On returning to India, and ever after, he used to talk of the pleasure of this period of his existence with great enthusiasm, and give you to understand that he and Brum-

mel were the leading bucks of the day. But he was as lonely here as in his jungle at Boggley Wollah. He scarcely knew a single soul in the metropolis: and were it not for his doctor, and the society of his blue-pill, and his liver complaint, he must have died of loneliness. He was lazy, peevish, and a *bon-vivant*; the appearance of a lady frightened him beyond measure; hence it was but seldom that he joined the paternal circle in Russell-square, where there was plenty of gayety, and where the jokes of his good-natured old father frightened his *amour-propre*. His bulk caused Joseph much anxious thought and alarm; now and then he would make a desperate attempt to get rid of his superabundant fat; but his indolence and love of good living speedily got the better of these endeavors at reform, and he found himself again at his three meals a day. He never was well dressed; but he took the hugest pains to adorn his big person, and passed many hours daily in that occupation. His valet made a fortune out of his wardrobe: his toilet-table was covered with as many pomatums and essences as ever were employed by an old beauty: he had tried, in order to give himself a waist, every girth, stay, and waistband then invented. Like most fat men, he *would* have his clothes made too tight, and took care they should be of the most brilliant colors and youthful cut. When dressed at length, in the afternoon, he would issue forth to take a drive with nobody in the Park; and then would come back in order to dress again and go and dine with nobody at the Piazza Coffee-House. He was as vain as a girl; and perhaps his extreme shyness was one of the results of his extreme vanity. If Miss Rebecca can get the better of *him*, and at her first entrance into life, she is a young person of no ordinary cleverness.

The first move showed considerable skill. When she called Sedley a very handsome man, she knew that Amelia would tell her mother, who would probably tell Joseph, or who, at any rate, would be pleased by the compliment paid to her son. All mothers are. If you had told Sycorax that her son Caliban was as handsome as Apollo, she would have been pleased, wretch as she was. Perhaps, too, Joseph Sedley would overhear the compliment—Rebecca spoke loud enough—and he *did* hear, and (thinking in his heart that he was a very fine man) the praise thrilled through every fibre of his big body, and made it tingle with pleasure. Then, however, came a recoil. "Is the girl making fun of me?" he thought, and straightway he bounced toward the bell, and was for retreating, as we have seen, when his father's jokes and his mother's entreaties caused him to pause and stay where he was. He conducted the young lady down to dinner in a dubious and agitated frame of

mind. "Does she really think I am handsome?" thought he, "or is she only making game of me?" We have talked of Joseph Sedley being as vain as a girl. Heaven help us! the girls have only to turn the tables, and say of one of their own sex, "She is as vain as a man," and they will have perfect reason. The bearded creatures are quite as eager for praise, quite as finikin over their toilets, quite as proud of their personal advantages, quite as conscious of their powers of fascination, as any coquette in the world.

Down stairs, then, they went, Joseph very red and blushing, Rebecca very modest, and holding her green eyes downward. She was dressed in white, with bare shoulders as white as snow—the picture of youth, unprotected innocence, and humble, virgin simplicity. "I must be very quiet," thought Rebecca, "and very much interested about India."

Now we have heard how Mrs. Sedley had prepared a fine curry for her son, just as he liked it, and in the course of dinner a portion of this dish was offered to Rebecca. "What is it?" said she, turning an appealing look to Mr. Joseph.

"Capital," said he. His mouth was full of it: his face quite red with the delightful exercise of gobbling. "Mother, it's as good as my own curries in India."

"Oh, I must try some, if it is an Indian dish," said Miss Rebecca. "I am sure every thing must be good that comes from there."

"Give Miss Sharp some curry, my dear," said Mr. Sedley, laughing.

Rebecca had never tasted the dish before.

"Do you find it as good as every thing else from India?" said Mr. Sedley.

"Oh, excellent!" said Rebecca, who was suffering tortures with the cayenne pepper.

"Try a chili with it, Miss Sharp," said Joseph, really interested.

"A chili," said Rebecca, gasping. "Oh yes!" She thought a chili was something cool, as its name imported, and was served with some. "How fresh and green they look," she said, and put one into her mouth. It was hotter than the curry; flesh and blood could bear it no longer. She laid down her fork. "Water, for Heaven's sake, water!" she cried. Mr. Sedley burst out laughing (he was a coarse man, from the Stock Exchange, where they love all sorts of practical jokes). "They are real Indian, I assure you," said he. "Sambo, give Miss Sharp some water."

The paternal laugh was echoed by Joseph, who thought the joke capital. The ladies only smiled a little. They thought poor Rebecca suffered too much. She would have liked to choke old Sedley, but she swallowed her mortification as well as she had the abominable curry before it, and as

soon as she could speak, said, with a comical, good-humored air—

"I ought to have remembered the pepper which the Princess of Persia puts in the cream-tarts in the Arabian Nights. Do you put cayenne into your cream-tarts in India, sir?"

Old Sedley began to laugh, and thought Rebecca was a good-humored girl. Joseph simply said—"Cream-tarts, Miss? Our cream is very bad in Bengal. We generally use goats' milk; and, 'gad, do you know, I've got to prefer it?"

"You won't like *every thing* from India now, Miss Sharp," said the old gentleman; but when the ladies had retired after dinner, the wily old fellow said to his son, "Have a care, Joe; that girl is setting her cap at you."

"Pooh! nonsense!" said Joe, highly flattered. "I recollect, sir, there was a girl at Dumdum, a daughter of Cutler of the Artillery, and afterward married to Lance, the surgeon, who made a dead set at me in the year '4—at me and Mulligatawney, whom I mentioned to you before dinner—a devilish good fellow Mulligatawney—he's a magistrate at Budgebudge, and sure to be in council in five years. Well, sir, the Artillery gave a ball, and Quintin, of the king's 14th, said to me, 'Sedley,' said he, 'I bet you thirteen to ten that Sophy Cutler hooks either you or Mulligatawney before the rains.' 'Done,' says I; and egad, sir—this claret's very good. Adamson's or Carbone's?"

A slight snore was the only reply: the honest stock-broker was asleep, and so the rest of Joseph's story was lost for that day. But he is always exceedingly communicative in a man's party, and has told this delightful tale many scores of times to his apothecary, Dr. Gollop, when he came to inquire about the liver and the blue-pill.

Being an invalid, Joseph Sedley contented himself with a bottle of claret besides his Madeira at dinner, and he managed a couple of plates full of strawberries and cream, and twenty-four little rout cakes that were lying neglected in a plate near him, and certainly (for novelists have the privilege of knowing every thing) he thought a great deal about the girl up stairs. "A nice, gay, merry young creature," thought he to himself. "How she looked at me when I picked up her handkerchief at dinner! 'She dropped it twice. Who's that singing in the drawing-room?' 'Gad! shall I go up and see!'"

But his modesty came rushing upon him with uncontrollable force. His father was asleep: his hat was in the hall: there was a hackney-coach stand hard by in Southampton Row. "I'll go and see the *Forty Thieves*," said he, "and Miss Decamp's dance;" and he slipped away gently on the pointed toes of his boots, and disappeared, without waking his worthy parent.

"There goes Joseph," said Amelia, who was looking from the open windows of the drawing-room, while Rebecca was singing at the piano.

"Miss Sharp has frightened him away," said Mrs. Sedley. "Poor Joe, why *will* he be so shy?"

CHAPTER IV.

THE GREEN SILK PURSE.

POOR Joe's panic lasted for two or three days; during which he did not visit the house, nor during that period did Miss Rebecca ever mention his name. She was all respectful gratitude to Mrs. Sedley; delighted beyond measure at the bazaars; and in a whirl of wonder at the theater, whither the good-natured lady took her. One day, Amelia had a head-ache, and could not go upon some party of pleasure to which the two young people were invited: nothing could induce her friend to go without her. "What! you who have shown the poor orphan what happiness and love are for the first time in her life—quit *you?* never! and the green eyes looked up to Heaven and filled with tears; and Mrs. Sedley could not but own that her daughter's friend had a charming, kind heart of her own.

As for Mr. Sedley's jokes, Rebecca laughed at them with a cordiality and perseverance which not a little pleased and softened the good-natured gentleman. Nor was it with the chiefs of the family alone that Miss Sharp found favor. She interested Mrs. Blenkinsop by evincing the deepest sympathy in the raspberry-jam preserving, which operation was then going on in the house-keeper's room; she persisted in calling Sambo "Sir," and "Mr. Sambo," to the delight of that attendant; and she apologized to the lady's maid for giving her trouble in venturing to ring the bell, with such sweetness and humility, that the servants'-hall was almost as charmed with her as the drawing-room.

Once, in looking over some drawings which Amelia had sent from school, Rebecca suddenly came upon one which caused her to burst into tears and leave the room. It was on the day when Joe Sedley made his second appearance.

Amelia hastened after her friend to know the cause of this display of feeling, and the good-natured girl came back without her companion, rather affected too. "You know, her father was our drawing-master, mamma, at Chiswick, and used to do all the best parts of our drawings."

"My love! I'm sure I always heard Miss Pinkerton say that he did not touch them—he only *mounted* them."

"It was called mounting, mamma. Rebecca remembers the drawing, and her fa-

ther working at it, and the thought of it came upon her rather suddenly—and so, you know, she——”

“The poor child is all heart,” said Mrs. Sedley.

“I wish she could stay with us another week,” said Amelia.

“She’s devilish like Miss Cutler that I used to meet at Dumdum, only fairer. She’s married now to Lance, the Artillery surgeon. Do you know, ma’am, that once Quintin, of the 14th, bet me——”

“O Joseph, we know that story,” said Amelia, laughing. “Never mind about telling that; but persuade mamma to write to Sir Something Crawley.”

“Had he a son in the King’s Light Dragoons in India?”

“Well, will you write to him for leave of absence for poor dear Rebecca?—here she comes, her eyes red with weeping.”

“I’m better, now,” said the girl, with the sweetest smile possible, taking good-natured Mrs. Sedley’s extended hand and kissing it respectfully. “How kind you all are to me! All,” she added, with a laugh, “except you, Mr. Joseph.”

“Me!” said Joseph, meditating an instant departure. “Gracious heavens! Good Gad! Miss Sharp!”

“Yes; how could you be so cruel as to make me eat that horrid pepper-dish at dinner, the first day I ever saw you? You are not so good to me as dear Amelia.”

“He doesn’t know you so well,” cried Amelia.

“I defy any body not to be good to you, my dear,” said her mother.

“The curry was capital; indeed it was,” said Joe, quite gravely. “Perhaps there was *not* enough citron juice in it; no, there was *not*.”

“And the chilis?”

“By Jove, how they made you cry out!” said Joe, caught by the ridicule of the circumstance, and exploding in a fit of laughter which ended quite suddenly, as usual.

“I shall take care how I let *you* choose for me another time,” said Rebecca, as they went down again to dinner. “I didn’t think men were fond of putting poor harmless girls to pain.”

“By Gad, Miss Rebecca, I wouldn’t hurt you for the world.”

“No,” said she, “I *know* you wouldn’t;” and then she gave him ever so gentle a pressure with her little hand, and drew it back quite frightened, and looked first for one instant in his face, and then down at the carpet-roads; and I am not prepared to say that Joe’s heart did not thump at this little involuntary, timid, gentle motion of regard on the part of the simple girl.

It was an advance, and as such, perhaps, some ladies of indisputable correctness and gentility will condemn the action as immod-

est; but, you see, poor dear Rebecca had all this work to do for herself. If a person is too poor to keep a servant, though ever so elegant, he must sweep his own rooms: if a dear girl has no dear mamma to settle matters with the young man, she must do it for herself. And oh, what a mercy it is that these women do not exercise their powers oftener! We can’t resist them, if they do. Let them show ever so little inclination, and men go down on their knees at once: old or ugly, it is all the same. And this I set down as a positive truth. A woman with fair opportunities, and without an absolute hump, may marry **WHOM SHE LIKES**. Only let us be thankful that the darlings are like the beasts of the field, and don’t know their own power. They would overcome us entirely if they did.

“Egad!” thought Joseph, entering the dining-room, “I exactly begin to feel as I did at Dumdum with Miss Cutler.” Many sweet little appeals, half tender, half jocular, did Miss Sharp make to him about the dishes at dinner; for by this time she was on a footing of considerable familiarity with the family, and as for the girls, they loved each other like sisters. Young unmarried girls always do, if they are in a house together for ten days.

As if bent upon advancing Rebecca’s plans in every way—what must Amelia do, but remind her brother of a promise made last Easter holidays—“When I was a girl at school,” said she, laughing—a promise that he, Joseph, would take her to Vauxhall. “Now,” she said, “that Rebecca is with us, will be the very time.”

“O, delightful!” said Rebecca, going to clap her hands: but she recollected herself, and paused, like a modest creature, as she was.

“To-night is not the night,” said Joe.

“Well, to-morrow.”

“To-morrow your papa and I dine out,” said Mrs. Sedley.

“You don’t suppose that I’m going, Mrs. Sed.?” said her husband, “and that a woman of your years and size is to catch cold, in such an abominable damp place?”

“The children must have some one with them,” cried Mrs. Sedley.

“Let Joe go,” said **his** father, laughing. “He’s big enough.” At which speech even Mr. Sambo at the sideboard burst out laughing, and poor fat Joe felt inclined to become a parricide almost.

“Undo his stays!” continued the pitiless old gentleman. “Fling some water in his face, Miss Sharp, or carry him up stairs: the dear creature’s fainting. Poor victim! carry him up; he’s as light as a feather!”

“If I stand this, sir, I’m d——!” roared Joseph.

“Order Mr. Jo’s elephant, Sambo!” cried the father. “Send to Exeter ‘Change,

Sambo ;" but seeing Joe ready almost to cry with vexation, the old joker stopped his laughter, and said, holding out his hand to his son, " It's all fair on the Stock Exchange, Jos—and, Sambo, never mind the elephant, but give me and Mr. Jos a glass of champagne. Boney himself hasn't got such in his cellar, my boy !"

A goblet of champagne restored Joseph's equanimity, and before the bottle was emptied, of which as an invalid he took two-thirds, he had agreed to take the young ladies to Vauxhall.

"The girls must have a gentleman apiece," said the old gentleman. "Jos will be sure to leave Emmy in the crowd, he will be so taken up with Miss Sharp here. Send to 26, and ask George Osborne if he'll come."

At this, I don't know in the least for what reason, Mrs. Sedley looked at her husband and laughed. Mr. Sedley's eyes twinkled in a manner indescribably roguish; and he looked at Amelia, and Amelia, hanging down her head, blushed as only young ladies of seventeen know how to blush, and as Miss Rebecca Sharp never blushed in her life—at least not since she was eight years old, and when she was caught stealing jam out of a cupboard by her godmother. "Amelia had better write a note," said her father; "and let George Osborne see what a beautiful hand-writing we have brought back from Miss Pinkerton's. Do you remember when you wrote to him to come on Twelfth-night, Emmy, and spelt twelfth without the f?"

"That was years ago," said Amelia.

"It seems like yesterday, don't it, John?" said Mrs. Sedley to her husband; and that night, in a conversation which took place in a front room in the second-floor, in a sort of tent, hung round with chintz of a rich fantastic India pattern, and *doublé* with calico of a tender rose-color; in the interior of which species of *marquee* was a feather-bed, on which were two pillows, on which were two round red faces, one in a laced night-cap, and one in a simple cotton one, ending in a tassel: in a *curtain lecture*, I say, Mrs. Sedley took her husband to task for his cruel conduct to poor Joe.

"It was quite wicked of you, Mr. Sedley," said she, "to torment the poor boy so."

"My dear," said the cotton-tassel in defence of his conduct, "Jos is a great deal vainer than you ever were in your life, and that's saying a good deal. Though, some thirty years ago, in the year seventeen hundred and eighty—what was it? perhaps you had a right to be vain. I don't say no. But I've no patience with Jos and his dandified modesty. It is out-Josephing Joseph, my dear, and all the while the boy is only thinking of himself, and what a fine fellow he is. I doubt, Ma'am, we shall have some trouble

with him yet. Here is Emmy's little friend making love to him as hard as she can; that's quite clear; and if she does not catch him some other will. That man is destined to be a prey to woman, as I am to go on 'Change every day. It's a mercy he did not bring us over a black daughter-in-law, my dear. But, mark my words, the first woman who fishes for him, hooks him."

"She shall go off to-morrow, the little artful creature," said Mrs. Sedley, with great energy.

"Why not she as well as another, Mrs. Sedley? The girl's a white face at any rate. I don't care who marries him. Let Joe please himself."

And presently the voices of the two speakers were hushed, or were replaced by the gentle but unromantic music of the nose; and save when the church bells tolled the hour and the watchman called it, all was silent at the house of John Sedley, Esquire, of Russell-square, and the Stock Exchange.

When morning came, the good-natured Mrs. Sedley no longer thought of executing her threats with regard to Miss Sharp; for though nothing is more keen, nor more common, nor more justifiable, than maternal jealousy, yet she could not bring herself to suppose that the little, humble, grateful, gentle governess, would dare to look up to such a magnificent personage as the collector of Boggley Wollah. The petition, too, for an extension of the young lady's leave of absence had already been dispatched, and it would be difficult to find a pretext for abruptly dismissing her.

And as if all things conspired in favor of the gentle Rebecca, the very elements (although she was not inclined at first to acknowledge their action in her behalf) interposed to aid her. For on the evening appointed for the Vauxhall party, George Osborne having come to dinner, and the elders of the house having departed, according to invitation, to dine with Alderman Balls, at Highbury Barn, there came on such a thunder-storm as only happens on Vauxhall nights, and as obliged the young people, perforce, to remain at home. Mr. Osborne did not seem in the least disappointed at this occurrence. He and Joseph Sedley drank a fitting quantity of port-wine, *tête-à-tête*, in the dining-room, during the drinking of which Sedley told a number of his best Indian stories; for he was extremely talkative in man's society, and afterward Miss Amelia Sedley did the honors of the drawing-room; and these four young persons passed such a comfortable evening together, that they declared they were rather glad of the thunder-storm than otherwise, which had caused them to put off their visit to Vauxhall.

Osborne was Sedley's godson, and had

been one of the family any time these three-and-twenty years. At six weeks old, he had received from John Sedley a present of a silver cup; at six months old, a coral with gold whistle and bells; from his youth, upward, he was "tipped" regularly by the old gentleman at Christmas; and on going back to school, remembered perfectly well being thrashed by Joseph Sedley, when the latter was a big, swaggering, hobbadyhoy, and George an impudent urchin of ten years old. In a word, George Osborne was as familiar with the family as such daily acts of kindness and intercourse could make him.

"Do you remember, Sedley, what a fury you were in, when I cut off the tassels of your Hessian boots, and how Miss—hem!—how Amelia rescued me from a beating, by falling down on her knees and crying out to her brother Jos, not to beat little George?"

Jos remembered this remarkable circumstance perfectly well, but vowed that he had totally forgotten it.

"Well, do you remember coming down in a gig to Dr. Swishtail's, to see me, before you went to India, and giving me half a guinea and a pat on the head? I always had an idea that you were at least seven feet high, and was quite astonished at your return from India to find you no taller than myself."

"How good of Mr. Sedley to go to your school and give you the money!" exclaimed Rebecca, in accents of extreme delight.

"Yes, and after I had cut the tassels of his boots too. Boys never forget those tips at school, nor the givers."

"I delight in Hessian boots," said Rebecca. Jos Sedley, who admired his own legs prodigiously, and always wore this ornamental *chaussure*, was extremely pleased at this remark, though he drew his legs under his chair as it was made.

"Miss Sharp!" said George Osborne, "you who are so clever an artist, you must make a grand historical picture of the scene of the boots. Sedley shall be represented in buckskins, and holding one of the injured boots in one hand; by the other he shall have hold of my shirt-frill. Amelia shall be kneeling near him, with her little hands up; and the picture shall have a grand allegorical title, as the frontispieces have in the Medulla and the spelling-book."

"I shan't have time to do it here," said Rebecca. "I'll do it when—when I am gone." And she dropped her voice, and looked so sad and piteous, that every body felt how cruel her lot was, and how sorry they would be to part with her.

"O that you could stay longer, dear Rebecca," said Amelia.

"Why?" answered the other, still more sadly. "That I may be only the more unhappy—unwilling to lose you?" And she

turned away her head. Amelia began to give way to that natural infirmity of tears which, we have said, was one of the defects of this silly little thing. George Osborne looked at the two young women with a touched curiosity; and Joseph Sedley heaved something very like a sigh out of his big chest, as he cast his eyes down toward his favorite Hessian boots.

"Let us have some music, Miss Sedley—Amelia," said George, who felt at that moment an extraordinary, almost irresistible impulse to seize the above-mentioned young woman in his arms, and to kiss her in the face of the company; and she looked at him for a moment, and if I should say that they fell in love with each other at that single instant of time, I should perhaps be telling an untruth, for the fact is, that these two young people had been bred up by their parents for this very purpose, and their bans had, as it were, been read in their respective families any time these ten years. They went off to the piano, which was situated, as pianos usually are, in the back drawing-room; and as it was rather dark, Miss Amelia, in the most unaffected way in the world, put her hand into Mr. Osborne's, who, of course, could see the way among the chairs and ottomans a great deal better than she could. But this arrangement left Mr. Joseph Sedley *tête-à-tête* with Rebecca, at the drawing-room table, where the latter was occupied in netting a green silk purse.

"There is no need to ask family secrets," said Miss Sharp. "Those two have told theirs."

"As soon as he gets his company," said Joseph, "I believe the affair is settled. George Osborne is as good a fellow as ever breathed."

"And your sister the dearest creature in the world," said Rebecca. "Happy the man who wins her!" With this, Miss Sharp gave a great sigh.

When two unmarried persons get together, and talk upon such delicate subjects as the present, a great deal of confidence and intimacy is presently established between them. There is no need of giving a special report of the conversation which now took place between Mr. Sedley and the young lady; for the conversation, as may be judged from the foregoing specimen, was not especially witty or eloquent; it seldom is in private societies, or any where except in very high-flown and ingenious novels. As there was music in the next room, the talk was carried on, of course, in a low and becoming tone, though, for the matter of that, the couple in the next apartment would not have been disturbed had the talking been ever so loud, so occupied were they with their own pursuits.

Almost for the first time in his life, Mr.

Sedley found himself talking, without the least timidity or hesitation, to a person of the other sex. Miss Rebecca asked him a great number of questions about India, which gave him an opportunity of narrating many interesting anecdotes about that country and himself. He described the balls at Government House, and the manner in which they kept themselves cool in the hot weather, with punkahs, tatties, and other contrivances; and he was very witty regarding the number of Scotchmen whom Lord Minto, the governor-general patronized; and then he described a tiger hunt; and the manner in which the mahout of his elephant had been pulled off his howdah by one of the infuriated animals. How delighted Miss Rebecca was at the government balls, and how she laughed at the stories of the Scotch *aids-de-camp*, and called Mr. Sedley a sad wicked satirical creature; and how frightened she was at the story of the elephant! "For your mother's sake, dear Mr. Sedley," she said, "for the sake of all your friends, promise *never* to go on one of those horrid expeditions."

"Pooh, pooh, Miss Sharp," said he, pulling up his shirt-collars; "the danger makes the sport only the pleasanter." He had never been but once at a tiger hunt, when the accident in question occurred, and when he was half killed—not by the tiger, but by the fright. And as he talked on, he grew quite bold, and actually had the audacity to ask Miss Rebecca for whom she was knitting the green silk purse? He was quite surprised and delighted at his own graceful, familiar manner.

"For any one who wants a purse," replied Miss Rebecca, looking at him in the most gentle, winning way. Sedley was going to make one of the most eloquent speeches possible, and had begun, "O Miss Sharp, how—" when some song which was performed in the other room came to an end, and caused him to hear his own voice so distinctly that he stopped, blushed, and blew his nose in great agitation.

"Did you ever hear any thing like your brother's eloquence?" whispered Mr. Osborne to Amelia. "Why, your friend has worked miracles."

"The more the better," said Miss Amelia; who, like almost all women who are worth a pin, was a match-maker in her heart, and would have been delighted that Joseph should carry back a wife to India. She had, too, in the course of this few days' constant intercourse, warmed into a most tender friendship for Rebecca, and discovered a million of virtues and amiable qualities in her which she had not perceived when they were at Chiswick together. For the affection of young ladies is of as rapid growth as Jack's bean-stalk, and reaches up to the sky in a night. It is no blame to

them that after marriage this *Sehnsucht nach der Liebe* subsides. It is what sentimentalists, who deal in *very* big words, call a yearning after the Ideal, and simply means that women are commonly not satisfied until they have husbands and children on whom they may center affections, which are spent elsewhere, as it were, in small change.

Having expended her little store of songs, or having stayed long enough in the back drawing-room, it now appeared proper to Miss Amelia to ask her friend to sing. "You would not have listened to me," she said to Mr. Osborne (though she knew she was telling a fib), "had you heard Rebecca first."

"I give Miss Sharp warning, though," said Osborne, "that, right or wrong, I consider Miss Amelia Sedley the first singer in the world."

"You shall hear," said Amelia; and Joseph Sedley was actually polite enough to carry the candles to the piano. Osborne hinted that he should like quite as well to sit in the dark; but Miss Sedley, laughing, declined to bear him company any farther, and the two accordingly followed Mr. Joseph. Rebecca sang far better than her friend (though of course Osborne was free to keep his opinion), and exerted herself to the utmost, and, indeed, to the wonder of Amelia, who had never known her perform so well. She sang a French song, which Joseph did not understand in the least, and which George confessed he did not understand, and then a number of those simple ballads which were the fashion forty years ago, and in which British tars, our King, poor Susan, blue-eyed Mary, and the like, were the principal themes. They are not, it is said, very brilliant, in a musical point of view, but contain numberless good-natured, simple appeals to the affections, which people understood better than the milk-and-water *l'agrime*, *sospiri*, and *felicité* of the eternal Donizettian music with which we are favored nowadays.

Conversation of a sentimental sort, besitting the subject, was carried on between the songs, to which Sambo, after he had brought the tea, the delighted cook, and even Mrs. Blenkinsop, the housekeeper, condescended to listen on the landing-place.

Among these ditties was one, the last of the concert, and to the following effect—

Ah! bleak and barren was the moor,

Ah! loud and piercing was the storm,

The cottage hearth was shelter'd sure,

The cottage hearth was bright and warm—

An orphan boy the lattice pass'd,

And, as he mark'd its cheerful glow,

Felt doubly keen the midnight blast,

And doubly cold the fallen snow.

They mark'd him as he onward prest,

With fainting heart and weary limb;

Kind voices bade him turn and rest,

And gentle faces welcomed him.

The dawn is up—the guest is gone,
The cottage hearth is blazing still;
Heaven pity all poor wanderers lone!
Hark to the wind upon the hill!

It was the sentiment of the before-mentioned words, "When I'm gone," over again. As she came to the last words, Miss Sharp's "deep-toned voice faltered." Every body felt the allusion to her departure, and to her hapless orphan state. Joseph Sedley, who was fond of music, and soft-hearted, was in a state of ravishment during the performance of the song, and profoundly touched at its conclusion. If he had had the courage; if George and Miss Sedley had remained, according to the former's proposal, in the farther room, Joseph Sedley's bachelorhood would have been at an end, and this work would never have been written. But at the close of the ditty, Rebecca quitted the piano, and giving her hand to Amelia, walked away into the front drawing-room twilight; and, at this moment, Mr. Sambo made his appearance with a tray, containing sandwiches, jellies, and some glittering glasses and decanters, on which Joseph Sedley's attention was immediately fixed. When the parents of the house of Sedley returned from their dinner-party, they found the young people so busy in talking, that they had not heard the arrival of the carriage, and Mr. Joseph was in the act of saying, "My dear Miss Sharp, one little tea-spoonful of jelly to recruit you after your immense—your—your *delightful* exertions."

"Bravo, Jos!" said Mr. Sedley; on hearing the bantering of which well-known voice, Jos instantly relapsed into an alarmed silence, and quickly took his departure. He did not lie awake all night thinking whether or not he was in love with Miss Sharp; the passion of love never interfered with the appetite or the slumber of Mr. Joseph Sedley; but he thought to himself how delightful it would be to hear such songs as those after Cutcherry—what a *distinguée* girl she was—how she could speak French better than the governor-general's lady herself—and what a sensation she would make at the Calcutta balls. "It's evident the poor devil's in love with me," thought he. "She is just as rich as most of the girls who come out to India. I might go farther, and fare worse, egad!" And in these meditations he fell asleep.

How Miss Sharp lay awake, thinking, will he come or not to-morrow? need not be told here. To-morrow came, and, as sure as fate, Mr. Joseph Sedley made his appearance before luncheon. He had never been known before to confer such an honor on Russell-square. George Osborne was somehow there already (sadly "putting out" Amelia, who was writing to her twelve dearest friends at Chiswick Mall), and Rebecca was employed upon her yesterday's

work. As Joe's buggy drove up, and while, after his usual thundering knock and pompous bustle at the door, the collector of Boggley Wollah labored up stairs to the drawing-room, knowing glances were telegraphed between Osborne and Miss Sedley, and the pair, smiling archly, looked at Rebecca, who actually blushed as she bent her fair ringlets over her netting. How her heart beat as Joseph appeared—Joseph, puffing from the stair-case in shining creaking boots—Joseph, in a new waistcoat, red with heat and nervousness, and blushing behind his wadded neckcloth. It was a nervous moment for all; and as for Amelia, I think she was more frightened than even the people most concerned.

Sambo, who flung open the door and announced Mr. Joseph, followed grinning, in the collector's rear, and bearing two handsome nosegays of flowers, which the monster had actually had the gallantry to purchase in Covent Garden Market that morning—they were not as big as the haystacks which ladies carry about with them nowadays, in cones of filagree paper; but the young women were delighted with the gift, as Joseph presented one to each, with an exceedingly solemn and clumsy bow.

"Bravo, Jos!" cried Osborne.

"Thank you, dear Joseph," said Amelia, quite ready to kiss her brother, if he were so minded. (And I think for a kiss from such a dear creature as Amelia, I would purchase all Mr. Lee's conservatories out of hand.)

"O heavenly, heavenly flowers!" exclaimed Miss Sharp, and smelt them delicately, and held them to her bosom, and cast up her eyes to the ceiling, in an ecstasy of admiration. Perhaps she just looked first into the bouquet, to see whether there was a *billet-doux* hidden among the flowers; but there was no letter.

"Do they talk the language of flowers at Boggley Wollah, Sedley?" asked Osborne, laughing.

"Language of fiddlestick!" replied the sentimental youth. "Bought 'em at Nathan's; very glad you like 'em; and eh, Amelia, my dear, I bought a pine-apple at the same time, which I gave to Sambo. Let's have it for tiffin; very cool and nice this hot weather." Rebecca said she had never tasted a pine, and longed beyond every thing to taste one.

So the conversation went on. I don't know on what pretext Osborne left the room, or why, presently, Amelia went away, perhaps to superintend the slicing of the pine-apple; but Jos was left alone with Rebecca, who had resumed her work, and the green silk and the shining needles were quivering rapidly under her white, slender fingers.

"What a beautiful, *byoo-oootiful* song that was you sang last night, dear Miss Sharp,"



MR. JOSEPH ENTANGLED. (p. 25.)

said the collector. "It made me cry almost; 'pon my honor it did."

"Because you have a kind heart, Mr. Joseph: all the Sedleys have, I think."

"It kept me awake last night, and I was trying to hum it this morning, in bed; I was, upon my honor. Gollop, my doctor, came in at eleven (for I'm a sad invalid, you know, and see Gollop every day), and 'gad! there I was, singing away like—a robin."

"O you droll creature! Do let me hear you sing it."

"Me? No, you, Miss Sharp; my dear Miss Sharp, do sing it."

"Not now, Mr. Sedley," said Rebecca, with a sigh. "My spirits are not equal to it: besides, I must finish the purse. Will you help me, Mr. Sedley?" And before he had time to ask how, Mr. Joseph Sedley, of the East India Company's service, was actually seated *tête-à-tête* with a young lady, looking at her with a most killing expression; his arms stretched out before her in an imploring attitude, and his hands bound in a web of green silk, which she was unwinding.

* * * * *

In this romantic position Osborne and Amelia found the interesting pair, when they entered to announce that tiffin was ready. The skein of silk was just wound round the card; but Mr. Jos had never spoken.

"I am sure he will to-night, dear," Amelia said, as she pressed Rebecca's hand; and Sedley, too, had communed with his soul, and said to himself, "'Gad, I'll pop the question at Vauxhall."

CHAPTER V.

DOBBIN OF OURS.

CUFF's fight with Dobbin, and the unexpected issue of that contest, will long be remembered by every man who was educated at Dr. Swishtail's famous school. The latter youth (who used to be called Heigh-ho Dobbin, Gee-ho Dobbin, and by many other names indicative of puerile contempt) was the quietest, the clumsiest, and, as it seemed, the dullest of all Dr. Swishtail's young gentlemen. His parent was a grocer in the city: and it was bruited abroad that he was admitted into Dr. Swishtail's academy upon what are called "mutual principles"—that is to say, the expenses of his board and schooling were defrayed by his father, in goods, not money; and he stood there—almost at the bottom of the school—in his scraggy corduroys and jacket, through the seams of which his great big bones were bursting—as the representative of so many pounds of tea, candles, sugar, mottled-soap, plums (of which a very mild proportion was supplied for the puddings of the establish-

ment), and other commodities. A dreadful day it was for young Dobbin when one of the youngsters of the school, having run into the town upon a poaching excursion for hard-bake and polonies, espied the cart of Dobbin & Rudge, Grocers and Oilmen, Thames-street, London, at the doctor's door, discharging a cargo of the wares in which the firm dealt.

Young Dobbin had no peace after that. The jokes were frightful, and merciless against him. "Hullo, Dobbin," one would say, "here's good news in the paper. Sugars is ris', my boy." Another would set a sum—"If a pound of mutton candles cost sevenpence-halfpenny, how much must Dobbin cost?" and a roar would follow from all the circle of young knaves, usher and all, who rightly considered that the selling of goods by retail is a shameful and infamous practice, meriting the contempt and scorn of all real gentlemen.

"Your father's only a merchant, Osborne," Dobbin said in private to the little boy who had brought down the storm upon him. At which the latter replied haughtily, "My father's a gentleman, and keeps his carriage;" and Mr. William Dobbin retreated to a remote outhouse in the play-ground, where he passed a half-holiday in the bitterest sadness and wo. 'Who among us is there that does not recollect similar hours of bitter, bitter childish grief? Who feels injustice; who shrinks before a slight; who has a sense of wrong so acute, and so glowing a gratitude for kindness, as a generous boy? and how many of those gentle souls do you degrade, estrange, torture, for the sake of a little loose arithmetic, and miserable dog-Latin?

William Dobbin, from an incapacity to acquire the rudiments of the above language, as they are propounded in that wonderful book the Eton Latin Grammar, was compelled to remain among the very last of Doctor Swishtail's scholars, and was "taken down" continually by little fellows with pink faces and pinafores when he marched up with the lower form, a giant among them, with his downcast, stupefied look, his dogs-eared primer, and his tight corduroys. High and low, all made fun of him. They sewed up those corduroys, tight as they were. They cut his bed-strings. They upset buckets and benches, so that he might break his shins over them, which he never failed to do. They sent him parcels, which, when opened, were found to contain the paternal soap and cardles. There was no little fellow but had his jeer and joke at Dobbin; and he bore every thing quite patiently, and was entirely dumb and miserable.

Cuff, on the contrary, was the great chief and dandy of the Swishtail Seminary. He smuggled wine in. He fought the town-boys. Ponies used to come for him to ride

home on Saturdays. He had his top-boots in his room, in which he used to hunt in the holidays. He had a gold repeater: and took snuff like the doctor. He had been to the opera, and knew the merits of the principal actors, preferring Mr. Kean to Mr. Kemble. He could knock you off forty Latin verses in an hour. He could make French poetry. What else didn't he know, or couldn't he do? They said even the doctor himself was afraid of him.

Cuff, the unquestioned king of the school, ruled over his subjects, and bullied them, with splendid superiority. This one blacked his shoes: that toasted his bread: others would fag out, and give him balls at cricket during whole summer afternoons. "Figs" was the fellow whom he despised most, and with whom, though always abusing him, and sneering at him, he scarcely ever condescended to hold personal communication.

One day, in private, the two young gentlemen had had a difference. Figs, alone in the school-room, was blundering over a home letter; when Cuff, entering, bade him go upon some message, of which tarts were probably the subject.

"I can't," says Dobbin, "I want to finish my letter."

"You *can't*?" says Mr. Cuff, laying hold of that document (in which many words were scratched out, many were mis-spelled, on which had been spent I don't know how much thought, and labor, and tears; for the poor fellow was writing to his mother, who was fond of him, although she was a grocer's wife, and lived in a back parlor in Thames-street), "You *can't*?" says Mr. Cuff; "I should like to know why, pray? Can't you write to old Mother Figs to-morrow?"

"Don't call names," Dobbin said, getting off the bench, very nervous.

"Well, sir, will you go?" crowed the cock of the school.

"Put down the letter," Dobbin replied; "no gentleman readth letterth."

"Well, *now* will you go?" says the other.

"No, I won't. Don't strike, or I'll *thmash* you," roars out Dobbin, springing to a leaden inkstand, and looking so wicked, that Mr. Cuff paused, turned down his coat-sleeves again, put his hands into his pockets, and walked away with a sneer. But he never meddled personally with the grocer's boy after that; though we must do him the justice to say he always spoke of Mr. Dobbin with contempt behind his back.

Some time after this interview, it happened that Mr. Cuff, on a sunshiny afternoon, was in the neighborhood of poor William Dobbin, who was lying under a tree in the play-ground, spelling over a favorite copy of the Arabian Nights which he had—apart from the rest of the school, who were pursuing their various sports—quite loney and

almost happy. If people would but leave children to themselves; if teachers would cease to bully them; if parents would not insist upon directing their thoughts, and dominating their feelings—those feelings and thoughts which are a mystery to all (for how much do you and I know of each other, of our children, of our fathers, of our neighbor, and how far more beautiful and sacred are the thoughts of the poor lad or girl whom you govern likely to be, than those of the dull and world-corrupted person who rules him?)—if, I say, parents and masters would leave their children alone a little more, small harm would accrue, although a less quantity of *as in præsenti* might be acquired.

Well, William Dobbin had for once forgotten the world, and was away with Sindbad the Sailor in the Valley of Diamonds, or with Prince Whatdyecallum and the Fairy Peribanou in that delightful cavern where the prince found her, and whither we should all like to make a tour; when shrill cries, as of a little fellow weeping, woke up his pleasant reverie; and, looking up, he saw Cuff before him, belaboring a little boy.

It was the lad who had peached upon him about the grocer's cart; but he bore little malice, not at least toward the young and small. "How dare you, sir, break the bottle?" says Cuff to the little urchin, swinging a yellow cricket-stump over him.

The boy had been instructed to get over the play-ground wall (at a selected spot where the broken glass had been removed from the top, and niches made convenient in the brick); to run a quarter of a mile; to purchase a pint of rum-shrub on credit; to brave all the doctor's outlying spies, and to clamber back into the play-ground again; during the performance of which feat, his foot had slipped, and the bottle was broken, and the shrub had been spilled, and his pantaloon had been damaged, and he appeared before his employer a perfectly guilty and trembling, though harmless, wretch.

"How dare you, sir, break it?" said Cuff; "you blundering little thief. You drank the shrub, and now you pretend to have broken the bottle. Hold out your hand, sir."

Down came the stump with a great heavy thump on the child's hand. A moan followed. Dobbin looked up. The Prince Peribanou had fled into the inmost cavern with Prince Ahmed: the roc had whisked away Sindbad the Sailor out of the Valley of Diamonds out of sight, far into the clouds: and there was every-day life before honest William; and a big boy beating a little one without cause.

"Hold out your other hand, sir," roars Cuff to his little school-fellow, whose face was distorted with pain. Dobbin quivered, and gathered himself up in his narrow old clothes.

"Take that, you little devil!" cried Mr.

Cuff, and down came the wicket again on the child's hand. Don't be horrified, ladies, every boy at a public school has done it. Your children will so do and be done by, in all probability. Down came the wicket again; and Dobbin started up.

I can't tell what his motive was. Torture in a public school is as much licensed as the knout in Russia. It would be ungentlemanlike (in a manner) to resist it. Perhaps Dobbin's foolish soul revolted against that exercise of tyranny; or, perhaps, he had a hankering feeling of revenge in his mind, and longed to measure himself against that splendid bully and tyrant, who had all the glory, pride, pomp, circumstance, banners flying, drums beating, guards saluting, in the place. Whatever may have been his incentive, however, up he sprang, and screamed out, "Hold off, Cuff; don't bully that child any more; or I'll—"

"Or you'll, what?" Cuff asked in amazement at this interruption. "Hold out your hand, you little beast."

"I'll give you the worst thrashing you ever had in your life," Dobbin said, in reply to the first part of Cuff's sentence; and little Osborne, gasping and in tears, looked up with wonder and incredulity at seeing this amazing champion put up suddenly to defend him: while Cuff's astonishment was scarcely less. Fancy our late monarch, George III., when he heard of the revolt of the North American colonies: fancy brazen Goliath, when little David stepped forward and claimed a meeting: and you have the feelings of Mr. Reginald Cuff when this encounter was proposed to him.

"After school," says he, of course; after a pause and a look, as much as to say, "Make your will, and communicate your best wishes to your friends between this time and that."

"As you please," Dobbin said. "You must be my bottle-holder, Osborne."

"Well, if you like," little Osborne replied; for you see his papa kept a carriage, and he was rather ashamed of his champion.

Yes, when the hour of battle came, he was almost ashamed to say, "Go it, Figs;" and not a single other boy in the place uttered that cry for the first two or three rounds of this famous combat; at the commencement of which the scientific Cuff, with a contemptuous smile on his face, and as light and as gay as if he was at a ball, planted his blows upon his adversary, and floored that unlucky champion three times running. At each fall there was a cheer; and every body was anxious to have the honor of offering the conqueror a knee.

"What a licking I shall get when it's over," young Osborne thought, picking up his man. "You'd best give in," he said to Dobbin; "it's only a thrashing, Figs, and

you know I'm used to it." But Figs, all whose limbs were in a quiver, and whose nostrils were breathing rage, put his little bottle-holder aside, and went in for a fourth time.

As he did not in the least know how to parry the blows that were aimed at himself, and Cuff had begun the attack on the three preceding occasions, without ever allowing his enemy to strike, Figs now determined that he would commence the engagement by a charge on his own part; and accordingly, being a left-handed man, brought that arm into action, and hit out a couple of times with all his might—once at Mr. Cuff's left eye, and once on his beautiful Roman nose.

Cuff went down this time, to the astonishment of the assembly. "Well hit, by Jove," says little Osborne, with the air of a connoisseur, clapping his man on the back. "Give it him with the left, Figs, my boy."

Figs' left made terrific play during all the rest of the combat. Cuff went down every time. At the sixth round, there were almost as many fellows shouting out, "Go it, Figs," as there were youths exclaiming, "Go it, Cuff." At the twelfth round the latter champion was all abroad, as the saying is, and had lost all presence of mind and power of attack or defense. Figs, on the contrary, was as calm as a Quaker. His face being quite pale, his eyes shining open, and a great cut on his under lip bleeding profusely, gave this young fellow a fierce and ghastly air, which perhaps struck terror into many spectators. Nevertheless, his intrepid adversary prepared to close for the thirteenth time.

If I had the pen of a Napier, or a Bell's Life, I should like to describe this combat properly. It was the last charge of the Guard—(that is, *it would* have been, only Waterloo had not yet taken place)—it was Ney's column breasting the hill of La Haye Sainte, bristling with ten thousand bayonets, and crowded with twenty eagles—it was the shout of the beef-eating British, as leaping down the hill they rushed to hug the enemy in the savage arms of battle—in other words, Cuff, coming up full of pluck, but quite reeling and groggy, the Fig-merchant put in his left as usual on his adversary's nose, and sent him down for the last time.

"I think *that* will do for him," Figs said, as his opponent dropped as neatly on the green as I have seen Jack Spot's ball plump into the pocket at billiards; and the fact is, when time was called, Mr. Reginald Cuff was not able, or did not choose to stand up again.

And now all the boys set up such a shout for Figs as would make you think he had been their darling champion through the whole battle; and as absolutely brought Dr. Swishtail out of his study, curious to know the cause of the uproar. He threatened to

flog Figs violently, of course; but Cuff, who had come to himself by this time, and was washing his wounds, stood up and said, "It's my fault, sir—not Figs—not Dobbin's. I was bullying a little boy; and he served me right." By which magnanimous speech he not only saved his conquerer a whipping, but got back all his ascendancy over the boys, which his defeat had nearly cost him.

Young Osborne wrote home to his parents an account of the transaction.

"Sugarcane House, Richmond, March, 18—.

"DEAR MAMMA,—I hope you are quite well. I should be much obliged to you to send me a cake and five shillings. There has been a fight here between Cuff & Dobbin. Cuff, you know, was the Cock of the School. They fought thirteen rounds, and Dobbin Licked. So Cuff is now Only Second Cock. The fight was about me. Cuff was licking me for breaking a bottle of milk, and Figs wouldn't stand it. We call him Figs because his father is a Grocer—Figs & Rudge, Thames St., City—I think as he fought for me you ought to buy your Tea & Sugar at his father's. Cuff goes home every Saturday, but can't this, because he has 2 Black Eyes. He has a white Pony to come and fetch him, and a groom in livery on a bay mare. I wish my Papa would let me have a Pony, and I am,

"Your dutiful Son,

"GEORGE SEDLEY OSBORNE.

"P.S. Give my love to little Emmy. I am cutting her out a Coach in cardboard."

In consequence of Dobbin's victory, his character rose prodigiously in the estimation of all his schoolfellows, and the name of Figs, which had been a byword of reproach became as respectable and popular a nickname as any other in use in the school. "After all, it's not his fault that his father's a grocer," George Osborne said, who, though a little chap, had a very high popularity among the Swishtail youth; and his opinion was received with great applause. It was voted low to sneer at Dobbin about this accident of birth. "Old Figs" grew to be a name of kindness and endearment; and the sneak of an usher jeered at him no longer.

And Dobbin's spirit rose with his altered circumstances. He made wonderful advances in scholastic learning. The superb Cuff himself, at whose condescension Dobbin could only blush and wonder, helped him on with his Latin verses; "coached" him in play-hours; carried him triumphantly out of the little-boy class into the middle-sized form; and even there got a fair place for him. It was discovered, that although dull at classical learning, at mathematics he was uncommonly quick. To the contentment of all, he passed third in algebra, and got a French prize-book at the public mid-

summer examination. You should have seen his mother's face when Telemaque (that delicious romance) was presented to him by the Doctor in the face of the whole school and the parents and company, with an inscription to Gulielmo Dobbin. All the boys clapped hands in token of applause and sympathy. His blushes, his stumbles, his awkwardness, and the number of feet which he crushed as he went back to his place, who shall describe or calculate? Old Dobbin, his father, who now respected him for the first time, gave him two guineas publicly; most of which he spent in a general tuck-out for the school; and he came back in a tail-coat after the holidays.

Dobbin was much too modest a young fellow to suppose that this happy change in all his circumstances arose from his own generous and manly disposition: he chose, from some perverseness, to attribute his good fortune to the sole agency and benevolence of little George Osborne, to whom, henceforth, he vowed such a love and affection as is only felt by children—such an affection, as we read in the charming fairy-book, uncouth Orson had for splendid young Valentine, his conquerer. He flung himself down at little Osborne's feet, and loved him. Even before they were acquainted, he had admired Osborne in secret. Now he was his valet, his dog, his man Friday. He believed Osborne to be the possessor of every perfection, to be the handsomest, the bravest, the most active, the cleverest, the most generous of created boys. He shared his money with him: bought him uncountable presents of knives, pencil-cases, gold seals, toffee, Little Warblers, and romantic books, with large, colored pictures of knights and robbers, in many of which latter you might read inscriptions to George Sedley Osborne, Esq., from his attached friend, William Dobbin—the which tokens of homage George received very graciously, as became his superior merit.

So that, when Lieutenant Osborne, coming to Russell-square on the day of the Vauxhall party, said to the ladies, "Mrs. Sedley, Ma'am, I hope you have room; I've asked Dobbin of ours to come and dine here, and go with us to Vauxhall. He's almost as modest as Jos."

"Modesty! pooh," said the stout gentleman, casting a *vainqueur* look at Miss Sharp.

"He is—but you are incomparably more graceful, Sedley," Osborne added, laughing. "I met him at the Bedford, when I went to look for you; and I told him Miss Amelia was come home, and that we were all bent on going out for a night's pleasuring; and that Mrs. Sedley had forgiven his breaking the punch-bowl at the child's party. Don't you remember the catastrophe, Ma'am, seven years ago?"

"Over Mrs. Flamingo's crimson silk gown," said good-natured Mrs. Sedley. "What a gawky it was! And his sisters are not much more graceful. Lady Dobbin was at Highbury last night with three of them. Such figures! my dears."

"The alderman's very rich, isn't he?" Osborne said, archly. "Don't you think one of the daughters would be a good spec for me, Ma'am?"

"You foolish creature! Who would take you, I should like to know, with your yellow face? And what can Alderman Dobbin have among fourteen?"

"Mine a yellow face? Stop till you see Dobbin. Why, he had the yellow fever three times; twice at Nassau, and once at St. Kitts."

"Well, well; yours is quite yellow enough for us. Isn't it, Emmy?" Mrs. Sedley said: at which speech Miss Amelia only made a smile and a blush; and looking at Mr. George Osborne's pale, interesting countenance, and those beautiful black, curling, shining whiskers, which the young gentleman himself regarded with no ordinary complacency, she thought in her little heart, that in His Majesty's army, or in the wide world, there never was such a face or such a hero. "I don't care about Captain Dobbin's complexion," she said, "or about his awkwardness. I shall always like him, I know;" her little reason being, that he was the friend and champion of George.

"There's not a finer fellow in the service," Osborne said, "nor a better officer, though he is not an Adonis, certainly." And he looked toward the glass himself with much *naïveté*; and in so doing, caught Miss Sharp's eye fixed keenly upon him, at which he blushed a little, and Rebecca thought in her heart, "*Ah, mon beau Monsieur!* I think I have your gage"—the little artful mixt!

That evening, when Amelia came tripping into the drawing-room in a white muslin frock, prepared for conquest at Vauxhall, singing like a lark, and as fresh as a rose—a very tall, ungainly gentleman, with large hands and feet, and large ears set off by a closely cropped head of black hair, and in the hideous, military frogged coat and cocked-hat of those times, advanced to meet her, and made her one of the clumsiest bows that was ever performed by a mortal.

This was no other than Captain William Dobbin, of His Majesty's — Regiment of Foot, returned from yellow fever, in the West Indies, to which the fortune of the service had ordered his regiment, while so many of his gallant comrades were reaping glory in the Peninsula.

He had arrived with a knock so very timid and quiet, that it was inaudible to the ladies up-stairs: otherwise, you may be sure Miss

Amelia would never have been so bold as to come singing into the room. As it was, the sweet, fresh little voice went straight to the captain's heart, and nestled there. When she held out her hand for him to shake, before he enveloped it in his own, he paused, and thought—"Well, is it possible—are you the little maid I remember in the pink frock, such a short time ago—the night I upset the punchbowl, just after I was gazetted. Are you the little girl that George Osborne said should marry him? What a blooming young creature you seem, and what a prize the rogue has got!" All this he thought, before he took Amelia's hand into his own, and as he let his cocked-hat fall.

His history since he left school, until the very moment when we have the pleasure of meeting him again, although not fully narrated, has yet, I think, been indicated sufficiently for an ingenious reader by the conversation in the last page. Dobbin, the despised grocer, was Alderman Dobbin—Alderman Dobbin was colonel of the City Light Horse, then burning with military ardor to resist the French invasion. Colonel Dobbin's corps, in which Mr. Osborne himself was but an indifferent corporal, had been reviewed by the sovereign and the Duke of York; and the colonel and alderman had been knighted. His son had entered the army: and young Osborne followed presently in the same regiment. They had served in the West Indies and in Canada. Their regiment had just come home, and the attachment of Dobbin to George Osborne was as warm and generous now, as it had been, when the two were schoolboys.

So these worthy people sat down to dinner presently. They talked about war and glory, and Boney and Lord Wellington, and the last gazette. In those famous days every gazette had a victory in it, and the two gallant young men longed to see their own names in the glorious list, and cursed their unlucky fate to belong to a regiment which had been away from the chances of honor. Miss Sharp kindled with this exciting talk, but Miss Sedley trembled and grew quite faint as she heard it. Mr. Joe told several of his tiger-hunting stories, finished the one about Miss Cutler and Lance the surgeon: helped Rebecca to every thing on the table, and himself gobbled and drank a great deal.

He sprang to open the door for the ladies, when they retired, with the most killing grace—and coming back to the table, filled himself bumper after bumper of claret, which he swallowed with nervous rapidity.

"He's priming himself," Osborne whispered to Dobbin, and at length the hour and the carriage arrived for Vauxhall.

CHAPTER VI.

VAUXHALL.

I know that the tune I am piping is a very mild one (although there are some terrific chapters coming presently), and must beg the good-natured reader to remember, that we are only discoursing at present, about a stock-broker's family in Russell-square, who are taking walks, or luncheon, or dinner, or talking and making love as people do in common life, and without a single passionate and wonderful incident to mark the progress of their loves. The argument stands thus—Osborne in love with Amelia, has asked an old friend to dinner and to Vauxhall—Jos Sedley is in love with Rebecca. Will he marry her? That is the great subject now in hand.

We might have treated this subject in the genteel, or in the romantic, or in the facetious manner. Suppose we had laid the scene in Grosvenor-square, with the very same adventures—would not some people have listened? Suppose we had shown how Lord Joseph Sedley fell in love, and the Marquis of Osborne became attached to Lady Amelia, with the full consent of the duke, her noble father: or instead of the supremely genteel, suppose we had resorted to the entirely low, and described what was going on in Mr. Sedley's kitchen; how black Sambo was in love with the cook (as indeed he was), and how he fought a battle with the coachman in her behalf; how the knife-boy was caught stealing a cold shoulder of mutton, and Miss Sedley's new *femme de chambre* refused to go to bed without a wax candle; such incidents might be made to provoke much delightful laughter, and be supposed to represent scenes of "life." Or if, on the contrary, we had taken a fancy for the terrible, and made the lover of the new *femme de chambre* a professional burglar, who bursts into the house with his band, slaughters black Sambo at the feet of his master, and carries off Amelia in her night-dress, not to be let loose again till the third volume, we should easily have constructed a tale of thrilling interest, through the fiery chapters of which the reader should hurry panting. Fancy this chapter having been headed

THE NIGHT ATTACK.

The night was dark and wild—the clouds black—black—ink-black. The wild wind tore the chimney-pots from the roofs of the old houses and sent the tiles whirling and crashing through the desolate streets. No soul braved that tempest—the watchmen shrank into their boxes, whither the searching rain followed them—where the crashing thunderbolt fell and destroyed them—one nad so been slain opposite the Foundling. A scorched gaberline, a shivered lantern,

a staff rent in twain by the flash, were all that remained of stout Will Steadfast. A hackney coachman had been blown off his coach-box, in Southampton Row—and whither? But the whirlwind tells no tidings of its victim, save his parting scream as he is borne onward! Horrible night! It was dark, pitch dark; no moon. No, no. No moon. Not a star. Not a little feeble, twinkling, solitary star. There had been one at early evening, but he showed his face, shuddering, for a moment in the black heaven, and then retreated back.

One, two, three! It is the signal that Black Vizard had agreed on.

"Mofy! is that your snum?" said a voice from the area. "I'll gully the dag and bimbole the clicky in a snuffkin."

"Nuffle your clod, and beladle your glum-banions," said Vizard, with a dreadful oath. "This way, men; if they scream, out with your snickers and slick! Look to the pewter room, Blowser. You, Mark, to the old gaff's mopus box! and I," added he, in a lower but more horrible voice, "I will look to Amelia!"

There was a dead silence. "Ha!" said Vizard, "was that the click of a pistol?"

Or suppose we adopted the genteel rose-water style. The Marquis of Osborne has just despatched his *petit tigre* with a *billet-doux* to the Lady Amelia.

The dear creature has received it from the hand of her *femme de chambre*, Made-moiselle Anastasie.

Dear Marquis! what amiable politeness! His lordship's note contains the wished-for invitation to Devonshire House!

"Who is that monstrous fine girl," said the *Semillant* Prince G—rge of C—mbr—dge, at a mansion in Piccadilly the same evening (having just arrived from the omnibus at the opera). "My dear Sedley, in the name of all the Cupids, introduce me to her!"

"Her name, *Monseigneur*," said Lord Joseph, bowing gravely, "is Sedley."

"*Vous avez alors un bien beau nom*," said the young prince, turning on his heel rather disappointed, and treading on the foot of an old gentleman who stood behind, in deep admiration of the beautiful Lady Amelia.

"*Trente mille tonnerres!*" shouted the victim, writhing under the *agonie du moment*.

"I beg a thousand pardons of your grace," said the young *étourdi*, blushing, and bending low his fair curls. He had trodden on the toe of the great captain of the age!

"Oh, Devonshire!" cried the young prince, to a tall and good-natured nobleman, whose features proclaimed him of the blood of the Cavendishes. "A word with you! Have you still a mind to part with your diamond necklace?"

"I have sold it for two hundred and fifty thousand pounds, to Prince Easterhazy here."

"*Und das war gar nicht theuer, potztausend!*" exclaimed the princely Hungarian, &c., &c., &c.

Thus you see, ladies, how this story *might* have been written, if the author had but a mind; for, to tell the truth, he is just as familiar with Newgate as with the palaces of our revered aristocracy, and has seen the outside of both. But as I don't understand the language or manners of the Rookery, nor that polyglot conversation which, according to the fashionable novelists, is spoken by the leaders of *ton*; we must, if you please, preserve our middle course modestly, amid those scenes and personages with which we are most familiar. In a word, this chapter about Vauxhall would have been so exceedingly short but for the above little disquisition, that it scarcely would have deserved to be called a chapter at all. And yet it is a chapter, and a very important one too. Are not there little chapters in every body's life, that seem to be nothing, and yet affect all the rest of the history?

Let us then step into the coach with the Russell-square party, and be off to the gardens. There is barely room between Jos and Miss Sharp, who are on the front seat. Mr. Osborne sitting bodkin opposite, between Captain Dobbin and Amelia.

Every soul in the coach agreed, that on that night, Jos would propose to make Rebecca Sharp Mrs. Sedley. The parents at home had acquiesced in the arrangement, though, between ourselves, old Mr. Sedley had a feeling very much akin to contempt for his son. He said he was vain, selfish, lazy, and effeminate. He could not endure his airs as a man of fashion, and laughed heartily at his pompous braggadocio stories. "I shall leave the fellow half my property," he said, "and he will have, besides, plenty of his own; but as I am perfectly sure that if you, and I, and his sister were to die tomorrow he would say 'Good Gad!' and eat his dinner just as well as usual, I am not going to make myself anxious about him. Let him marry whom he likes. It's no affair of mine."

Amelia, on the other hand, as became a young woman of her prudence and temperament, was quite enthusiastic for the match. Once or twice Jos had been on the point of saying something very important to her, to which she was most willing to lend an ear, but the fat fellow could not be brought to unbosom himself of his great secret, and very much to his sister's disappointment he only rid himself of a large sigh, and turned away.

This mystery served to keep Amelia's gentle bosom in a perpetual flutter of excitement. If she did not speak with Rebecca on the tender subject, she compensated herself with long and intimate conversations with Mrs. Blenkinsop, the housekeeper,

who dropped some hints to the lady's-maid, who may have cursorily mentioned it to the cook, who carried the news, I have no doubt, to all the tradesmen, so that Mr. Jos's marriage was now talked of by a very considerable number of persons in the Russell-square world.

It was, of course, Mrs. Sedley's opinion that her son would demean himself by a marriage with an artist's daughter. "But, lor', ma'am," ejaculated Mrs. Blenkinsop, "we was only grocers when we married Mr. S., who was a stock-broker's clerk, and we hadn't five hundred pounds among us, and we're rich enough now." And Amelia was entirely of this opinion, to which, gradually, the good-natured Mrs. Sedley was brought.

Mr. Sedley was neutral. "Let Jos marry whom he likes," he said; "it's no affair of mine. This girl has no fortune; no more had Mrs. Sedley. She seems good-humored and clever, and will keep him in order, perhaps. Better she, my dear, than a black Mrs. Sedley, and a dozen of mahogany grandchildren."

So that every thing seemed to smile upon Rebecca's fortunes. She took Jos's arm, as a matter of course, on going to dinner; she had sate by him on the box of his open carriage (a most tremendous "buck" he was, as he sat there, serene, in state, driving his grays), and though nobody said a word on the subject of the marriage, every body seemed to understand it. All she wanted was the proposal, and ah! how Rebecca now felt the want of a mother! a dear, tender mother, who would have managed the business in ten minutes, and, in the course of a little delicate confidential conversation, would have extracted the interesting avowal from the bashful lips of the young man!

Such was the state of affairs as the carriage crossed Westminster Bridge.

The party was landed at the Royal Gardens in due time. As the majestic Jos stepped out of the creaking vehicle the crowd gave a cheer for the fat gentleman, who blushed and looked very big and mighty, as he walked away with Rebecca under his arm. George, of course, took charge of Amelia. She looked as happy as a rose-tree in sunshine.

"I say, Dobbin," says George, "just look to the shawls and things, there's a good fellow." And so while he paired off with Miss Sedley, and Jos squeezed through the gate into the gardens with Rebecca at his side, honest Dobbin contented himself by giving an arm to the shawls, and by paying at the door for the whole party.

He walked very modestly behind them. He was not willing to spoil sport. About Rebecca and Jos he did not care a fig. But he thought Amelia worthy even of the brilliant George Osborne, and as he saw that good-looking couple, threading the walks to

the girl's delight and wonder, he watched her artless happiness with a sort of fatherly pleasure. Perhaps he felt that he would have liked to have something on his own arm besides a shawl (the people laughed at seeing the gawky young officer carrying this female burthen); but William Dobbin was very little addicted to selfish calculation at all; and so long as his friend was enjoying himself, how should he be discontented? And the truth is, that of all the delights of the gardens; of the hundred thousand *extra* lamps, which were always lighted; the fiddlers, in cocked hats, who played ravishing melodies under the gilded cockle-shell in the midst of the gardens; the singers, both of comic and sentimental ballads, who charmed the ears there; the country dances, formed by bouncing cockneys and cockneyesses, and executed amid jumping, thumping, and laughter; the signal which announced that Madame Saqui was about to mount skyward on a slack-rope ascending to the stars; the hermit that always sat in the illuminated hermitage; the dark walks, so favorable to the interviews of young lovers; the pots of stout handed about by the people in the shabby old liveries; and the twinkling boxes, in which the happy feasters made-believe to eat slices of almost invisible ham; of all these things, and of the gentle Simpson, that kind smiling idiot, who, I dare say, presided even then over the place—Captain William Dobbin did not take the slightest notice.

He carried about Amelia's white cashmere shawl, and having attended under the gilt cockle-shell, while Mrs. Salmon performed the Battle of Borodino (a savage cantata against the Corsican upstart, who had lately met with his Russian reverses)—Mr. Dobbin tried to hum it as he walked away, and found he was humming—the tune which Amelia Sedley sang on the stairs, as she came down to dinner.

He burst out laughing at himself; for the truth is, he could sing no better than an owl.

It is to be understood, as a matter of course, that our young people, being in parties of two and two, made the most solemn promises to keep together during the evening, and separated in ten minutes afterward. Parties at Vauxhall always did separate, but 'twas only to meet again at supper-time, when they could talk of their mutual adventures in the interval.

What were the adventures of Mr. Osborne and Miss Amelia? That is a secret. But be sure of this—they were perfectly happy, and correct in their behavior; and as they had been in the habit of being together any time these fifteen years, their *tête-à-tête* offered no particular novelty.

But when Miss Rebecca Sharp and her stout companion lost themselves in a solitary

walk, in which there were not above five score more of couples similarly straying, they both felt that the situation was extremely tender and critical, and now or never was the moment, Miss Sharp thought, to provoke that declaration which was trembling on the timid lips of Mr. Sedley. They had previously been to the panorama of Moscow, where a rude fellow, treading on Miss Sharp's foot, caused her to fall back with a little shriek into the arms of Mr. Sedley, and this little incident increased the tenderness and confidence of that gentleman to such a degree, that he told her several of his favorite Indian stories over again for, at least, the sixth time.

"How I should like to see India!" said Rebecca.

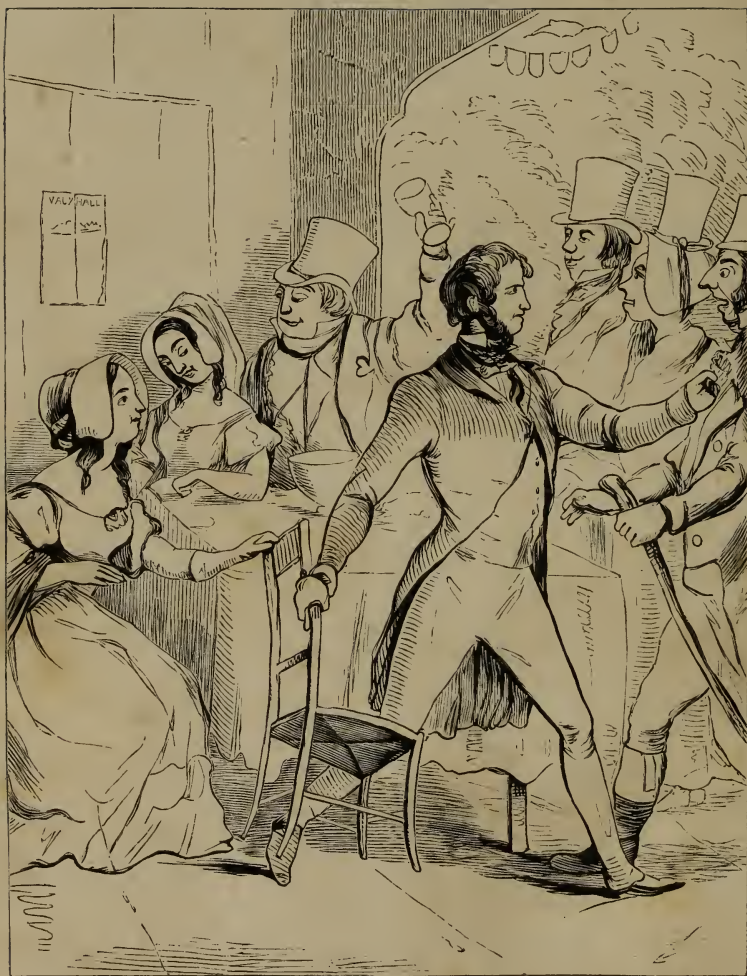
"Should you?" said Joseph, with a most killing tenderness; and was no doubt about to follow up this artful interrogatory by a question still more tender (for he puffed and panted a great deal, and Rebecca's hand, which was placed near his heart, could count the feverish pulsations of that organ), when, oh, provoking! the bell rang for the fireworks, and a great scuffling and running taking place, these interesting lovers were obliged to follow in the stream of the people.

Captain Dobbin had some thoughts of joining the party at supper; as, in truth, he found the Vauxhall amusement not particularly lively—but he paraded twice before the box where the now united couples were met, and nobody took any notice of him. Covers were laid for four. The mated pairs were prattling away quite happily, and Dobbin knew he was as clean forgotten as if he had never existed in this world.

"I should only be *de trop*," said the captain, looking at them rather wistfully. "I'd best go and talk to the hermit"—and so he strolled off out of the hum of men, and noise, and clatter of the banquet, into the dark walk, at the end of which lived that well-known pasteboard solitary. It wasn't very good fun for Dobbin—and, indeed, to be alone at Vauxhall, I have found, from my own experience, to be one of the most dismal sports ever entered into by a bachelor.

The two couples were perfectly happy then in their box: where the most delightful and intimate conversation took place. Jos was in his glory; ordering about the waiters with great majesty. He made the salad; and uncorked the champagne; and carved the chickens; and ate and drank the greater part of the refreshments on the tables. Finally, he insisted upon having a bowl of rack punch; every body had rack punch at Vauxhall. "Waiter, rack punch."

That bowl of rack punch was the cause of all this history. And why not a bowl of rack punch as well as any other cause? Was not a bowl of prussic acid the cause of fair Rosamond's retiring from the world?



MR. JOSEPH IN A STATE OF EXCITEMENT (p. 33.)

Was not a bowl of wine the cause of the demise of Alexander the Great, or at least, does not Dr. Lempriere say so?—so did this bowl of rack punch influence the fates of all the principal characters in this “Novel without a Hero,” which we are now relating. It influenced their life, although most of them did not taste a drop of it.

The young ladies did not drink it; Osborne did not like it; and the consequence was that Jos, that fat *gourmand* drank up the whole contents of the bowl; and the consequence of his drinking up the whole contents of the bowl was, a liveliness which was at first astonishing, and then became almost painful; for he talked and laughed so loud as to bring scores of listeners round the box, much to the confusion of the innocent party within it; and, volunteering to sing a song (which he did in that maudlin high-key peculiar to gentlemen in an inebriated state), he almost drew away the audience who were gathered round the musicians in the gilt scollop-shell, and received from his hearers a great deal of applause.

“Brayvo, fat ‘un!” said one; “Angcore, Daniel Lambert!” said another; “What a figure for the tight-rope!” exclaimed another wag, to the inexpressible alarm of the ladies, and the great anger of Mr. Osborne.

“For Heaven’s sake, Jos, let us get up and go,” cried that gentleman, and the young women rose.

“Stop, my dearest diddle-diddle-darling,” shouted Jos, now as bold as a lion, and clasp- ing Miss Rebecca round the waist. Rebecca started, but she could not get away her hand. The laughter outside redoubled. Jos continued to drink, to make love, and to sing; and winking and waving his glass gracefully to his audience, challenged all or any to come in and take a share of his punch.

Mr. Osborne was just on the point of knocking down a gentleman in top-boots, who proposed to take advantage of this invitation, and a commotion seemed to be inevitable, when, by the greatest good luck, a gentleman by the name of Dobbin, who had been walking about the gardens, stepped up to the box. “Be off, you foolth!” said this gentleman—shouldering off a great number of the crowd, who vanished presently before his cocked hat and fierce appearance—and he entered the box in a most agitated state.

“Good Heavens! Dobbin, where *have* you been?” Osborne said, seizing the white cashmere shawl from his friend’s arm, and huddling up Amelia in it. “Make yourself useful and take charge of Jos here, while I take the ladies to the carriage.”

Jos was for rising to interfere—but a single push from Osborne’s finger sent him puffing back into his seat again, and the lieutenant was enabled to remove the ladies in safety. Jos kissed his hand to them as they retreated, and hiccupped out, Bless you! Bless you!

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Then, seizing Captain Dobbin’s hand, and weeping in the most pitiful way, he confided to that gentleman the secret of his loves. He adored that girl who had just gone out; he had broken her heart, he knew he had, by his conduct; he would marry her next morning, at St. George’s, Hanover-square; he’d knock up the Archbishop of Canterbury, at Lambeth: he would, by Jove! and have him in readiness; and, acting on this hint, Captain Dobbin shrewdly induced him to leave the gardens and hasten to Lambeth palace, and, when once out of the gates, easily conveyed this fat bacchanalian into a hackney-coach, which deposited him safely at his lodgings.

George Osborne conducted the girls home in safety: and when the door was closed upon them, and as he walked across Russell-square, laughed so as to astonish the watchman. Amelia looked very ruefully at her friend, as they went up-stairs, and kissed her, and went to bed without any more talking.

“He must propose to-morrow,” thought Rebecca. “He called me his soul’s darling, four times; he squeezed my hand in Amelia’s presence. He must propose, to-morrow.” And so thought Amelia, too. And I dare say she thought of the dress she was to wear as bride’s-maid, and of the presents which she should make to her nice little sister-in-law, and of a subsequent ceremony in which she herself might play a principal part. &c., and &c., and &c., and &c.

Oh, ignorant young creatures! How little do you know of the effect of rack-punch! What is the rack in the punch, at night, to the rack in the head of a morning? To this truth I can vouch, as a man: there is no headache in the world like that caused by Vauxhall punch. Through the lapse of twenty years, I can remember the consequence of two glasses!—two wine-glasses!—but two, upon the honor of a gentleman; and Joseph Sedley, who had a liver complaint, had swallowed at least a quart of the abominable mixture.

That next morning, which Rebecca thought was to dawn upon her fortune, found Sedley groaning in agonies which the pen refuses to describe. Soda-water was not invented yet. Small beer—will it be believed?—was the only drink with which unhappy gentlemen soothed the fever of their previous night’s potation. With this mild beverage before him, George Osborne found the ex-collector of Boggley Wollah groaning on the sofa at his lodgings. Dobbin was already in the room, good-naturedly tending his patient of the night before. The two officers looking at the prostrate bacchanalian, and askance at each other, exchanged the most frightful sympathetic grins. Even Sedley’s valet,

the most solemn and correct of gentlemen, with the muteness and gravity of an undertaker, could hardly keep his countenance in order, as he looked at his unfortunate master.

"Mr. Sedley was uncommon wild last night, sir," he whispered in confidence to Osborne, as the latter mounted the stair. "He wanted to fight the hackney-coachman, sir. The captivg was obliged to bring him up stairs in his harms like a baby." A momentary smile flickered over Mr. Brush's features as he spoke; instantly, however, they relapsed into their usual unfathomable calm, as he flung open the drawing-room door, and announced "Mr. Hosbin."

"How are you, Sedley?" that young wag began, after surveying his victim. "No bones broke? There's a hackney-coachman down stairs with a black eye, and a tied up head, vowing he'll have the law of you."

"What do you mean—law?" Sedley faintly asked.

"For thrashing him last night—didn't he, Dobbin? You hit out, sir, like Molyneux. The watchman says he never saw a fellow go down so straight. Ask Dobbin."

"You *did* have a round with the coachman," Captain Dobbin said, "and showed plenty of fight too."

"And that fellow with a white coat at Vauxhall! How Jos drove at him! How the women screamed! By Jove, sir, it did my heart good to see you. I thought you civilians had no pluck; but *I'll* never get in your way when you are in your cups, Jos."

"I believe I'm very terrible, when I'm roused," ejaculated Jos from the sofa, and made a grimace so dreary and ludicrous, that the captain's politeness could restrain him no longer, and he and Osborne fired off a ringing volley of laughter.

Osborne pursued his advantage pitilessly. He thought Jos a milksop. He had been revolving in his mind the marriage question pending between Jos and Rebecca, and was not over-well pleased that a member of a family into which he, George Osborne, of the —th, was going to marry, should make a *mésalliance* with a little nobody—a little upstart governess. "You hit, you poor old fellow!" said Osborne. "You terrible! Why, man, you couldn't stand—you made every body laugh in the gardens, though you were crying yourself. You were maudlin, Jos. Don't you remember singing a song?"

"A what?" Jos asked.

"A sentimental song, and calling Rosa, Rebecca, what's her name, Amelia's little friend—your dearest diddle-diddle-darling?" And this ruthless young fellow, seizing hold of Dobbin's hand, acted over the scene, to the horror of the original performer, and in spite of Dobbin's good-natured entreaties to him to have mercy.

"Why should I spare him?" Osborne

said to his friend's remonstrances, when they quitted the invalid, leaving him under the hands of Doctor Glauber. "What the deuce right has he to give himself his patronizing airs, and make fools of us at Vauxhall? Who's this little school-girl that is ogling and making love to him? Hang it, the family's low enough already, without *her*. A governess is all very well, but I'd rather have a lady for my sister-in-law. I'm a liberal man: but I've proper pride, and know my own station: let her know hers. And I'll take down that great hectoring nabob, and prevent him from being made a greater fool than he is. That's why I told him to look out, lest she brought an action against him."

"I suppose you know best," Dobbin said, though rather dubiously. "You always were a Tory, and your family's one of the oldest in England. But"—

"Come and see the girls, and make love to Miss Sharp yourself," the lieutenant here interrupted his friend; but Captain Dobbin declined to join Osborne in his daily visit to the young ladies in Russell-square.

As he walked down Southampton-row, from Holborn, he laughed as he saw, at the Sedley mansion, in two different stories, two heads on the look-out.

The fact is, Miss Amelia, in the drawing-room balcony, was looking very eagerly toward the opposite side of the square, where Mr. Osborne dwelt, on the watch for the lieutenant himself; and Miss Sharp, from her little bed-room on the second floor, was in observation until Mr. Joseph's great form should heave in sight.

"Sister Anne is on the watch-tower," said he to Amelia, "but there's nobody coming;" and laughing and enjoying the joke hugely, he described in the most ludicrous terms to Miss Sedley, the dismal condition of her brother.

"I think it's very cruel of you to laugh, George," she said, looking particularly unhappy; but George only laughed the more at her piteous and discomforted mien, persisted in thinking the joke a most diverting one, and when Miss Sharp came down stairs, bantered her with a great deal of liveliness upon the effect of her charms on the fat civilian.

"O Miss Sharp! if you could but see him this morning," he said, "moaning in his flowered dressing-gown—writhing on his sofa; if you could but see him lolling out his tongue to Glauber the apothecary."

"See whom?" said Miss Sharp.

"Whom? O whom? Captain Dobbin, of course, to whom we were all so attentive, by the way, last night."

"We were very unkind to him," Emmy said, blushing very much. "I—I quite forgot him."

"Of course you did," cried Osborne, still

on the laugh. "One can't be *always* thinking about Dobbin, you know, Amelia. Can one Miss Sharp?"

"Except when he overset the glass of wine at dinner," Miss Sharp said, with a haughty air, and a toss of the head, "I never gave the existence of Captain Dobbin one single moment's consideration."

"Very good, Miss Sharp, I'll tell him," Osborne said; and as he spoke Miss Sharp began to have a feeling of distrust and hatred toward this young officer, which he was quite unconscious of having inspired. "*He* is to make fun of me, is he?" thought Rebecca. "Has he been laughing about me to Joseph? Has he frightened him? Perhaps he won't come." A film passed over her eyes, and her heart beat quite thick.

"You're always joking," said she, smiling, as innocently as she could. "Joke away, Mr. George; there's nobody to defend *me*." And George Osborne, as she walked away—and Amelia looked reprovingly at him—felt some little manly compunction for having inflicted any unnecessary unkindness upon this helpless creature. "My dearest Amelia," said he, "you are too good—too kind. You don't know the world. I do. And your little friend Miss Sharp must learn her station."

"Don't you think Jos will—"

"Upon my word, my dear, I don't know. He may, or may not. I'm not his master. I only know he is a very, foolish vain fellow, and put my dear little girl into a very painful and awkward position last night. My dearest diddle—diddle—darling!" He was off laughing again; and he did it so drolly that Emmy laughed too.

All that day Jos never came. But Amelia had no fear about this; for the little schemer had actually sent away the page, Mr. Sambo's aid-de-camp, to Mr. Joseph's lodgings, to ask for some book he had promised, and how he was; and the reply through Jos's man, Mr. Brush, was, that his master was ill in bed, and had just had the doctor with him. He must come to-morrow, she thought, but she never had the courage to speak a word on the subject to Rebecca; nor did that young woman herself allude to it in any way during the whole evening after the night at Vauxhall.

The next day, however, as the two young ladies sate on the sofa, pretending to work, or to write letters, or to read novels, Sambo came into the room with his usual engaging grin, with a packet under his arm, and a note on a tray. "Note from Mr. Jos, Miss," says Sambo.

How Amelia trembled as she opened it!

So it ran:—

"DEAR AMELIA—I send you the Orphan of the Forest. I was too ill to come yesterday. I leave town to-day for Cheltenham.

Pray excuse me, if you can, to the amiable Miss Sharp, for my conduct at Vauxhall, and entreat her to pardon and forget every word I may have uttered when excited by that fatal supper. As soon as I have recovered, for my health is very much shaken, I shall go to Scotland for some months, and am

"Truly yours,

"JOS. SEDLEY."

It was the death-warrant. All was over. Amelia did not dare to look at Rebecca's pale face and burning eyes, but she dropped the letter into her friend's lap; and got up, and went up-stairs to her room, and cried her little heart out.

Blenkinsop, the housekeeper, there sought her presently with consolation; on whose shoulder Amelia wept confidently, and relieved herself a good deal. "Don't take on, Miss. I didn't like to tell you. But none of us in the house have liked her except at first. I sor her with my own eyes reading your Ma's letters. Pinner says she's always about your trinket-box and drawers, and every body's drawers, and she's sure she's put your white ribbing into her box."

"I gave it her, I gave it her," Amelia said.

But this did not alter Mrs. Blenkinsop's opinion of Miss Sharp. "I don't trust them governesses, Pinner, they're neither one thing nor t'other. They give themselves the hairs and hupstarts of ladies, and their wages is no better than you nor me."

It now became clear to every soul in the house, except poor Amelia, that Rebecca should take her departure, and high and low (always with the one exception) agreed that that event should take place as speedily as possible. Our good child ransacked all her drawers, cupboards, reticules, and gim-crack boxes—passed in review all her gowns, fichus, tags, bobbins, laces, silk stockings, and fallals—selecting this thing and that and the other, to make a little heap for Rebecca. And going to her papa, that generous British merchant, who had promised to give her as many guineas as she was years old—she begged the old gentleman to give the money to dear Rebecca, who must want it, while she lacked for nothing.

She even made George Osborne contribute, and nothing loth (for he was as free-handed a young fellow as any in the army), he went to Bond-street, and bought the best hat and spencer that money could buy.

"That's George's present to you, Rebecca, dear," said Amelia, quite proud of the handbox conveying these gifts. "What a taste he has! There's nobody like him."

"Nobody," Rebecca answered. "How thankful I am to him!" She was thinking in her heart, "It was George Osborne who

prevented my marriage. And she loved George Osborne accordingly.

She made her preparations for departure with great equanimity; and accepted all the kind little Amelia's presents, after just the proper degree of hesitation and reluctance. She vowed eternal gratitude to Mrs. Sedley, of course; but did not intrude herself upon that good lady too much, who was embarrassed, and evidently wishing to avoid her. She kissed Mr. Sedley's hand, when he presented her with the purse; and asked permission to consider him for the future as her kind, kind friend and protector. Her behavior was so affecting that he was going to write her a check for twenty pounds more; but he restrained his feelings: the carriage was in waiting to take him to dinner: so he tripped away with a "God bless you, my dear. Always come here when you come to town, you know. Drive to the Mansion House, James."

"Finally came the parting with Miss Amelia, over which picture I intend to throw a veil. But after a scene in which one person was in earnest and the other a perfect performer—after the tenderest caresses, the most pathetic tears, the smelling-bottle, and some of the very best feelings of the heart, had been called into requisition—Rebecca and Amelia parted, the former vowing to love her friend forever and ever and ever.

CHAPTER VII.

CRAWLEY OF QUEEN'S CRAWLEY.

AMONG the most respected of the names beginning in C, which the Court-Guide contained, in the year 18—, was that of Crawley, Sir Pitt, Baronet, Great Gaunt-street, and Queen's Crawley, Hants. This honorable name had figured constantly also in the parliamentary list for many years, in conjunction with that of a number of other worthy gentlemen who sat in turns for the borough.

It is related, with regard to the borough of Queen's Crawley, that Queen Elizabeth in one of her progresses, stopping at Crawley to breakfast, was so delighted with some remarkably fine Hampshire beer which was then presented to her by the Crawley of the day (a handsome gentleman with a trim beard and a good leg), that she forthwith erected Crawley into a borough to send two members to parliament; and the place, from the day of that illustrious visit, took the name of Queen's Crawley, which it holds up to the present moment. And though by the lapse of time, and those mutations which ages produce in empires, cities, and boroughs, Queen's Crawley was no longer so populous

as it had been in Queen Bess's time—nay, was come down to that condition of borough which used to be denominated rotten—yet, as Sir Pitt Crawley would say with perfect justice in his elegant way, "Rotten! be hanged—it produces me a good fifteen hundred a year."

Sir Pitt Crawley (named after the great commoner), was the son of Walpole Crawley, first baronet, of the Tape and Sealing-Wax Office in the reign of George II., when he was impeached for peculation, as were a great number of other honest gentlemen of those days; and Walpole Crawley was, as need scarcely be said, son of John Churchill Crawley, named after the celebrated military commander of the reign of Queen Anne. The family tree (which hangs up at Queen's Crawley), furthermore mentions Charles Stuart, afterward called Barebones Crawley's son, the Crawley of James the First's time, and finally, Queen Elizabeth's Crawley, who is represented as the foreground of the picture in his forked beard and armor. Out of his waistcoat, as usual, grows a tree, on the main branches of which the above illustrious names are inscribed. Close by the name of Sir Pitt Crawley, Baronet (the subject of the present memoir), are written that of his brother, the Reverend Bute Crawley (the great commoner was in disgrace when the reverend gentleman was born), rector of Crawley-cum-Snailby, and of various other male and female members of the Crawley family.

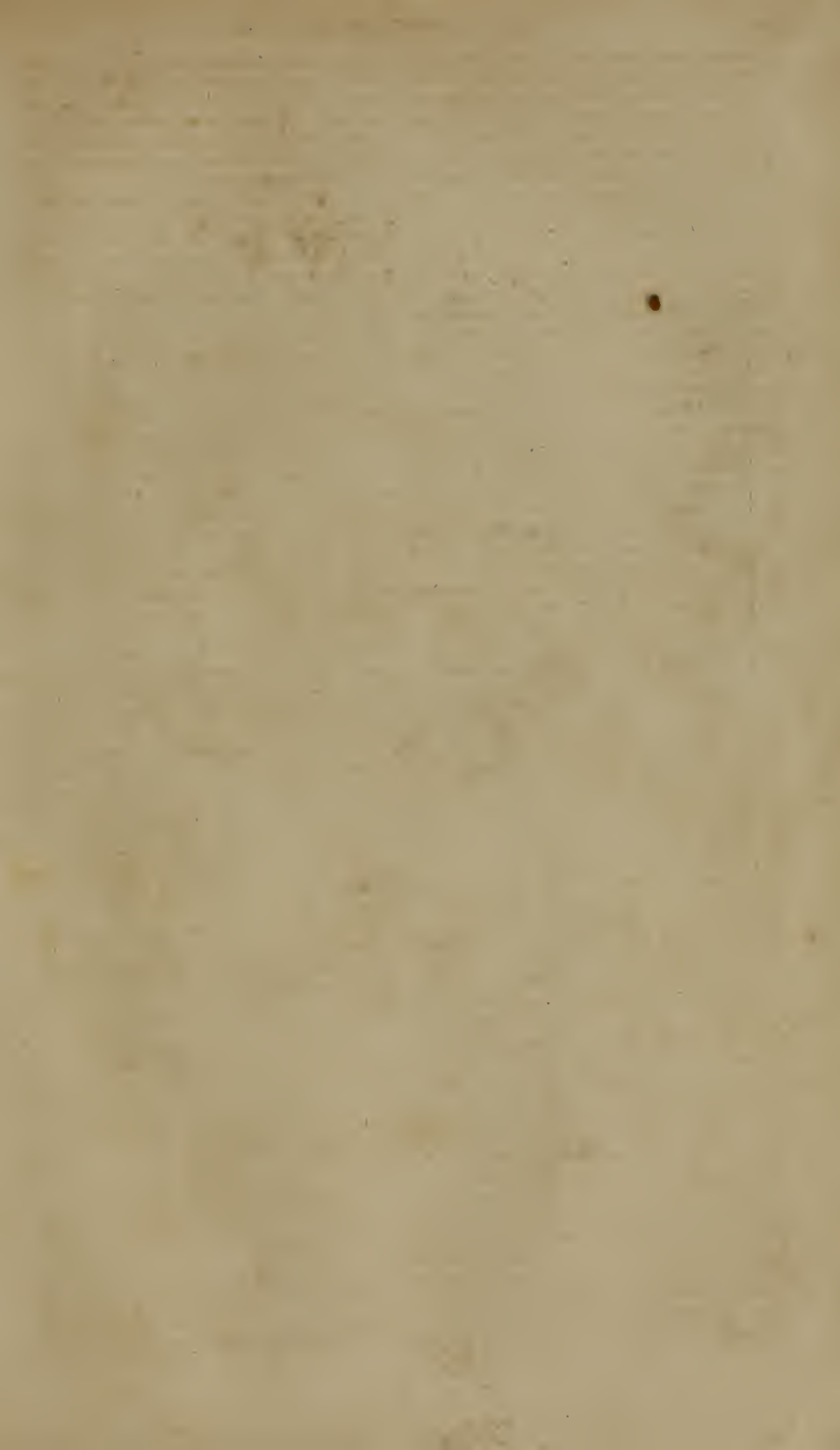
Sir Pitt was first married to Grizzel, sixth daughter of Mungo Binkie, Lord Binkie, and cousin, in consequence of Mr. Dundas. She brought him two sons: Pitt, named not so much after his father as after the heaven-born minister; and Rawdon Crawley, from the Prince of Wales's friend, whom his Majesty George IV. forgot so completely. Many years after her ladyship's demise, Sir Pitt led to the altar Rosa, daughter of Mr. G. Grafton of Mudbury, by whom he had two daughters, for whose benefit Miss Rebecca Sharp was now engaged as governess. It will be seen that the young lady was come into a family of very genteel connections, and was about to move in a much more distinguished circle than that humble one which she had just quitted in Russell-square.

She had received her orders to join her pupils, in a note which was written upon an old envelope, and which contained the following words—

"Sir Pitt Crawley begs Miss Sharp and baggidge may be hear on Tuesday, as I leaf for Queen's Crawley to-morrow morning *erly*.

"Great Gaunt Street."

Rebecca had never seen a baronet, as far as she knew, and as soon as she had taken





REBECCA MAKES ACQUAINTANCE WITH A LIVE BARONET (p. 37.)

leave of Amelia, and counted the guineas which good-natured Mr. Sedley had put into a purse for her, and as soon as she had done wiping her eyes with her handkerchief (which operation she concluded the very moment the carriage had turned the corner of the street), she began to depict in her own mind what a baronet must be. "I wonder, does he wear a star?" thought she, "or is it only lords that wear stars? But he will be very handsomely dressed in a court suit, with ruffles, and his hair a little powdered, like Mr. Wroughton at Covent Garden. I suppose he will be awfully proud, and that I shall be treated most contemptuously. Still I must bear my hard lot as well as I can—at least, I shall be among *gentlefolks*, and not with vulgar city people:" and she fell to thinking of her Russell-square friends with that very same philosophical bitterness with which, in a certain apologue, the fox is represented as speaking of the grapes.

Having passed through Shiverly-square into Great Gaunt-street, the carriage at length stopped at a tall, gloomy house between two other tall, gloomy houses, each with a hatchment over the middle drawing-room window; as is the custom of houses in Great Gaunt-street, in which gloomy locality death seems to reign perpetual. The shutters of the first floor windows of Sir Pitt's mansion were closed—those of the dining room were partially open, and the blinds neatly covered up in old newspapers.

John, the groom, who had driven the carriage alone, did not care to descend to ring the bell; and so prayed a passing milk-boy to perform that office for him. When the bell was rung, a head appeared between the interstices of the dining-room shutters, and the door was opened by a man in drab breeches and gaiters, with a dirty old coat, a foul old neckcloth lashed round his bristly neck, a shining bald head, a leering red face, a pair of twinkling gray eyes, and a mouth perpetually on the grin.

"This Sir Pitt Crawley's?" says John, from the box.

"Ees," says the man at the door, with a nod.

"Hand down these 'ere trunks, then," said John.

"Hand 'n down yourself," said the porter.

"Don't you see I can't leave my hosses? Come, bear a hand, my fine feller, and Miss will give you some beer," said John, with a horse-laugh, for he was no longer respectful to Miss Sharp, as her connection with the family was broken off, and as she had given nothing to the servants on coming away.

The bald-headed man, taking his hands out of his breeches pockets, advanced on this summons, and throwing Miss Sharp's trunk over his shoulder, carried it into the house.

"Take this basket and shawl, if you please, and open the door," said Miss Sharp, and

descended from the carriage in much indignation. "I shall write to Mr. Sedley and inform him of your conduct," said she to the groom.

"Don't," replied that functionary. "I hope you've forgot nothink? Miss 'Melia's gownds—have you got them—as the lady's-maid was to have 'ad? I hope they'll fit you. Shut the door, Jim, you'll get no good out of 'er," continued John, pointing with his thumb toward Miss Sharp: "a bad lot, I tell you, a bad lot," and so saying, Mr. Sedley's groom drove away. The truth is, he was attached to the lady's-maid in question, and indignant that she should have been robbed of her perquisites.

On entering the dining-room, by the orders of the individual in gaiters, Rebecca found that apartment not more cheerful than such rooms usually are, when genteel families are out of town. The faithful chambers seem, as it were, to mourn the absence of their masters. The Turkey carpet has rolled itself up, and retired sulkily under the sideboard: the pictures have hidden their faces behind old sheets of brown paper: the ceiling lamp is muffled up in a dismal sack of brown holland: the window-curtains have disappeared under all sorts of shabby envelopes: the marble bust of Sir Walpole Crawley is looking from its black corner at the bare boards and the oiled fire-irons, and the empty card-racks over the mantel-piece: the cellaret has lurked away behind the carpet: the chairs are turned up heads and tails along the walls: and in the dark corner opposite the statue, is an old-fashioned crabbed knife-box, locked and sitting on a dumb waiter.

Two kitchen chairs, and a round table, and an attenuated old poker and tongs were, however, gathered round the fireplace, as was a saucepan over a feeble sputtering fire. There was a bit of cheese and bread, and a tin candlestick on the table, and a little black porter in a pint-pot.

"Had your dinner? I suppose. It is not too warm for you? Like a drop of beer?"

"Where is Sir Pitt Crawley?" asked Miss Sharp majestically.

"He, he! I be Sir Pitt Crawley. Re-lect you owe me a pint for bringing down your luggage. He, he! Ask Tinker if I baynt. Mrs. Tinker, Miss Sharp; Miss Governess, Mrs. Charwoman. Ho, ho!"

The lady addressed as Mrs. Tinker, at this moment made her appearance with a pipe and a paper of tobacco, for which she had been dispatched a minute before Miss Sharp's arrival; and she handed the articles over to Sir Pitt, who had taken his seat by the fire.

"Where's the farden?" said he. "I gave you three halfpence. Where's the change? old Tinker."

"There!" replied Mrs. Tinker, flinging

down the coin; "it's only baronets as cares about farthings."

"A farthing a day is seven shillings a year," answered the M.P.; "seven shillings a year is the interest of seven guineas. Take care of your farthings, old Tinker, and your guineas will come quite nat'ral."

"You may be sure it's Sir Pitt Crawley, young woman," said Mrs. Tinker, surlily; "because he looks to his farthings. You'll know him better afore long."

"And like me none the worse, Miss Sharp," said the old gentleman, with an air almost of politeness. "I must be just before I'm generous."

"He never gave away a farthing in his life," growled Tinker.

"Never, and never will: it's against my principle. Go and get another chair from the kitchen, Tinker, if you want to sit down; and then we'll have a bit of supper."

Presently the baronet plunged a fork into the saucepan on the fire, and withdrew from the pot a piece of tripe and an onion, which he divided into pretty equal portions, and of which he partook with Mrs. Tinker. "You see, Miss Sharp, when I'm not here, Tinker's on board wages: when I'm in town, she dines with the family. Haw! haw! I'm glad Miss Sharp's not hungry, ain't you, Tink?" And they fell to upon their frugal supper.

After supper, Sir Pitt Crawley began to smoke his pipe; and when it became quite dark, he lighted the rushlight in the tin candlestick, and producing from an interminable pocket a huge mass of papers, began reading them, and putting them in order.

"I'm here on law business, my dear, and that's how it happens that I shall have the pleasure of such a pretty traveling companion to-morrow."

"He's always at law business," said Mrs. Tinker, taking up the pot of porter.

"Drink and drink about," said the baronet. "Yes, my dear, Tinker is quite right: I've lost and won more lawsuits than any man in England. Look here at Crawley, Bart. v. Snaffle. I'll throw him over, or my name's not Pitt Crawley. Podder and another versus Crawley, Bart. Overseers of Snaily parish against Crawley, Bart. They can't prove it's common: I'll defy 'em; the land's mine. It no more belongs to the parish than it does to you or Tinker here. I'll beat 'em, if it cost me a thousand guineas. Look over the papers; you may if you like, my dear. Do you write a good hand? I'll make you useful when we're at Queen's Crawley, depend on it, Miss Sharp. Now the dowager's dead, I want some one."

"She was as bad as he," said Tinker. "She took the law of every one of her tradesmen; and turned away forty-eight footmen in four year."

"She was close--very close," said the

orphan, simply; "but she was a valyble woman to me, and saved me a steward." And in this confidential strain, and much to the amusement of the new-comer, the conversation continued for a considerable time. Whatever Sir Pitt Crawley's qualities might be, good or bad, he did not make the least disguise of them. He talked of himself incessantly, sometimes in the coarsest and vulgarst Hampshire accent; sometimes adopting the tone of a man of the world. And so, with injunctions to Miss Sharp to be ready at five in the morning, he bade her good night. "You'll sleep with Tinker to-night," he said; "It's a big bed, and there's room for two. Lady Crawley died in it. Good night."

Sir Pitt went off after this benediction, and the solemn Tinker, rushlight in hand, led the way up the great, bleak, stone stairs, past the great, dreary drawing-room doors, with the handles muffled up in paper, into the great, front bed-room, where Lady Crawley had slept her last. The bed and chamber were so funereal and gloomy, you might have fancied, not only that Lady Crawley died in the room, but that her ghost inhabited it. Rebecca sprang about the apartment, however, with the greatest liveliness, and had peeped into the huge wardrobes, and the closets, and the cupboards, and tried the drawers which were locked, and examined the dreary pictures and toilet appointments, while the old charwoman was saying her prayers. "I shouldn't like to sleep in this yeer bed without a good conscience, Miss," said the old woman. "There's room for us and a half-dozen of ghosts in it," says Rebecca. "Tell me all about Lady Crawley and Sir Pitt Crawley, and every body, my dear Mrs. Tinker."

But old Tinker was not to be pumped by this little cross-questioner; and signifying to her that bed was a place for sleeping, not conversation, set up in her corner of the bed such a snore as only the nose of innocence can produce. Rebecca lay awake for a long, long time, thinking of the morrow, and of the new world into which she was going, and of her chances of success there. The rushlight flickered in the basin. The mantel-piece cast up a great, black shadow, over half of a mouldy old sampler, which her defunct ladyship had worked, no doubt, and over two little family pictures of young lads, one in a college gown, and the other in a red jacket, like a soldier. When she went to sleep, Rebecca chose that one to dream about.

At four o'clock, on such a roseate summer's morning as even made Great Gauntstreet look cheerful, the faithful Tinker, having wakened her bed-fellow, and bid her prepare for departure, unbarred and unbolted the great hall door (the clanging and clap

ping whereof startled the sleeping echoes in the street), and taking her way into Oxford-street, summoned a coach from the stand there. It is needless to particularize the number of the vehicle, or to state that the driver was stationed thus early in the neighborhood of Swallow-street, in hopes that some young buck, reeling homeward from the tavern, might need the aid of his vehicle, and pay him with the generosity of intoxication.

It is likewise needless to say, that the driver, if he had any such hopes as those stated, was grossly disappointed; and that the worthy baronet whom he drove to the city did not give him one single penny more than his fare. It was in vain that Jehu appeared and stormed; that he flung down Miss Sharp's handboxes in the gutter at the 'Necks, and swore he would take the law of his fare.

"You'd better not," said one of the ostlers; "it's Sir Pitt Crawley."

"So it is, Joe," cried the baronet, approvingly; "and I'd like to see the man can do me."

"So should oi," said Joe, grinning sulkily, and mounting the baronet's baggage on the roof of the coach.

"Keep the box for me, Leader," exclaims the member of Parliament to the coachman; who replied, "Yes, Sir Pitt," with a touch of his hat, and rage in his soul (for he had promised the box to a young gentleman from Cambridge, who would have given a crown to a certainty), and Miss Sharp was accommodated with a back seat inside the carriage, which may be said to be carrying her into the wide world.

How the young man from Cambridge sulkily put his five great coats in front; but was reconciled when little Miss Sharp was made to quit the carriage, and mount up beside him—when he covered her up in one of his Benjamins, and became perfectly good-humored—how the asthmatic gentleman, the prim lady, who declared upon her sacred honor she had never traveled in a public carriage before (there is always such a lady in a coach.—Alas! was; for the coaches, where are they?), and the fat widow with the brandy-bottle, took their places inside—how the porter asked them all for money, and got sixpence from the gentleman and five greasy halfpence from the fat widow—and how the carriage at length drove away—now, threading the dark lanes of Aldersgate, anon clattering by the Blue Cupola of Paul's, jingling rapidly by the strangers' entry of Fleet-Market, which, with Exeter 'Change, has now departed to the world of shadows—how they passed the White Bear in Piccadilly, and saw the dew rising up from the market-gardens of Knights-bridge—how Turnham-green, Brentford, Bagshot, were passed—need not be told

here. But the writer of these pages, who hath pursued in former days, and in the same bright weather, the same remarkable journey, can not but think of it with a sweet and tender regret. What is the road now, and its merry incidents of life? Is there no Chelsea or Greenwich for the old, honest, pimple-nosed coachmen? I wonder where are they, those good fellows? Is old Weller alive or dead? and the waiters, yea, and the inns at which they waited, and the cold-rounds-of-beef inside, and the stunted ostler, with his blue nose and clinking pail, where is he, and where is his generation? To those great geniuses now in petticoats, who shall write novels for the beloved reader's children, these men and things will be as much legend and history as Nineveh, Cœur de Lion, or Jack Sheppard. For them, stage-coaches will have become romances—a team of four bays as fabulous as Bucephalus or Black Bess. Ah, how their coats shone, as the stable-men pulled their clothes off, and away they went—ah, how their tails shook, as with smoking sides at the stage's end they demurely walked away into the inn-yard. Alas! we shall never hear the horn sing at midnight, or see the pike-gates fly open any more. Whither, however, is the light, four-inside Trafalgar coach carrying us? Let us be set down at Queen's Crawley, without further divagation, and see how Miss Rebecca Sharp speeds there.

CHAPTER VIII.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

*Miss Rebecca Sharp to Miss Amelia Sedley,
Russell-square, London.*

(Free.—Pitt Crawley.)

"MY DEAREST, SWEETEST AMELIA,

"With what mingled joy and sorrow do I take up the pen to write to my dearest friend! Oh, what a change between to-day and yesterday! Now I am friendless and alone; yesterday I was at home, in the sweet company of a sister whom I shall ever cherish!

"I will not tell you in what tears and sadness I passed the fatal night in which I separated from you. You went on Tuesday to joy and happiness, with your mother and your devoted young soldier by your side; and I thought of you all night, dancing at the Perkins's, the prettiest, I am sure, of all the young ladies at the ball. I was brought by the groom in the old carriage to Sir Pitt Crawley's town-house, where, after John the groom had behaved most rudely and insolently to me (alas! 'twas safe to insult poverty and misfortune!), I was given over to Sir P.'s care, and made to pass the night in an old gloomy bed, and by the side

of a horrid gloomy old charwoman, who keeps the house. I did not sleep one single wink the whole night.

"Sir Pitt is not what we silly girls, when we used to read Cecilia, at Chiswick, imagined a baronet must have been. Any thing, indeed, less like Lord Orville can not be imagined. Fancy an old, stumpy, short, vulgar, and very dirty man, in old clothes and shabby old gaiters, who smokes a horrid pipe, and cooks his own horrid supper in a saucepan. He speaks with a country accent, and swore a great deal at the old charwoman, at the hackney-coachman who drove us to the inn where the coach went from, and on which I made the journey *outside for the greater part of the way*.

"I was wakened at daybreak by the charwoman, and having arrived at the inn, was at first placed inside the coach. But, when we got to a place called Mudbury, where the rain began to fall very heavily—will you believe it?—I was forced to come outside; for Sir Pitt is a proprietor of the coach, and as a passenger came at Mudbury, who wanted an inside place, I was obliged to go outside in the rain, where, however, a young gentleman from Cambridge College sheltered me very kindly in one of his *several* great-coats.

"This gentleman and the guard seemed to know Sir Pitt very well, and laughed at him a great deal. They both agreed in calling him an *old screw*; which means a very stingy, avaricious person. He never gives any money to any body, they said (and this meanness I hate); and the young gentleman made the remark that we drove very slow for the last two stages on the road, because Sir Pitt was on the box, and because he is proprietor of the horses for this part of the journey. 'But won't I flog 'em on to Squashmore, when I take the ribbons?' said the young *Cantab*. 'And sarve 'em right, Master Jack,' said the guard. When I comprehended the meaning of this phrase, and that Master Jack intended to drive the rest of the way, and revenge himself on Sir Pitt's horses, of course I laughed too.

"A carriage and four splendid horses, covered with armorial bearings, however, awaited us at Leakington, four miles from Queen's Crawley, and we made our entrance to the baronet's park in state. There is a fine avenue of a mile long leading to the house, and the woman at the lodge-gate (over the pillars of which are a serpent and a dove, the supporters of the Crawley arms), made us a number of courtesies as she flung open the old iron carved doors, which are something like those at odious Chiswick.

"'There's an avenue,' said Sir Pitt, 'a mile long. There's six thousand pound of timber in them there trees. Do you call that nothing?' He pronounces avenue, *evenue*; and nothing, *nothink*—so droll; and

he had a Mr. Hodson, his hind from Leakington, in the carriage with him, and they talked about distraining, and selling up, and draining, and subsoiling, and a great deal about tenants and farming—much more than I could understand. Sam Miles had been caught poaching, and Peter Bailey had gone to the workhouse at last. 'Serve him right,' said Sir Peter; 'him and his family has been cheating me on that farm these hundred and fifty years.' Some old tenant, I suppose, who could not pay his rent. Sir Pitt might have said '*he* and his family,' to be sure; but rich baronets do not need to be careful about grammar, as poor governesses must be.

"As we passed. I remarked a beautiful church-spire rising above some old elms in the park; and before them, in the midst of a lawn, and some outhouses, an old red house with tall chimneys covered with ivy, and the windows shining in the sun. 'Is that your church, sir?' I said.

"'Yes, hang it' (said Sir Pitt, only he used, dear, a *much wickeder word*); 'how's Buty, Hodson? Buty's my brother Bute, my dear—my brother the parson. Buty and the Beast I call him, ha, ha!'

"Hodson laughed too, and then looking more grave and nodding his head, said, 'I'm afraid he's better, Sir Pitt. He was out on his pony yesterday looking at our corn.'

"'Looking after his tithes, hang 'un (only he used the same wicked word). Will brandy and water never kill him? He's as tough as old what-d'y-e-callum—old Methusalem.'

"'Mr. Hodson laughed again. 'The young men is home from college. They've whopped John Scroggins till he's well nigh dead.'

"'Whop my second keeper!' roared out Sir Pitt.

"'He was on the parson's ground, sir,' replied Mr. Hodson; and Sir Pitt, in a fury, swore that if ever he caught 'em poaching on his ground, he'd transport 'em, by the Lord he would. However, he said, 'I've sold the presentation of the living, Hodson; none of that breed shall get it, I warn't;' and Mr. Hodson said he was quite right: and I have no doubt, from this, that the two brothers are at variance—as brothers often are, and sisters too. Don't you remember the two Miss Scratchleys, at Chiswick, how they used always to fight and quarrel—and Mary Box, how she was always thumping Louisa?

"Presently, seeing two little boys gathering sticks in the wood, Mr. Hodson jumped out of the carriage, at Sir Pitt's order, and rushed upon them with his whip. 'Pitch into 'em, Hodson,' roared the baronet; 'flog their little souls out, and bring 'em up to the house, the vagabonds; I'll commit 'em as sure as my name's Pitt.' And presently

we heard Mr. Hodson's whip clacking on the shoulders of the poor little blubbering wretches; and Sir Pitt, seeing that the malefactors were in custody, drove on to the hall.

"All the servants were ready to meet us, and

* * * * *

"Here, my dear, I was interrupted last night by a dreadful thumping at my door: and who do you think it was? Sir Pitt Crawley in his night-cap and dressing-gown, such a figure! As I shrank away from such a visitor, he came forward and seized my candle; 'No candles after eleven o'clock, Miss Becky,' said he. 'Go to bed in the dark, you pretty little hussy (that is what he called me), and unless you wish me to come for the candle every night, mind and be in bed at eleven.' And with this, he and Mr. Horrocks, the butler, went off laughing. You may be sure I shall not encourage any more of their visits. They let loose two immense blood-hounds at night, which all last night were yelling and howling at the moon.

"I call the dog Gorer," said Sir Pitt; 'he's killed a man that dog has, and is master of a bull, and the mother I used to call Flora; but now I calls her Aroarer, for she's too old to bite. Haw, haw!'

"Before the house of Queen's Crawley, which is an odious old-fashioned red brick mansion, with tall chimneys and gables of the style of Queen Bess, there is a terrace flanked by the family dove and serpent, and on which the great hall door opens. And oh, my dear, the great hall I am sure is as big and as glum as the great hall in the dear castle of Udolpho. It has a large fireplace, in which we might put half Miss Pinkerton's school, and the grate is big enough to roast an ox at the very least. Round the room hang I don't know how many generations of Crawleys, some with beards and ruffs, some with huge wigs and toes turned out; some dressed in long straight stays and gowns that look as stiff as towers, and some with long ringlets, and oh, my dear! scarcely any stays at all. At one end of the hall is the great staircase all in black oak, as dismal as may be, and on either side are tall doors with stages' heads over them, leading to the billiard-room and the library, and the great yellow saloon and the morning-rooms. I think there are at least twenty bed-rooms on the first floor; one of them has the bed in which Queen Elizabeth slept; and I have been taken by my new pupils through all these fine apartments this morning. They are not rendered less gloomy, I promise you, by having the shutters always shut; and there is scarce one of the apartments, but when the light was let into it, I expected to see a ghost in the room. We have a school-room on the second floor, with my bed-room leading into it on one side, and that

of the young ladies on the other. Then there are Mr. Pitt's apartments—Mr. Crawley, he is called—the eldest son, and Mr. Rawdon Crawley's rooms—he is an officer like *somebody*, and away with his regiment. There is no want of room, I assure you. You might lodge all the people in Russell-square in the house, I think, and have space to spare.

"Half an hour after our arrival, the great dinner bell was rung, and I came down with my two pupils (they are very thin, insignificant little chits, of ten and eight years old). I came down in your *dear* muslin gown (about which that odious Mrs. Pinner was so rude, because you gave it me); for I am to be treated as one of the family, except on company days, when the young ladies and I are to dine up-stairs.

"Well, the great dinner bell rang, and we all assembled in the little drawing-room where my Lady Crawley sits. She is the second Lady Crawley, and mother of the young ladies. She was an ironmonger's daughter, and her marriage was thought a great match. She looks as if she had been handsome once, and her eyes are always weeping for the loss of her beauty. She is pale and meager and high-shouldered, and has not a word to say for herself, evidently. Her step-son, Mr. Crawley, was likewise in the room. He was in full dress, as pompous as an undertaker. He is pale, thin, ugly, silent; he has thin legs, no chest, hay-colored whiskers, and straw-colored hair. He is the very picture of his sainted mother over the mantel-piece—Griselda of the noble house of Binkie.

"This is the new governess, Mr. Crawley," said Lady Crawley, coming forward and taking my hand; 'Miss Sharp.'

"O!" said Mr. Crawley, and pushed his head once forward and began again to read a great pamphlet with which he was busy.

"I hope you will be kind to my girls," said Lady Crawley; with her pink eyes always full of tears.

"Law Ma, of course she will," said the eldest; and I saw at a glance that I need not be afraid of *that* woman.

"My Lady is served," says the butler, in black, in an immense white shirt-frill, that looked as if it had been one of the Queen Elizabeth ruffs depicted in the hall; and so taking Mr. Crawley's arm, she led the way to the dining-room, whither I followed with my little pupils in each hand.

"Sir Pitt was already in the room with a silver jug. He had just been to the cellar, and was in full dress too; that is, he had taken his gaiters off, and showed his little dumpy legs in black worsted stockings. The side-board was covered with glistening old plate—old cups, both gold and silver; old salvers and cruet stands, like Rundell and

Bridge's shop. Every thing on the table was in silver too, and two footmen, with red hair and canary-colored liveries, stood on either side of the side-board.

"Mr. Crawley said a long grace, and Sir Pitt said Amen, and the great silver dish-covers were removed.

"What have we for dinner, Betsy?" said the baronet.

"Mutton broth, I believe, Sir Pitt," answered Lady Crawley.

"*Mouton aux navets*," added the butler gravely (pronounce, if you please, moutong-onavy); "and the soup is *potage de mouton à l'Ecoissaise*. The side dishes contain *pommes de terre au naturel*, and *choufleur à l'eau*."

"Mutton's mutton," said the baronet, "and a devilish good thing. What ship was it, Horrocks, and when did you kill?"

"One of the black-faced Scotch, Sir Pitt: we killed on Thursday."

"Who took any?"

"Steel, of Mudbury, took the saddle and two legs, Sir Pitt: but he says the last was too young and confounded woolly, Sir Pitt."

"Will you take some *potage*?" Miss ah—Miss Blunt," said Mr. Crawley.

"Capital Scotch broth, my dear," said Sir Pitt, "though they call it by a French name."

"I believe it is the custom, sir, in decent society," said Mr. Crawley, haughtily, "to call the dish as I have called it;" and it was served to us on silver soup-plates by the footmen in the canary coats, with the *mouton aux navets*. Then 'ale and water' were brought, and served to us young ladies in wine glasses. I am not a judge of ale, but I can say with a clear conscience I prefer water.

"While we were enjoying our repast, Sir Pitt took occasion to ask what had become of the shoulders of the mutton?"

"I believe they were eaten in the servants' hall," said my lady, humbly.

"They was, my lady," said Horrocks, "and precious little else we get there neither."

"Sir Pitt burst into a hoarse laugh, and continued his conversation with Mr. Horrocks. 'That there little black pig of the Kent sow's breed must be uncommon fat now.'"

"It's not quite bursting, Sir Pitt," said the butler with the gravest air, at which Sir Pitt, and with him the young ladies, this time, began to laugh violently.

"Miss Crawley, Miss Rose Crawley," said Mr. Crawley, "your laughter strikes me as being exceedingly out of place."

"Never mind my lord," said the baronet, "we'll try the porker on Saturday. Kill 'un an Saturday morning, John Horrocks. Miss Sharp adores pork, don't you, Miss Sharp?"

"And I think this is all the conversation that I remember at dinner. When the repast was concluded a jug of hot water was placed before Sir Pitt, with a case-bottle containing, I believe, rum. Mr. Horrocks served myself and my pupils with three little glasses of wine, and a bumper was poured out for my lady. When we retired, she took from her work drawer an enormous interminable piece of knitting; the young ladies began to play at cribbage with a dirty pack of cards. We had but one candle lighted, but it was in a magnificent old silver candlestick, and after a very few questions from my lady, I had my choice of amusement between a volume of sermons, and a pamphlet on the corn-laws, which Mr. Crawley had been reading before dinner.

"So we sat for an hour, until steps were heard.

"Put away the cards, girls," cried my lady, in a great tremor; "put down Mr. Crawley's books, Miss Sharp:" and these orders had been scarcely obeyed, when Mr. Crawley entered the room.

"We will resume yesterday's discourse, young ladies," said he, "and you shall each read a page by turns; so that Miss a—Miss Short may have an opportunity of hearing you;" and the poor girls began to spell a long dismal sermon delivered at Bethesda Chapel, Liverpool, in behalf of the mission for the Chickasaw Indians. Was it not a charming evening?

"At ten the servants were told to call Sir Pitt and the household to prayers. Sir Pitt came in first, very much flushed, and rather unsteady in his gait: and after him the butler, the canaries, Mr. Crawley's man, three other men, smelling very much of the stable, and four woman, one of whom, I remarked, was very much over-dressed, and who flung me a look of great scorn as she plumped down on her knees.

"After Mr. Crawley had done haranguing and expounding, we received our candles, and then we went to bed; and then I was disturbed in my writing, as I have described to my dearest, sweetest Amelia.

"Good night. A thousand thousand thousand kisses!

"Saturday.—This morning, at five, I heard the shrieking of the little black pig. Rose and Violet introduced me to it yesterday; and to the stables, and to the kennel, and to the gardener, who was picking fruit to send to market, and from whom they begged hard a bunch of hot-house grapes; but he said that Sir Pitt had numbered every 'Man Jack' of them, and it would be as much as his place was worth to give any away. The darling girls caught a colt in a paddock, and asked me if I would ride, and began to ride themselves, when the groom, coming with horrid oaths, drove them away.

"Lady Crawley is always knitting the

worsted. Sir Pitt is always tipsy, every night; and, I believe, sits with Horrocks, the butler. Mr. Crawley always reads sermons in the evening; and in the morning is locked up in his study, or else rides to Mudbury, on county business, or to Squashmore, where he preaches, on Wednesdays and Fridays, to the tenants there.

"A hundred thousand grateful loves to your dear papa and mamma. Is your poor brother recovered of his rack-punch? Oh, dear! Oh, dear! How men should beware of wicked punch!

"Ever and ever thine own,

"REBECCA."

Every thing considered, I think it is quite as well for our dear Amelia Sedley, in Russell-square, that Miss Sharp and she are parted. Rebecca is a droll, funny creature, to be sure: and those descriptions of the poor lady weeping for the loss of her beauty, and the gentleman "with hay colored whiskers and straw-colored hair," are very smart, doubtless, and show a great knowledge of the world. That she might, when on her knees, have been thinking of something better than Miss Horrock's ribbous, has possibly struck both of us. But my kind reader will please to remember that these histories have "Vanity Fair" for a title, and that Vanity Fair is a very vain, wicked, foolish place, full of all sorts of humbugs and falsehoods and pretensions. And while the moralist professes to wear neither gown nor bands, but only the very same long-eared livery in which his congregation is arrayed; yet, look you, one is bound to speak the truth as far as one knows it, whether one mounts a cap and bells or a shovel-hat; and a deal of disagreeable matter must come out in the course of such an undertaking.

I have heard a brother of the story-telling trade, at Naples, preaching to a pack of good-for-nothing honest, lazy fellows by the sea-shore, work himself up into such a rage and passion with some of the villains whose wicked deeds he was describing and inventing, that the audience could not resist it; and they and the poet together would burst out into a roar of oaths and execrations against the fictitious monster of the tale, so that the hat went round, and the bajocchi tumbled into it, in the midst of a perfect storm of sympathy.

At the little Paris theaters, on the other hand, you will not only hear the people yelling out "*Ah gredin! Ah monstre!*" and cursing the tyrant of the play from the boxes; but the actors themselves positively refuse to play the wicked parts, such as those of *infâmes Anglais*, brutal Cossacks, and what not, and prefer to appear at a smaller salary, in their real characters as loyal Frenchmen. I set the two stories one against the other, so that you may see that

it is not from mere mercenary motives that the present performer is desirous to show up and trounce his villains; but because he has a sincere hatred of them, which he can not keep down, and which must find a vent in suitable abuse and bad language.

I warn my "kyind friends," then, that I am going to tell a story of harrowing villainy and complicated—but, as I trust, intensely interesting, crime. My rascals are no milk-and-water rascals, I promise you. When we come to the proper places we won't spare fine language—No, no! But when we are going over the quiet country we must perforce be calm. A tempest in a slop-basin is absurd. We will reserve that sort of thing for the mighty ocean and the lonely midnight. The present chapter will be very mild. Others—But we will not anticipate *those*.

And, as we bring our characters forward, I will ask leave, as a man and a brother, not only to introduce them, but occasionally to step down from the platform, and talk about them: if they are good and kindly, to love them and shake them by the hand: if they are silly, to laugh at them confidentially in the reader's sleeve: if they are wicked and heartless, to abuse them in the strongest terms which politeness admits of.

Otherwise you might fancy it was I who was sneering at the practice of devotion, which Miss Sharp finds so ridiculous; that it was I who laughed good humoredly at the reeling old Silenus of a baronet—whereas the laughter comes from one who has no reverence except for prosperity, and no eye for any thing beyond success. Such people there are living and flourishing in the world—faithless, hopeless, charityless: let us have at them, dear friends, with might and main. Some there are, and very successful too, mere quacks and fools: and it was to combat and expose such as those, no doubt, that laughter was made.

CHAPTER IX.

FAMILY PORTRAITS.

SIR PITT CRAWLEY was a philosopher with a taste for what is called low life. His first marriage with the daughter of the noble Binkie had been made under the auspices of his parents; and as he often told Lady Crawley in her life-time she was such a confounded quarrelsome high-bred jade that when she died he was hanged if he would ever take another of her sort. At her ladyship's demise, he kept his promise, and selected for a second wife Miss Rose Dawson, daughter of Mr. John Thomas Dawson, iron-monger, of Mudbury. What a happy woman was Rose to be my Lady Crawley!

Let us set down the items of her happi-

ness. In the first place, she gave up Peter Butt, a young man who kept company with her, and in consequence of his disappointment in love, took to smuggling, poaching, and a thousand other bad courses. Then she quarreled, as in duty bound, with all the friends and intimates of her youth, who, of course, could not be received by my Lady at Queen's Crawley—nor did she find in her new rank and abode any persons who were willing to welcome her. Who ever did? Sir Huddleston Fuddleston had three daughters who all hoped to be Lady Crawley. Sir Giles Wapshot's family were insulted that one of the Wapshot girls had not the preference in the marriage, and the remaining baronets of the county were indignant at their comrade's misalliance. Never mind the commoners, whom we will leave to grumble anonymously.

Sir Pitt did not care, as he said, a brass farden for any one of them. He had his pretty Rose, and what more need a man require than to please himself? So he used to get drunk every night: to beat his pretty Rose sometimes: to leave her in Hampshire when he went to London for the parliamentary session, without a single friend in the wide world. Even Mrs. Bute Crawley, the rector's wife, refused to visit her, as she said she would never give the *pas* to a tradesman's daughter.

As the only endowments with which Nature had gifted Lady Crawley were those of pink cheeks and a white skin, and as she had no sort of character, nor talents, nor opinions, nor occupations, nor amusements, nor that vigor of soul and ferocity of temper which often falls to the lot of entirely foolish women, her hold upon Sir Pitt's affections was not very great. Her roses faded out of her cheeks, and the pretty freshness left her figure after the birth of a couple of children, and she became a mere machine in her husband's house, of no more use than the late Lady Crawley's grand piano. Being a light-complexioned woman, she wore light clothes, as most blondes will, and appeared, in preference, in draggled sea-green, or slatternly sky-blue. She worked that worsted day and night, or other pieces like it. She had counterpanes in the course of a few years to all the beds in Crawley. She had a small flower-garden, for which she had rather an affection; but beyond this no other like or disliking. When her husband was rude to her she was apathetic: whenever he struck her she cried. She had not character enough to take to drinking, and moaned about slipshod and in curl-papers all day. O, Vanity Fair—Vanity Fair! This might have been, but for you, a cheery lass—Peter Butt and Rose a happy man and wife, in a snug farm, with a hearty family; and an honest portion of pleasures, cares, hopes, and struggles. But a idle and a

coach and four are toys more precious than happiness in Vanity Fair: and if Harry the Eighth or Bluebeard were alive now, and wanted a tenth wife, do you suppose he could not get the prettiest girl that shall be presented this season?

The languid dullness of their mamma did not, as it may be supposed, awaken much affection in her little daughters, but they were very happy in the servants' hall and in the stables; and the Scotch gardener having luckily a good wife and some good children, they got a little wholesome society and instruction in his lodge, which was the only education bestowed upon them until Miss Sharp came.

Her engagement was owing to the remonstrances of Mr. Pitt Crawley, the only friend or protector Lady Crawley ever had, and the only person, besides her children, for whom she entertained a little feeble attachment. Mr. Pitt took after the noble Binkies, from whom he was descended, and was a very polite and proper gentleman. When he grew to man's estate, and came back from Christchurch, he began to reform the slackened discipline of the hall, in spite of his father, who stood in awe of him. He was a man of such rigid refinement, that he would have starved rather than have dined without a white neck-cloth. Once, when just from college, and when Horrocks the butler brought him a letter without placing it previously on a tray, he gave that domestic a look, and administered to him a speech so cutting, that Horrocks ever after trembled before him: the whole household bowed to him: Lady Crawley's curl-papers came off earlier when he was at home: Sir Pitt's muddy gaiters disappeared; and if that incorrigible old man still adhered to other old habits, he never fuddled himself with rum and water in his son's presence, and only talked to his servants in a very reserved and polite manner; and those persons remarked that Sir Pitt never swore at Lady Crawley while his son was in the room.

It was he who taught the butler to say "My lady is served," and who insisted on handing her ladyship in to dinner. He seldom spoke to her, but when he did it was with the most powerful respect; and he never let her quit the apartment, without rising in the most stately manner to open the door, and making an elegant bow at her egress.

At Eton he was called Miss Crawley; and there, I am sorry to say, his younger brother Rawdon used to lick him violently. But though his parts were not brilliant, he made up for his lack of talent by meritorious industry, and was never known, during eight years at school, to be subject to that punishment, which it is generally thought none but a cherub can escape.

At college his career was of course highly

creditable. And here he prepared himself for public life, into which he was to be introduced by the patronage of his grandfather, Lord Binkie, by studying the ancient and modern orators with great assiduity, and by speaking unceasingly at the debating societies. But though he had a fine flux of words, and delivered his little voice with great pomposity and pleasure to himself, and never advanced any sentiment or opinion which was not perfectly trite and stale, and supported by a Latin quotation; yet he failed somehow, in spite of a mediocrity which ought to have insured any man a success. He did not even get the prize poem, which all his friends said he was sure of.

After leaving college he became private secretary to Lord Binkie, and was then appointed attaché to the legation at Pumpernickel, which post he filled with perfect honor, and brought home dispatches, consisting of Strasburg pie, to the foreign minister of the day. After remaining ten years attaché (several years after the lamented Lord Binkie's demise), and finding the advancement slow, he at length gave up the diplomatic service in some disgust, and began to turn country gentleman.

He wrote a pamphlet on Malt on returning to England (for he was an ambitious man, and always liked to be before the public), and took a strong part in the Negro Emancipation question. Then he became a friend of Mr. Wilberforce's, whose politics he admired, and had that famous correspondence with the Reverend Silas Hornblower, on the Ashantee Mission. He was in London, if not for the parliament session, at least in May, for the religious meetings. In the country he was a magistrate, and an active visitor and speaker among those destitute of religious instruction. He was said to be paying his addresses to Lady Jane Sheepshanks, Lord Muttondown's third daughter, and whose sister, Lady Emily, wrote those sweet tracts, "The Sailor's True Binnacle," and "The Applewoman of Finchley Common."

Miss Sharp's accounts of his employment at Queen's Crawley were not caricatures. He subjected the servants there to the devotional exercises before mentioned, in which (and so much the better) he brought his father to join. He patronized an independent meeting-house in Crawley parish, much to the indignation of his uncle the rector, and to the consequent delight of Sir Pitt, who was induced to go himself once or twice, which occasioned some violent sermons at Crawley parish church, directed point-blank at the baronet's old gothic pew there. Honest Sir Pitt, however, did not feel the force of these discourses, as he always took his nap during sermon-time.

Mr. Crawley was very earnest, for the good of the nation and of the Christian world,

that the old gentleman should yield him up his place in parliament; but this the elder constantly refused to do. Both were of course too prudent to give up the fifteen hundred a year which was brought in by the second seat (at this period filled by Mr. Quadroon, with *carte-blanche* on the slave question); indeed the family estate was much embarrassed, and the income drawn from the borough was of great use to the house of Queen's Crawley.

It had never recovered the heavy fine imposed upon Walpole Crawley, first baronet, for peculation in the Tape and Sealing Wax Office. Sir Walpole was a jolly fellow, eager to seize and to spend money ("alieni appetens, sui profusus," as Mr. Crawley would remark with a sigh), and in his day beloved by all the county for the constant drunkenness and hospitality which was maintained at Queen's Crawley. The cellars were filled with Burgundy then, the kennels with hounds, and the stables with gallant hunters; now, such horses as Queen's Crawley possessed went to plough, or ran in the Trafalgar coach; and it was with a team of these very horses, on an off-day, that Miss Sharp was brought to the hall; for, poor as he was, Sir Pitt was a stickler for his dignity while at home, and seldom drove out but with four horses, and, though he dined off boiled mutton, had always three footmen to serve it.

If mere parsimony would have made a man rich, Sir Pitt Crawley might have become very wealthy—if he had been an attorney in a country town, with no capital but his brains, it is very possible that he would have turned them to good account, and might have achieved for himself a very considerable influence and competency. But he was unluckily endowed with a good name and a large though encumbered estate, both of which went rather to injure than to advance him. He had a taste for law, which cost him many thousands yearly; and being a great deal too clever to be robbed, as he said, by any single agent, allowed his affairs to be mismanaged by a dozen, whom he all equally mistrusted. He was such a sharp landlord, that he could hardly find any but bankrupt tenants; and such a close farmer, as to grudge almost the seed to the ground, whereupon revengeful Nature grudged him the crops which she granted to more liberal husbandmen. He speculated in every possible way; he worked mines; bought canal-shares; horsed coaches; took government contracts, and was the busiest man and magistrate of his county. As he would not pay honest agents at his granite-quarry, he had the satisfaction of finding that four overseers ran away, and took fortunes with them to America. For want of proper precautions, his coal-mines filled with water: the government flung his contract of damaged beef

upon his hands: and for his coach-horses, every mail proprietor in the kingdom knew that he lost more horses than any man in the country, from underfeeding and buying cheap. In disposition he was sociable, and far from being proud; nay, he rather preferred the society of a farmer or a horse-dealer to that of a gentleman, like my lord, his son; he was fond of drink, of swearing, of joking with the farmers' daughters: he was never known to give away a shilling or to do a good action, but was of a pleasant, sly, laughing mood, and would cut his joke and drink his glass with a tenant, and sell him up the next day; or have his laugh with the poacher he was transporting, with equal good humor. His politeness for the fair sex has already been hinted at by Miss Rebecca Sharp—in a word, the whole baronetage, peerage, commonage of England, did not contain a more cunning, mean, selfish, foolish, disreputable old man. That blood-red hand of Sir Pitt Crawley's would be in any body's pocket except his own; and it is with grief and pain, that, as admirers of the British aristocracy, we find ourselves obliged to admit the existence of so many ill qualities in a person whose name is in Debrett.

One great cause why Mr. Crawley had such a hold over the affections of his father, resulted from money arrangements. The baronet owed his son a sum of money out of the jointure of his mother, which he did not find it convenient to pay; indeed, he had an almost invincible repugnance to paying any body, and could only be brought by force to discharge his debts. Miss Sharp calculated (for she became, as we shall hear speedily, inducted into most of the secrets of the family) that the mere payment of his creditors cost the honorable baronet several hundreds yearly; but this was a delight he could not forego; he had a savage pleasure in making the poor wretches wait, and in shifting from court to court, and from term to term the period of satisfaction. What's the good of being in Parliament, he said, if you must pay your debts? Hence, indeed, his position as a senator was not a little useful to him.

Vanity Fair—Vanity Fair! Here was a man, who could not spell, and did not care to read—who had the habits and the cunning of a boor: whose aim in life was pettifoggery: who never had a taste, or emotion, or enjoyment, but what was sordid and foul; and yet he had rank, and honors, and power, somehow: and was a dignitary of the land, and a pillar of the state. He was high sheriff, and rode in a golden coach. Great ministers and statesmen courted him; and in Vanity Fair he had a higher place than the most brilliant genius or spotless virtue.

Sir Pitt had an unmarried half-sister who inherited her mother's large fortune, and though the baronet proposed to borrow this money of her on mortgage, Miss Crawley declined the offer, and preferred the security of the funds. She had signified, however, her intention of leaving her fortune equally between Sir Pitt's second son and the family at the Rectory, and had once or twice paid the debts of Rawdon Crawley in his career at college and in the army. Miss Crawley was, in consequence, an object of great respect when she came to Queen's Crawley, for she had a balance at her banker's which would have made her beloved any where.

What a dignity it gives an old lady, that balance at the banker's! How tenderly we look at her faults if she is a relative (and may every reader have a score of such), what a kind, good-natured old creature we find her! How the junior partner of Hobbs and Dobbs leads her smiling to the carriage with the lozenge upon it, and the fat, wheezy coachman! How, when she comes to pay us a visit, we generally find an opportunity to let our friends know her station in the world! We say (and with perfect truth), I wish I had Miss MacWhirter's signature to a check for five thousand pounds. She wouldn't miss it, says your wife. She is my aunt, say you, in an easy, careless way, when your friend asks if Miss MacWhirter is any relative? Your wife is perpetually sending her little testimonies of affection, your little girls work endless worsted baskets, cushions, and footstools for her. What a good fire there is in her room when she comes to pay you a visit, although your wife laces her stays without one! The house during her stay assumes a festive, neat, warm, jovial, snug appearance, not visible at other seasons. You yourself, dear sir, forget to go to sleep after dinner, and find yourself all of a sudden (though you invariably lose) very fond of a rubber. What good dinners you have—game every day, Malmsey-Madeira, and no end of fish from London. Even the servants in the kitchen share in the general prosperity; and, somehow, during the stay of Miss MacWhirter's fat coachman, the beer is grown much stronger, and the consumption of tea and sugar in the nursery (where her maid takes her meals) is not regarded in the least. Is it so, or is it not so? I appeal to the middle classes. Ah, gracious powers! I wish you would send me an old aunt—a maiden aunt—an aunt with a lozenge on her carriage, and a front of light coffee-colored hair—how my children should work work-bags for her, and my Julia and I would make her comfortable! Sweet—sweet vision! Foolish—foolish dream!



MISS SHARP IN HER SCHOOL-ROOM. (p. 47.)

CHAPTER X.

MISS SHARP BEGINS TO MAKE FRIENDS.

AND NOW, being received as a member of the amiable family whose portraits we have sketched in the foregoing pages, it became naturally Rebecca's duty to make herself, as she said, agreeable to her benefactors, and to gain their confidence to the utmost of her power. Who can but admire this quality of gratitude in an unprotected orphan; and, if there entered some degree of selfishness into her calculations, who can say but that her prudence was perfectly justifiable? "I am alone in the world," said the friendless girl. "I have nothing to look for but what my own labor can bring me; and while that little pink-faced chit Amelia, with not half my sense, has ten thousand pounds and an establishment secure, poor Rebecca (and my figure is far better than hers) has only herself and her own wits to trust to. Well, let us see if my wits can not provide me with an honorable maintenance, and if some day or other I can not show Miss Amelia my real superiority over her. Not that I dislike poor Amelia: who can dislike such a harmless, good-natured creature?—only it will be a fine day when I can take my place above her in the world, as why, indeed, should I not?" Thus it was that our little romantic friend formed visions of the future for herself—nor must we be scandalized, that in all her castles in the air, a husband was the principal inhabitant. Of what else have young ladies to think, but husbands? Of what else do their dear mammas think? "I must be my own mamma," said Rebecca; not without a tingling consciousness of defeat, as she thought over her little misadventure with Jos Sedley.

So she wisely determined to render her position with the Queen's Crawley family comfortable and secure, and to this end resolved to make friends of every one around her who could at all interfere with her comfort.

As my Lady Crawley was not one of these personages, and a woman, moreover, so indolent and void of character, as not to be of the least consequence in her own house, Rebecca soon found that it was not at all necessary to cultivate her good will—indeed, impossible to gain it. She used to talk to her pupils about their "poor mamma;" and, though she treated that lady with every demonstration of cool respect, it was to the rest of the family that she wisely directed the chief part of her attentions.

With the young people, whose applause she thoroughly gained, her method was pretty simple. She did not pester their young brains with too much learning, but, on the contrary, let them have their own way in regard to educating themselves; for, what in-

struction is more effectual than self-instruction? The eldest was rather fond of books, and as there was in the old library at Queen's Crawley a considerable provision of works of light literature of the last century, both in the French and English languages (they had been purchased by the Secretary of the Tape and Sealing Wax Office at the period of his disgrace), and as nobody ever troubled the book-shelves but herself, Rebecca was enabled agreeably, and, as it were, in playing, to impart a great deal of instruction to Miss Rose Crawley.

She and Miss Rose thus read together many delightful French and English works, among which may be mentioned those of the learned Dr. Smollett, of the ingenious Mr. Henry Fielding, of the graceful and fantastic Monsieur Cr billon the younger, whom our immortal poet Gray so much admired, and of the universal Monsieur de Voltaire. Once, when Mr. Crawley asked what the young people were reading, the governess replied, "Smollett." "Oh, Smollett," said Mr. Crawley, quite satisfied. "His history is more dull, but by no means so dangerous as that of Mr. Hume. It is history you are reading?" "Yes," said Miss Rose; without, however, adding that it was the history of Mr. Humphrey Clinker. On another occasion he was rather scandalized at finding his sister with a book of French plays; but as the governess remarked that it was for the purpose of acquiring the French idiom in conversation, he was fain to be content. Mr. Crawley, as a diplomatist, was exceedingly proud of his own skill in speaking the French language (for he was of the world still), and not a little pleased with the compliments which the governess continually paid him upon his proficiency.

Miss Violet's tastes were, on the contrary, more rude and boisterous than those of her sister. She knew the sequestered spots where the hens laid their eggs. She could climb a tree to rob the nests of the feathered songsters of their speckled spoils. And her pleasure was to ride the young colts, and to scour the plains like Camilla. She was the favorite of her father and of the stable-men. She was the darling, and withal the terror of the cook; for she discovered the haunts of the jam-pots, and would attack them when they were within her reach. She and her sister were engaged in constant battles. Any of which peccadilloes, if Miss Sharp discovered, she did not tell them to Lady Crawley, who would have told them to the father, or, worse, to Mr. Crawley; but promised not to tell if Miss Violet would be a good girl and love her governess.

With Mr. Crawley Miss Sharp was respectful and obedient. She used to consult him on passages of French which she could not understand, though her mother was a Frenchwoman, and which he would con-

strue to her satisfaction : and, besides giving her his aid in profane literature, he was kind enough to select for her books of a more serious tendency, and address to her much of his conversation. She admired, beyond measure, his speech at the Quashimaboo-Aid Society ; took an interest in his pamphlet on malt ; was often affected, even to tears, by his discourses of an evening, and would say—"Oh, thank you, sir," with a sigh, and a look up to heaven, that made him occasionally condescend to shake hands with her. "Blood is every thing, after all," would that aristocratic religionist say. "How Miss Sharp is awakened by my words, when not one of the people here is touched. I am too fine for them—too delicate. I must familiarize my style—but she understands it. Her mother was a Montmorency."

Indeed it was from this famous family, as it appears, that Miss Sharp, by the mother's side, was descended. Of course she did not say that her mother had been on the stage ; it would have shocked Mr. Crawley's religious scruples. How many noble *émigrées* had this horrid revolution plunged in poverty ! She had several stories about her ancestors ere she had been many months in the house ; some of which Mr. Crawley happened to find in D'Hozier's dictionary, which was in the library, and which strengthened his belief in their truth, and in the high-breeding of Rebecca. Are we to suppose from this curiosity and prying into dictionaries, could our heroine suppose that Mr. Crawley was interested in her ?—no, only in a friendly way. Have we not stated that he was attached to Lady Jane Sheepshanks ?

He took Rebecca to task once or twice about the propriety of playing at backgammon with Sir Pitt, saying that it was a godless amusement, and that she would be much better engaged in reading "Thrupp's Legacy," or "The Blind Washerwoman of Moorfields," or any work of a more serious nature ; but Miss Sharp said her dear mother used often to play the same game with the old Count de Trictrac and the venerable Abbé du Cornet, and so found an excuse for this and other worldly amusements.

But it was not only by playing at backgammon with the baronet, that the little governess rendered herself agreeable to her employer. She found many different ways of being useful to him. She read over, with indefatigable patience, all those law papers, with which, before she came to Queen's Crawley, he had promised to entertain her. She volunteered to copy many of his letters, and adroitly altered the spelling of them so as to suit the usages of the present day. She became interested in every thing appertaining to the estate, to the farm, the park, the garden, and the stables ; and so delightful a companion was she, that the baronet would seldom take his after-break-

fast walk without her (and the children, of course), when she would give her advice as to the trees which were to be lopped in the shrubberies, the garden-beds to be dug, the crops which were to be cut, the horses which were to go to cart or plough. Before she had been a year at Queen's Crawley, she had quite won the baronet's confidence ; and the conversation at the dinner-table, which before used to be held between him and Mr. Horrocks, the butler, was now almost exclusively between Sir Pitt and Miss Sharp. She was almost mistress of the house when Mr. Crawley was absent, but conducted herself in her new and exalted situation with such circumspection and modesty as not to offend the authorities of the kitchen and stable, among whom her behavior was always exceedingly modest and affable. She was quite a different person from the haughty, shy, dissatisfied little girl whom we have known previously, and this change of temper proved great prudence, a sincere desire of amendment, or at any rate great moral courage on her part. Whether it was the heart which dictated this new system of complaisance and humility adopted by our Rebecca, is to be proved by her after-history. A system of hypocrisy, which lasts through whole years, is one seldom satisfactorily practiced by a person of one-and-twenty ; however, our readers will recollect that, though young in years, our heroine was old in life and experience, and we have written to no purpose if they have not discovered that she was a very clever woman.

The elder and younger son of the house of Crawley were, like the gentleman and lady in the weather-box, never at home together—they hated each other cordially : indeed, Rawdon Crawley, the dragon, had a great contempt for the establishment altogether, and seldom came thither, except when his aunt paid her annual visit.

The great good quality of this old lady has been mentioned. She possessed seventy thousand pounds, and had almost adopted Rawdon. She disliked her elder nephew exceedingly, and despised him as a milksop. In return, he did not hesitate to state that her soul was irretrievably lost, and was of opinion that his brother's chance in the next world was not a whit better. "She is a godless woman of the world," would Mr. Crawley say ; "she lives with atheists and Frenchmen. My mind shudders when I think of her awful, awful situation, and that, near as she is to the grave, she should be so given up to vanity, licentiousness, profaneness, and folly." In fact, the old lady declined altogether to hear his hour's lecture of an evening ; and when she came to Queen's Crawley alone, he was obliged to pretermit his usual devotional exercises.

"Shut up your sarmons, Pitt, when Miss Crawley comes down," said his father ; "she

as written to say that she won't stand the preachinging."

"O, sir! consider the servants."

"The servants be hanged," said Sir Pitt; and his son thought even worse would happen, were they deprived of the benefit of his instruction.

"Why, hang it, Pitt!" said the father to his remonstrance. "You wouldn't be such a flat as to let three thousand a year go out of the family?"

"What is money compared to our souls, sir?" continued Crawley.

"You mean that the old lady won't leave the money to you?"—and who knows but it was Mr. Crawley's meaning?

Old Miss Crawley was certainly one of the reprobate. She had a snug little house in Park-lane, and, as she ate and drank a great deal too much during the season in London, she went to Harrowgate or Cheltenham for the summer. She was the most hospitable and jovial of old vestals, and had been a beauty in her day, she said. (All old women were beauties once, we very well know.) She was a *bel esprit*, and a dreadful radical for those days. She had been in France (where St. Just, they say, inspired her with an unfortunate passion), and loved, ever after, French novels, French cookery, and French wines. She read Voltaire, and had Rousseau by heart; talked very lightly about divorce, and most energetically of the rights of women. She had pictures of Mr. Fox in every room in the house: when that statesman was in opposition, I am not sure that she had not flung a main with him; and when he came into office, she took great credit for bringing over to him Sir Pitt and his colleague for Queen's Crawley, although Sir Pitt would have come over himself, without any trouble on the honest lady's part. It is needless to say that Sir Pitt was brought to change his views after the death of the great Whig statesman.

This worthy old lady took a fancy to Rawdon Crawley when a boy, sent him to Cambridge (in opposition to his brother at Oxford), and, when the young man was requested by the authorities of the first-named university to quit, after a residence of two years, she bought him his commissions as Cornet and Lieutenant Crawley.

A perfect and celebrated "blood," or dandy about town, was this young officer. Boxing, rat-hunting, the fives' court, and four-in-hand driving were then the fashion of our British aristocracy; and he was an adept in all these noble sciences. And though he belonged to the household troops, who, as it was their duty to rally round the Prince Regent, had not shown their valor in foreign service, yet Rawdon Crawley had already (*apropos* of play, of which he was immoderately fond) fought three bloody du-

els, in which he gave ample proofs of his contempt for death.

"And for what follows after death," would Mr. Crawley observe, throwing his gooseberry-colored eyes up to the ceiling. He was always thinking of his brother's soul, or of the souls of those who differed with him in opinion: it is a sort of comfort which many of the serious give themselves.

Silly, romantic Miss Crawley, far from being horrified at the courage of her favorite, always used to pay his debts after his duels; and would not listen to a word that was whispered against his morality. "He will sow his wild-oats," she would say, "and is worth far more than that puling hypocrite of a brother of his."

CHAPTER XI.

ARCADIAN SIMPLICITY.

BESIDES these honest folks at the Hall (whose simplicity and sweet rural purity surely show the advantage of a country life over a town one), we must introduce the reader to their relatives and neighbors at the Rectory, Bute Crawley and his wife.

The Reverend Bute Crawley was a tall, stately, jolly, shovel-hatted man, far more popular in his county than the baronet his brother. At college he pulled stroke-oar in the Christchurch boat, and had thrashed all the best bruisers of the "town." He carried his taste for boxing and athletic exercises into private life: there was not a fight within twenty miles at which he was not present, nor a race, nor a coursing match, nor a regatta, nor a ball, nor an election, nor a visitation dinner, nor, indeed, a good dinner in the whole county, but he found means to attend it. You might see his bay-mare and gig-lamps a score of miles away from his Rectory-House, whenever there was any dinner-party at Fuddleston, or at Roxby, or at Wapshot Hall, or at the great lords of the county, with all of whom he was intimate. He had a fine voice; sang "A southerly wind and a cloudy sky;" and gave the "whoop" in chorus with general applause. He rode to hounds in a pepper-and-salt frock, and was one of the best fishermen in the county.

Mrs. Crawley, the rector's wife, was a smart little body, who wrote this worthy divine's sermons. Being of a domestic turn, and keeping the house a great deal with her daughters, she ruled absolutely within the Rectory, wisely giving her husband full liberty without. He was welcome to come and go, and dine abroad as many days as his fancy dictated, for Mrs. Crawley was a saving woman, and knew the price of port wine. Ever since Mrs. Bute carried off the young

rector of Queen's Crawley (she was of a good family, daughter of the late Lieutenant-colonel Hector Mac Tavish, and she and her mother played for Bute and won him at Harrowgate), she had been a prudent and thrifty wife to him. In spite of her care, however, he was always in debt. It took him at least ten years to pay off his college bills contracted during his father's lifetime. In the year 179—, when he was just clear of these incumbrances, he gave the odds of 100 to 1 (in twenties) against Kangaroo, who won the Derby. The rector was obliged to take up the money at a ruinous interest, and had been struggling ever since. His sister helped him with a hundred now and then, but of course his great hope was in her death—when “hang it” (as he would say), “Matilda *must* leave me half her money.”

So that the baronet and his brother had every reason which two brothers possibly can have for being by the ears. Sir Pitt had had the better of Bute in innumerable family transactions. Young Pitt not only did not hunt; but set up a meeting-house under his uncle's very nose. Rawdon, it was known, was to come in for the bulk of Miss Crawley's property. These money transactions—these speculations in life and death—these silent battles for reversionary spoil—make brothers very loving toward each other in Vanity Fair. I, for my part, have known a five-pound-note to interpose and knock up a half century's attachment between two brethren; and can't but admire, as I think what a fine and durable thing love is among worldly people.

It can not be supposed that the arrival of such a personage as Rebecca at Queen's Crawley, and her gradual establishment in the good graces of all people there, could be unremarked by Mrs. Bute Crawley. Mrs. Bute, who knew how many days the sirloin of beef lasted at the hall; how much linen was got ready at the great wash; how many peaches were on the south wall; how many doses her ladyship took when she was ill—for such points are matters of intense interest to certain persons in the country—Mrs. Bute, I say, could not pass over the hall governess without making every inquiry respecting her history and character. There was always the best understanding between the servants at the Rectory and the Hall. There was always a good glass of ale in the kitchen of the former place for the Hall people, whose ordinary drink was very small—and, indeed, the rector's lady knew exactly how much malt went to every barrel of Hall beer—ties of relationship existed between the Hall and Rectory domestics, as between their masters; and through these channels each family was perfectly well acquainted with the doings of the other. That, by the way, may be set down as a general remark. When you and your

brother are friends, his doings are indifferent to you. When you have quarreled, all his outgoings and incomings you know, as if you were his spy.

Very soon then after her arrival, Rebecca began to take a regular place in Mrs. Crawley's bulletin from the Hall. It was to this effect: “The black porker's killed—weighed *x* stone—salted the sides—pig's pudding and leg of pork for dinner. Mr. Cramp, from Mudbury, over with Sir Pitt about putting John Blackmore in jail—Mr. Pitt at meeting (with all the names of the people who attended)—my lady as usual—the young ladies with the governess.”

Then the report would come—The new governess be a rare manager—Sir Pitt be very sweet on her—Mr. Crawley too—He be reading tracts to her—“What an abandoned wretch!” said little, eager, active, black-faced Mrs. Bute Crawley.

Finally, the reports were that the governess had “come round” every body, wrote Sir Pitt's letters, did his business, managed his accounts—had the upper hand of the whole house, my lady, Mr. Crawley, the girls and all—at which Mrs. Crawley declared she was an artful hussy, and had some dreadful designs in view. Thus the doings at the Hall were the great food for conversation at the Rectory, and Mrs. Bute's bright eyes spied out every thing that took place in the enemy's camp—every thing and a great deal besides.

Mrs. Bute Crawley to Miss Pinkerton, the Mall, Chiswick.

“Rectory, Queen's Crawley, December —.

“MY DEAR MADAM—Although it is so many years since I profited by your *delightful and invaluable* instructions, yet I have ever retained the *fondest and most reverential* regard for Miss Pinkerton and dear Chiswick. I hope your health is good. The world and the *cause of education* can not afford to lose Miss Pinkerton for many, many years. When my friend, Lady Fuddleston, mentioned that her dear girls required an instructress (I am *too poor* to engage a governess for mine, but was I not educated at Chiswick?)—‘Who,’ I exclaimed, ‘can we consult but the excellent, the incomparable Miss Pinkerton?’ In a word, have you, dear madam, any ladies on your list, whose services might be made available to my kind friend and neighbor? I assure you she will take no governess *but of your choosing*.

“My dear husband is pleased to say that he likes *every thing which comes from Miss Pinkerton's school*. How I wish I could present him and my beloved girls to the friend of my youth, and the *admired* of the great lexicographer of our country! If you ever travel into Hampshire, Mr. Crawley begs me to say he hopes you will adorn our

rural Rectory with your presence. 'Tis the humble, but happy home of

"Your affectionate

"MARTHA CRAWLEY.

"P.S. Mr. Crawley's brother, the baronet, with whom we are not, alas! upon those terms of *unity* in which it *becomes brethren to dwell*, has a governess for his little girls, who, I am told, had the good fortune to be educated at Chiswick. I hear various reports of her; and as I have the tenderest interest in my dearest little nieces, whom I wish, in spite of family differences, to see among my own children—and as I long to be attentive to *any pupil of yours*—do, my dear Miss Pinkerton, tell me the *history* of this young lady, whom, for *your sake*, I am most anxious to befriend. M. C."

Miss Pinkerton to Mrs. Bute Crawley.

"Johnson House, Chiswick, Dec. 18—

"DEAR MADAM—I have the honor to acknowledge your polite communication, to which I promptly reply. 'Tis most gratifying to one in my most arduous position to find that my maternal cares have elicited a responsive affection; and to recognize in the amiable Mrs. Bute Crawley my excellent pupil of former years, the *sprightly and accomplished* Miss Martha MacTavish. I am happy to have under my charge now the daughters of many of those who were your contemporaries at my establishment—what pleasure it would give me if your own beloved young ladies had need of my instructive superintendence!

"Presenting my respectful compliments to Lady Fuddleston, I have the honor (epistolarily) to introduce to her ladyship my two friends, Miss Tuffin and Miss Hawky.

"Either of these young ladies is *perfectly qualified* to instruct in Greek, Latin, and the rudiments of Hebrew; in mathematics and history; in Spanish, French, Italian, and geography; in music, vocal and instrumental; in dancing, without the aid of a master; and in the elements of natural sciences. In the use of the globes both are proficient. In addition to these, Miss Tuffin, who is daughter of the late Reverend Thomas Tuffin (Fellow of Corpus College, Cambridge), can instruct in the Syriac language, and the elements of constitutional law. But as she is only eighteen years of age, and of exceedingly pleasing personal appearance, perhaps this young lady may be objectionable in Sir Huddleston Fuddleston's family.

"Miss Letitia Hawky, on the other hand, is not personally well-favored. She is twenty-nine; her face is much pitted with the small-pox. She has a halt in her gait, red hair, and a trifling obliquity of vision. Both ladies are endowed with *every moral and religious virtue*. Their terms, of course, are such as their accomplishments merit.

With my most grateful respects to the Reverend Bute Crawley, I have the honor to be,

"Dear Madam.

"Your most faithful and obedient servant,

"BARBARA PINKERTON.

"P.S. The Miss Sharp, whom you mention as governess to Sir Pitt Crawley, Bart., M.P., was a pupil of mine, and I have nothing to say in her disfavor. Though her appearance is disagreeable, we can not control the operations of nature; and though her parents were disreputable (her father being a painter, several times bankrupt; and her mother, as I have since learned, with horror, a dancer at the Opera), yet her talents are considerable, and I can not regret that I received her *out of charity*. My dread is, lest the principles of the mother—who was represented to me as a French countess, forced to emigrate in the late revolutionary horrors; but who, as I have since found, was a person of the *very lowest order and morals*—should at any time prove to be *hereditary* in the unhappy young woman whom I took as *an outcast*. But her principles have *hitherto* been correct (I believe), and I am sure nothing will occur to injure them in the elegant and refined circle of the eminent Sir Pitt Crawley."

Miss Rebecca Sharp to Miss Amelia Sedley.

"I have not written to my beloved Amelia for these many weeks past, for what news was there to tell of the sayings and doings at Humdrum Hall, as I have christened it; and what do you care whether the turnip crop is good or bad; whether the fat pig weighed thirteen stone or fourteen; and whether the beasts thrive well upon mangelwurzel? Every day since I last wrote has been like its neighbor. Before breakfast, a walk with Sir Pitt and his spud; after breakfast, studies (such as they are) in the school-room; after school-room, reading and writing about lawyers, leases, coal-mines, canals, with Sir Pitt (whose secretary I am become); after dinner, Mr. Crawley's discourses or the baronet's backgammon; during both of which amusements my lady looks on with equal placidity. She has become rather more interesting by being ailing of late, which has brought a new visitor to the Hall, in the person of a young doctor. Well, my dear, young women need never despair. The young doctor gave a certain friend of yours to understand that, if she chose to be Mrs. Glauber, she was welcome to ornament the surgery! I told his impudence that the gilt pestle and mortar was quite ornament enough; as if I was born, indeed, to be a country surgeon's wife. Mr. Glauber went home seriously indisposed at his rebuff, took a cooling draught, and is now quite cured. Sir Pitt applauded my resolution highly; he would be sorry to lose his little secretary, I think; and I believe the

old wretch likes me as much as it is in his nature to like any one. Marry, indeed! and with a country apothecary, after—No, no, one can not so soon forget old associations, about which I will talk no more. Let us return to Humdrum Hall.

"For some time past it is Humdrum Hall no longer. My dear, Miss Crawley has arrived with her fat horses, fat servants, fat spaniel—the great, rich Miss Crawley, with seventy thousand pounds in the five per cents., whom, or I had better say *which*, her two brothers adore. She looks very apoplectic, the dear soul; no wonder her brothers are anxious about her. You should see them struggling to settle her cushions, or to hand her coffee! 'When I come into the country,' she says (for she has a great deal of humor), 'I leave my toady, Miss Briggs, at home. My brothers are my toadies here, my dear, and a pretty pair they are!'

"When she comes into the country our Hall is thrown open, and for a month, at least, you would fancy old Sir Walpole was come to life again. We have dinner-parties, and drive out in the coach-and-four—the footmen put on their newest canary-colored liveries; we drink claret and champagne as if we were accustomed to it every day. We have wax candles in the school-room, and fires to warm ourselves with. Lady Crawley is made to put on the brightest pea-green in her wardrobe, and my pupils leave off their thick shoes and tight old tartan pelisses, and wear silk stockings and muslin frocks, as fashionable baronets' daughters should. Rose came in yesterday in a sad plight—the Wiltshire sow (an enormous pet of hers) ran her down, and destroyed a most lovely flowered lilac silk dress by dancing over it—had this happened a week ago, Sir Pitt would have sworn frightfully, have boxed the poor wretch's ears, and put her upon bread and water for a month. All he said was, 'I'll serve you out, Miss, when your aunt's gone,' and laughed off the accident as quite trivial. Let us hope his wrath will have passed away before Miss Crawley's departure. I hope so, for Miss Rose's sake, I am sure. What a charming reconciler and peace-maker money is!

"Another admirable effect of Miss Crawley and her seventy thousand pounds is to be seen in the conduct of the two brothers Crawley. I mean the baronet and the rector, not *our* brothers—but the former who hate each other all the year round, become quite loving at Christmas. I wrote to you last year how the abominable horse-racing rector was in the habit of preaching clumsy sermons at us at church, and how Sir Pitt snored in answer—when Miss Crawley arrives there is no such thing as quarreling heard of—the Hall visits the Rectory, and *vice versa*—the parson and the baronet talk about the pigs and the poachers, and the

county business, in the most affable manner, and without quarreling in their cups, I believe—indeed, Miss Crawley won't hear of their quarreling, and vows that she will leave her money to the Shropshire Crawleys if they offend her. If they were clever people, those Shropshire Crawleys, they might have it all, I think; but the Shropshire Crawley is a clergyman like his Hampshire cousin, and mortally offended Miss Crawley (who had fled thither in a fit of rage against her impracticable brethren) by some strait-laced notions of morality. He would have prayers in the house, I believe.

"Our sermon-books are shut up when Miss Crawley arrives, and Mr. Pitt, whom she abominates, finds it convenient to go to town. On the other hand, the young dandy, *blood*, I believe, is the term, Captain Crawley makes his appearance, and I suppose you would like to know what sort of a person he is.

"Well, he is a very large young dandy. He is six feet high, and speaks with a great voice; and swears a great deal; and orders about the servants, who all adore him nevertheless; for he is very generous of his money, and the domestics will do any thing for him. Last week the keepers almost killed a bailiff and his man who came down from London to arrest the captain, and who were found lurking about the park wall—they beat them, ducked them, and were going to shoot them for poachers, but the baronet interfered.

"The captain has a hearty contempt for his father, I can see, and calls him an old *put*, an old *snob*, an old *chaw-bacon*, and numberless other pretty names. He has a *dreadful reputation* among the ladies. He brings his hunters home with him, lives with the squires of the county, asks whom he pleases to dinner, and Sir Pitt dares not say no, for fear of offending Miss Crawley, and missing his legacy when she dies of her apoplexy. Shall I tell you a compliment the captain paid me? I must, it is so pretty. One evening we actually had a dance; there was Sir Huddleston Fuddleston and his family, Sir Giles Wapshot and his young ladies, and I don't know how many more. Well, I heard him say—'By Jove, she's a neat little filly!' meaning your humble servant; and he did me the honor to dance two country dances with me. He gets on pretty gayly with the young squires, with whom he drinks, bets, rides and talks about hunting and shooting; but he says the country girls are *bored*; indeed, I don't think he is far wrong. You should see the contempt with which they look down on poor me! When they dance I sit and play the piano very demurely; but the other night coming in rather flushed from the dining-room, and seeing me employed in this way, he swore out loud that I was the best dancer



MISS CRAWLEY'S AFFECTIONATE RELATIVES. (p. 52.)



in the room, and took a great oath that he would have the fiddlers from Mudbury.

"I'll go and play a country-dance," said Mrs. Bute Crawley, very readily (she is a little, black-faced old woman in a turban, rather crooked, and with very twinkling eyes); and after the captain and your poor little Rebecca had performed a dance together, do you know she actually did me the honor to compliment me upon my steps! Such a thing was never heard of before; the proud Mrs. Bute Crawley, first cousin to the Earl of Tiptoff, who won't condescend to visit Lady Crawley, except when her sister is in the country. Poor Lady Crawley! During most part of these gayeties, she is up stairs taking pills.

"Mrs. Bute has all of a sudden taken a great fancy to me. 'My dear Miss Sharp,' she says, 'why not bring over your girls to the Rectory? their cousins would be so happy to see them.' I know what she means. Signor Clementi did not teach us the piano for nothing; at which price Mrs. Bute hopes to get a professor for her children. I can see through her schemes, as though she told them to me; but I shall go, as I am determined to make myself agreeable—is it not a poor governess's duty, who has not a friend or protector in the world? The rector's wife paid me a score of compliments about the progress my pupils made, and thought, no doubt, to touch my heart—poor, simple, country soul! as if I cared a fig about my pupils!

"Your India muslin and your pink silk, dearest Amelia, are said to become me very well. They are a good deal worn now; but, you know, we poor girls can't afford *des fraiches toilettes*. Happy, happy you! who have but to drive to St. James's-street, and a dear mother who will give you any thing you ask. Farewell, dearest girl.

"Your affectionate

"REBECCA.

"P.S. I wish you could have seen the faces of the Miss Blackbrooks (Admiral Blackbrook's daughters, my dear): fine young ladies, with dresses from London, when Captain Rawdon selected poor me for a partner!"

When Mrs. Bute Crawley (whose artifices our ingenious Rebecca had so soon discovered) had procured from Miss Sharp the promise of a visit, she induced the all-powerful Miss Crawley to make the necessary application to Sir Pitt, and the good-natured old lady, who loved to be gay herself, and to see every one gay and happy round about her, was quite charmed, and ready to establish a reconciliation and intimacy between her two brothers. It was therefore agreed that the young people of both families should visit each other frequently for the future, and the friendship of course lasted as long

as the jovial old mediatrix was there to keep the peace.

"Why did you ask that scoundrel, Petty Crawley, to dine?" said the rector to his lady, as they were walking home through the park. "I don't want the fellow. He looks down upon us country people as so many blackamoors. He's never content unless he gets my yellow-sealed wine, which costs me ten shillings a bottle, hang him! Besides, he's such an infernal character—he's a gambler—he's a drunkard—he's a profligate in every way. He's killed a man in a duel—he's over head and ears in debt, and he's robbed me and mine of the best part of Miss Crawley's fortune. Waxy says she has him—" here the rector shook his fist at the moon, with something very like an oath, and added, in a melancholious tone—"—, down in her will for fifty thousand; and there won't be above thirty to divide."

"I think she's going," said the rector's wife. "She was very red in the face when we left dinner. I was obliged to unlace her."

"She drank seven glasses of champagne," said the reverend gentleman, in a low voice; "and filthy champagne it is, too, that my brother poisons us with—but you women never know what's what."

"We know nothing," said Mrs. Bute Crawley.

"She drank cherry-brandy after dinner," continued his reverence, "and took curaçoa with her coffee. I wouldn't take a glass for a five pound note: it kills me with heart-burn. She can't stand it, Mrs. Crawley—she must go—flesh and blood won't bear it! and I lay five to two, that Matilda drops in a year."

Indulging in these solemn speculations, and thinking about his debts, and his son Jim at College, and Frank at Woolwich, and the four girls, who were no beauties, poor things, and would not have a penny but what they got from the aunt's expected legacy, the rector and his lady walked on for a while.

"Pitt can't be such an infernal villain as to sell the reversion of the living. And that Methodist milksop of an eldest son looks to Parliament," continued Mr. Crawley, after a pause.

"Sir Pitt Crawley will do any thing," said the rector's wife. "We must get Miss Crawley to make him promise it to James."

"Pitt will promise any thing," replied the brother. "He promised he'd pay my college bills, when my father died: he promised he'd build the new wing to the rectory: he promised he'd let me have Jibb's field and the six-acre meadow, and much he executed his promises! And it's to this man's son—this scoundrel, gambler, swind-

ler, murderer of a Rawdon Crawley that Matilda leaves the bulk of her money. I say it's un-Christian. By Jove, it is. The infamous dog has got every vice except hypocrisy, and that belongs to his brother."

"Hush, my dearest love! we're in Sir Pitt's grounds," interposed his wife.

"I say he *has* got every vice, Mrs. Crawley. Don't, ma'am, bully *me*. Didn't he shoot Captain Firebrace? Didn't he rob young Lord Dovedale at the 'Cocoa-Tree'? Didn't he cross the fight between Bill Soames and the Cheshire Trump, by which I lost forty pound? You know he did; and as for the woman, why, you heard that before me, in my own magistrates' room—"

"For Heaven's sake, Mr. Crawley," said the lady, "spare me the details."

"And you ask this villain into your house!" continued the exasperated rector. "You, the mother of a young family—the wife of a clergyman of the Church of England. By Jove!"

"Bute Crawley, you are a fool," said the rector's wife, scornfully.

"Well, ma'am, fool or not—and I don't say, Martha, I'm so clever as *you* are, I never did. But I won't meet Rawdon Crawley, that's flat. I'll go over to Huddleston, that I will, and see his black grayhound, Mrs. Crawley; and I'll run Lancelot against him for fifty. By Jove, I will; or against any dog in England. But I won't meet that beast, Rawdon Crawley."

"Mr. Crawley, you are intoxicated, as usual," replied his wife. And the next morning, when the rector woke, and called for small beer, she put him in mind of his promise to visit Sir Huddleston Fuddlestone, on Saturday, and as he knew he should have a *wet night*, it was agreed that he might gallop back again in time for church on Sunday morning. Thus it will be seen that the parishioners of Crawley were equally happy in their squire and in their rector.

Miss Crawley had not long been established at the Hall before Rebecca's fascinations had won the heart of that good-natured London rake, as they had of the country innocents whom we have been describing. Taking her accustomed drive, one day, she thought fit to order that "that little governess" should accompany her to Mudbury. Before they had returned, Rebecca had made a conquest of her; having made her laugh four times, and amused her during the whole of the little journey.

"Not let Miss Sharp dine at table!" said she to Sir Pitt, who had arranged a dinner of ceremony, and asked all the neighboring baronets. "My dear creature, do you suppose I can talk about the nursery with Lady Fuddlestone, or discuss justices' business with that goose, old Sir Giles Wapshot? I in-

sist upon Miss Sharp appearing. Let Lady Crawley remain up stairs, if there is no room. But little Miss Sharp! Why, she's the only person fit to talk to in the county!"

Of course, after such a peremptory order as this, Miss Sharp, the governess, received commands to dine with the illustrious company below stairs. And when Sir Huddleston had, with great pomp and ceremony, handed Miss Crawley in to dinner, and was preparing to take his place by her side, the old lady cried out, in a shrill voice, "Becky Sharp! Miss Sharp! Come you and sit by me; and let Sir Huddleston sit by Lady Wapshot."

When the parties were over, and the carriages had rolled away, the insatiable Miss Crawley would say, "Come to my dressing-room, Becky, and let us abuse the company"—which, between them, this pair of friends did perfectly. Old Sir Huddleston wheezed a great deal at dinner; Sir Giles Wapshot had a particularly noisy manner of imbibing his soup, and her ladyship a wink of the left eye; all of which Becky caricatured to admiration; as well as the particulars of the night's conversation; the politics; the war; the quarter-sessions; the famous run with the H. H., and those heavy and dreary themes, about which country gentlemen converse. As for the Misses Wapshots' toilets, and Lady Fuddlestone's famous yellow hat, Miss Sharp tore them to tatters, to the infinite amusement of her audience.

"My dear, you are a perfect *trouvaille*," Miss Crawley would say. "I wish you could come to me in London, but I couldn't make a butt of you as I do of poor Briggs—no, no, you little sly creature; you are too clever—Isn't she, Firkin?"

Mrs. Firkin (who was dressing the very small remnant of hair which remained on Miss Crawley's pate) flung up her head and said, "I think Miss *is* very clever," with the most killing, sarcastic air. In fact, Mrs. Firkin had that natural jealousy which is one of the main principles of every honest woman.

After rebuffing Sir Huddleston Fuddlestone, Miss Crawley ordered that Rawdon Crawley should lead her in to dinner every day, and that Becky should follow with her cushion—or else she would have Becky's arm and Rawdon with the pillow. "We must sit together," she said. "We're the only three Christians in the county, my love"—in which case, it must be confessed that religion was at a very low ebb in the county of Hants.

Besides being such a fine religionist, Miss Crawley was, as we have said, an ultra-liberal in opinions, and always took occasion to express these in the most candid manner.

"What is birth, my dear?" she would say

to Rebecca—"Look at my brother Pitt; look at the Huddlestons, who have been here since Henry II.; look at poor Bute, at the parsonage;—are any one of them equal to you in intelligence or breeding? Equal to *you*—they are not even equal to poor dear Briggs, my companion, or Rincer, my butler. You, my love, are a little paragon—positively a little jewel—you have more brains than half the shire—if merit had its reward, you ought to be a duchess; no, there ought to be no duchesses at all—but you ought to have no superior, and I consider you, my love, as my equal in every respect; and—will you put some coals on the fire, my dear; and will you pick this dress of mine, and alter it, you who can do it so well?" So this old philanthropist used to make her equal run of her errands, execute her millinery, and read her to sleep with French novels, every night.

At this time, as some old readers may recollect, the genteel world had been thrown into a considerable state of excitement, by two events, which, as the papers say, might give employment to gentlemen of the long robe. Ensign Shafton had run away with Lady Barbara Fitzurse, the Earl of Bruin's daughter and heiress; and poor Vere Vane, a gentleman who, up to forty, had maintained a most respectable character and reared a numerous family, suddenly and outrageously left his home, for the sake of Mrs. Rougemont, the actress, who was sixty-five years of age.

"That was the most beautiful part of dear Lord Nelson's character," Miss Crawley said. "He went to the deuce for a woman. There *must* be good in a man who will do that. I adore all imprudent matches. What I like best, is, for a nobleman to marry a miller's daughter, as Lord Flowerdale did—it makes all the women so angry—I wish some great man would run away with *you*, my dear; I'm sure you're pretty enough."

"Two post-boys!—Oh! it would be delightful!" Rebecca owned.

"And what I like next best, is, for a poor fellow to run away with a rich girl. I have set my heart on Rawdon running away with some one."

"A rich some one, or a poor some one?"

"Why, you goose! Rawdon has not a shilling but what I give him. He is *criblé de dettes*—he must repair his fortunes, and succeed in the world."

"Is he very clever," Rebecca asked.

"Clever, my love?—not an idea in the world beyond his horses, and his regiment, and his hunting, and his play; but he must succeed—he's so delightfully wicked. Don't you know he has killed a man, and shot an injured father through the hat only? He's adored in his regiment; and all the young

men at Wattier's and the Cocoa Tree swear by him.*

When Miss Rebecca Sharp wrote to her beloved friend the account of the little ball at Queen's Crawley, and the manner in which, for the first time, Captain Crawley had distinguished her, she did not, strange to relate, give an altogether accurate account of the transaction. The captain had distinguished her a great number of times before. The captain had met her in a half-score of walks. The captain had lighted upon her in a half-hundred of corridors and passages. The captain had hung over her piano twenty times of an evening, as (my lady was now up-stairs, being ill, and nobody heeded her) she sang. The captain had written her notes (the best that the great blundering dragoon could devise and spell; but dullness gets on as well as any other quality with women). But when he put the first of the notes into the leaves of the song she was singing, the little governess, rising and looking him steadily in the face, took up the triangular missive daintily, and waved it about as if it were a cocked hat, and she, advancing to the enemy, popped the note into the fire, and made him a very low courtesy, and went back to her place, and began to sing away again more merrily than ever.

"What's that?" said Miss Crawley, interrupted in her after-dinner doze by the stoppage of the music.

"It's a false note," Miss Sharp said, with a laugh; and Rawdon Crawley fumed with rage and mortification.

Seeing the evident partiality of Miss Crawley for the new governess, how good it was of Mrs. Bute Crawley not to be jealous, and to welcome the young lady to the Rectory, and not only her, but Rawdon Crawley, her husband's rival in the old maid's five per cents.! They became very fond of each other's society, Mrs. Crawley and her nephew. He gave up hunting: he declined entertainments at Fuddleston: he would not dine with the mess of the *dépôt* at Mudbury: his great pleasure was to stroll over to Crawley parsonage—whither Miss Crawley came too; and as their mamma was ill, why not the children with Miss Sharp? So the children (little dears!) came with Miss Sharp; and of an evening some of the party would walk back together. Not Miss Crawley—she preferred her carriage—but the walk over the Rectory fields, and in at the little park wicket, and through the dark plantation, and up the checkered avenue to Queen's Crawley, was charming in

* If any body considers this an overdrawn picture of a noble and influential class of persons, I refer them to contemporaneous histories—such as Byron's *Memoirs*, for instance; in which popular illustration of Vanity Fair, you have the morals of Richelieu, and the elegance of Dutch Sam.

the moonlight to two such lovers of the picturesque as the captain and Miss Rebecca.

"O those stars, those stars!" Miss Rebecca would say, turning her twinkling green eyes up toward them. "I feel myself almost a spirit when I gaze upon them."

"O—ah—Gad—yes, so do I exactly, Miss Sharp?" the other enthusiast replied. "You don't mind my cigar, do you, Miss Sharp?" Miss Sharp loved the smell of a cigar out of doors beyond every thing in the world—and she just tasted one too, in the prettiest way possible, and gave a little puff, and a little scream, and a little giggle, and restored the delicacy to the captain; who twirled his moustache, and straightway puffed it into a blaze that glowed quite red in the dark plantation, and swore—"Jove—aw—Gad—aw—its the finest segaw I ever smoked in the world aw," for his intellect and conversation were alike brilliant and becoming to a heavy young dragoon.

Old Sir Pitt, who was taking his pipe and beer, and talking to John Horrocks about a "ship" that was to be killed, espied the pair so occupied, from his study-window, and with dreadful oaths swore that if it wasn't for Miss Crawley, he'd take Rawdon and bundle 'un out of doors, like a rogue as he was.

"He *be* a bad'n, sure enough," Mr. Horrocks remarked; "and his man Flethers is wuss, and have made such a row in the housekeeper's room about the dinners and hale, as no lord would make—but I think Miss Sharp's a match for'n, Sir Pitt," he added, after a pause.

And so, in truth, she was—for father and son too.

CHAPTER XII.

QUITE A SENTIMENTAL CHAPTER.

WE must now take leave of Arcadia, and those amiable people practicing the rural virtues there, and travel back to London, to inquire what has become of Miss Amelia.

"We don't care a fig for her," writes some unknown correspondent with a pretty little hand-writing and a pink seal to her note. "She is *fade* and insipid," and adds some more kind remarks in this strain, which I should never have repeated at all, but that they are in truth prodigiously complimentary to the young lady whom they concern.

Has the beloved reader, in his experience of society, never heard similar remarks by good-natured female friends; who always wonder what you *can* see in Miss Smith that is so fascinating; or what *could* induce Major Jones to propose for that silly, insignificant, simpering Miss Thompson, who has nothing but her wax-doll face to recommend her? What is there in a pair of pink cheeks

and blue eyes, forsooth? these dear moralists ask, and hint wisely, that the gifts of genius, the accomplishments of the mind, the mastery of Mangnall's questions, and a ladylike knowledge of botany and geology, the gift of making poetry, the power of rattling sonatas in the Herz-manner, and so forth, are far more valuable endowments for a female, than those fugitive charms which a few years will inevitably tarnish. It is quite edifying to hear women speculate upon the worthlessness and the duration of beauty.

But though virtue is a much finer thing, and those hapless creatures who suffer under the misfortune of good looks ought to be continually put in mind of the fate which awaits them; and though, very likely, the heroic female character which ladies admire is a more glorious and beautiful object than the kind, fresh, smiling, artless, tender, little domestic goddess, whom men are inclined to worship—yet the latter and inferior sort of women must have this consolation—that the men *do* admire them after all; and that, in spite of all our kind friends' warnings and protests, we go on in our desperate error and folly, and shall to the end of the chapter. Indeed, for my own part, though I have been repeatedly told by persons for whom I have the greatest respect, that Miss Brown is an insignificant chit, and Mrs. White has nothing but her *petit minois chiffonné*, and Mrs. Black has not a word to say for herself; yet I know that I have had the most delightful conversations with Mrs. Black (of course, my dear madam, they are inviolable): I see all the men in a cluster round Mrs. White's chair: all the young fellows battling to dance with Miss Brown: and so I am tempted to think that to be despised by her sex is a very great compliment to a woman.

The young ladies in Amelia's society did this for her very satisfactorily. For instance, there was scarcely any point upon which the Miss Osbornes, George's sisters, and the Mesdemoiselles Dobbin agreed so well as in their estimate of her very trifling merits: and their wonder that their brothers could find any charms in her. "We are kind to her," the Misses Osborne said, a pair of fine, black-browed young ladies, who had had the best of governesses, masters, and milliners; and they treated her with such extreme kindness and condescension, and patronized her so insufferably, that the poor little thing *was*, in fact, perfectly dumb in their presence, and to all outward appearance as stupid as they thought her. She made efforts to like them, as in duty bound, and as sisters of her future husband. She passed "long mornings" with them—the most dreary and serious of forenoons. She drove out solemnly in their great family coach with them, and Miss Wirt their governess, that raw-boned vestal. They took

her to the ancient concerts by way of a treat, and to the oratorio, and to St. Paul's, to see the charity children, where, in such terror was she of her friends, she almost did not dare be affected by the hymn the children sang. Their house was comfortable; their papa's table rich and handsome; their society solemn and genteel; their self-respect prodigious; they had the best pew at the Foundling; all their habits were pompous and orderly, and all their amusements intolerably dull and decorous. After every one of her visits (and O, how glad she was when they were over!) Miss Osborne and Miss Maria Osborne, and Miss Wirt, the vestal governess, asked each other with increased wonder, "What *could* George find in that creature?"

How is this? some carping reader exclaims. How is it that Amelia, who had such a number of friends at school, and was so beloved there, comes out into the world, and is spurned by her discriminating sex? My dear Sir, there were no men at Miss Pinkerton's establishment except the old dancing-master; and you would not have had the girls fall out about *him*? When George, their handsome brother, ran off directly after breakfast, and dined from home half-a-dozen times a week; no wonder the neglected sisters felt a little vexation. When young Bullock (of the firm of Hulker, Bullock and Co., Bankers, Lombard-street), who had been making up to Miss Maria the last two seasons, actually asked Amelia to dance the cotillion, could you expect that the former young lady should be pleased? And yet she said she was, like an artless, forgiving creature. "I'm so delighted you like dear Amelia," she said quite eagerly to Mr. Bullock, after the dance. "She's engaged to my brother George; there's not much in her, but she's the best-natured and most unaffected young creature: at home we're all so fond of her." Dear girl! who can calculate the depth of affection expressed in that enthusiastic *so*?

Miss Wirt and these two affectionate young women so earnestly and frequently impressed upon George Osborne's mind the enormity of the sacrifice he was making, and his romantic generosity in throwing himself away upon Amelia, that I'm not sure but that he really thought he was one of the most deserving characters in the British army, and gave himself up to be loved with a good deal of easy resignation.

Somehow, although he left home every morning, as was stated, and dined abroad six days in the week, when his sisters believed the infatuated youth to be at Miss Sedley's apron-strings: he was *not* always with Amelia, while the world supposed him at her feet. Certain it is, that on more occasions than one, when Captain Dobbin called to look for his friend, Miss Osborne (who

was very attentive to the captain, and anxious to hear his military stories, and to know about the health of his dear mamma), Miss Osborne would laughingly point to the opposite side of the square, and say, "Oh, you must go to the Sedleys' to ask for George; *we* never see him from morning till night." At which kind of speech the captain would laugh, in rather an absurd, constrained manner, and turn off the conversation, like a consummate man of the world, to some topic of general interest, such as the Opera, the Prince's last ball at Carlton House, or the weather—that blessing to society.

"What an innocent it is, that pet of yours," Miss Maria would then say to Miss Jane, upon the captain's departure. "Did you see how he blushed at the mention of poor George on duty?"

"It's a pity Frederic Bullock hadn't some of his modesty, Maria," replies the elder sister, with a toss of her head.

"Modesty!" Awkwardness, you mean, Jane. "I don't want Frederic to trample a hole in my muslin frock, as Captain Dobbin did in your's at Mrs. Perkins'."

"In *your* frock, he, he! How could he? Wasn't he dancing with Amelia?"

The fact is, when Captain Dobbin blushed so, and looked so awkward, he remembered a circumstance of which he did not think it was necessary to inform the young ladies, viz., that he had been calling at Mr. Sedley's house already, on the pretense of seeing George, of course, and George wasn't there, only poor little Amelia, with rather a sad, wistful face, seated near the drawing-room window, who, after some very trifling, stupid talk, ventured to ask, was there any truth in the report that the regiment was soon to be ordered abroad; and had Captain Dobbin seen Mr. Osborne that day?

The regiment was not ordered abroad as yet; and Captain Dobbin had not seen George. "He was with his sisters, most likely," the captain said. "Should he go and fetch the truant?" So she gave him her hand kindly and gratefully: and he crossed the square; and she waited and waited, but George never came.

"Poor little tender heart! and so it goes on hoping and beating, and longing and trusting. You see it's not much of a life to describe. There's not much of what you call incident in it. Only one feeling all day—When will he come? only one thought to sleep and wake upon. I believe George was playing billiards with Captain Cannon in Swallow-street at the time when Amelia was asking Captain Dobbin about him; for he was a jolly, sensible fellow, and excellent in all games of skill.

Once, after three days of absence, Miss Amelia put on her bonnet, and actually invaded the Osborne house. "What! leave our brother to come to us?" said the young

ladies. "Have you had a quarrel, Amelia? Do tell us!" No, indeed, there had been no quarrel. "Who could quarrel with him," says she, with her eyes filled with tears. She only came over to — to see her dear friends; they had not met for so long. And this day she was so perfectly stupid and awkward, that the Miss Osbornes and their governess, who stared after her as she went sadly away, wondered more than ever what George could see in poor little Amelia.

Of course they did. How was she to bare that timid little heart for the inspection of those young ladies with their bold, black eyes? It was best that it should shrink and hide itself. I know the Miss Osbornes were excellent critics of a cashmere shawl, or a pink satin slip; and when Miss Turner had hers dyed purple, and made into a spencer; and when Miss Pickford had her ermine tippet twisted into a muff and trimmings, I warrant you the changes did not escape the two intelligent young women before mentioned. But there are things, look you, of a finer texture than fur or satin, and all Solomon's glories, and all the wardrobe of the Queen of Sheba;—things, whereof the beauty escapes the eyes of many connoisseurs. And there are sweet, modest little souls on which you light, fragrant and blooming tenderly in quiet, shady places; and there are garden-ornaments, as big as brass warming-pans, that are fit to stare the sun itself out of countenance. Miss Sedley was not of the sun-flower sort; and I say it is out of the rules of all proportion to draw a violet of the size of a double dahlia.

No, indeed; the life of a good young girl who is in the paternal nest as yet, can't have many of those thrilling incidents to which the heroine of romance commonly lays claim. Snares or shot may take off the old birds foraging without—hawks may be abroad, from which they escape or by whom they suffer; but the young ones in the nest have a pretty comfortable, unromantic sort of existence in the down and the straw, till it comes to their turn, too, to get on the wing. While Becky Sharp was on her own wing in the country, hopping on all sorts of twigs, and amid a multiplicity of traps, and pecking up her food quite harmless and successful, Amelia lay snug in her home of Russell-square; if she went into the world, it was under the guidance of the elders; nor did it seem that any evil could befall her or that opulent, cheery, comfortable home in which she was affectionately sheltered. Mamma had her morning duties, and her daily drive, and that delightful round of visits and shopping which forms the amusement, or the profession as you may call it, of the rich London lady. Papa conducted his mysterious operations in the city—a stirring place in those days, when war was raging all over Europe, and empires were being staked;

when the "Courier" newspaper had tens of thousands of subscribers; when one day brought you a battle of Vittoria, another a burning of Moscow, or a newsman's horn blowing down Russell-square about dinner-time announced such a fact as—"Battle of Leipsic—six hundred thousand men engaged—total defeat of the French—two hundred thousand killed." Old Sedley once or twice came home with a very grave face; and no wonder, when such news as this was agitating all the hearts and all the stocks of Europe.

Meanwhile matters went on in Russell-square, Bloomsbury, just as if matters in Europe were not in the least disorganized. The retreat from Leipsic made no difference in the number of meals Mr. Sambo took in the servant's hall; the allies poured into France, and the dinner-bell rang at five o'clock just as usual. I don't think poor Amelia cared any thing about Brieune and Montmirail, or was fairly interested in the war until the abdication of the emperor; when she clapped her hands and said prayers—oh, how grateful! and flung herself into George Osborne's arms with all her soul, to the astonishment of every body who witnessed *that* ebullition of sentiment. The fact is, peace was declared, Europe was going to be at rest; the Corsican was overthrown, and Lieutenant Osborne's regiment would not be ordered on service. That was the way in which Miss Amelia reasoned. The fate of Europe was Lieutenant George Osborne to her. His dangers being over, she sang to Heaven. He was her Europe: her emperor: her allied monarchs and august prince regent. He was her sun and moon; and I believe she thought the grand illumination and ball at the Mansion House, given to the sovereigns, were especially in honor of George Osborne.

We have talked of shift, self, and poverty, as those dismal instructors under whom poor Miss Becky Sharp got her education. Now, love was Miss Amelia Sedley's last tutress, and it was amazing what progress our young lady made under that popular teacher. In the course of fifteen or eighteen months' daily and constant attention to this eminent finishing governess, what a deal of secrets Amelia learned, which Miss Wirt and the black-eyed young ladies over the way, which old Miss Pinkerton of Chiswick herself, had no cognizance of! As, indeed, how should any of those prim and reputable virgins? With Misses P. and W. the tender passion is out of the question: I would not dare to breathe such an idea regarding them. Miss Maria Osborne, it is true, was "attached" to Mr. Frederic Augustus Bullock, of the firm of Hulker, Bullock, and Bullock; but hers was a most respectable attachment, and she would have taken Bullock senior, just the same, her mind being fixed—as that

of a well-bred young woman should be—upon a house in Park-lane, a country house at Wimbledon, a handsome chariot, and two prodigious tall horses and footmen, and a fourth of the annual profits of the eminent firm of Hulker & Bullock, all of which advantages were represented in the person of Frederic Augustus. Had orange blossoms been invented then (those touching emblems of female purity imported by us from France, where people's daughters are universally sold in marriage), Miss Maria, I say, would have assumed the spotless wreath, and stepped into the traveling carriage by the side of gouty, old, bald-headed, bottle-nosed Bullock senior; and devoted her beautiful existence to his happiness with perfect modesty—only the old gentleman was married already; so she bestowed her young affections on the junior partner. Sweet, blooming, orange flowers! The other day I saw Miss Trotter (that was), arrayed in them, trip into the traveling carriage at St. George's, Hanover-square, and Lord Methuselah hobbled in after. With what an engaging modesty she pulled down the blinds of the chariot—the dear innocent! There were half the carriages of Vanity Fair at the wedding.

This was not the sort of love that finished Amelia's education; and in the course of a year turned a good young girl into a good young woman—to be a good wife presently, when the happy time should come. This young person (perhaps it was very imprudent in her parents to encourage her, and abet her in such idolatry and silly romantic ideas) loved, with all her heart, the young officer in his Majesty's service with whom we have made a brief acquaintance. She thought about him the very first moment on waking; and his was the very last name mentioned in her prayers. She never had seen a man so beautiful or so clever: such a figure on horseback: such a dancer: such a hero in general. Talk of the prince's bow! what was it to George's? She had seen Mr. Brummell, whom every body praised so. Compare such a person as that to her George! Not among all the beaux at the Opera (and there were beaux in those days with actual opera hats) was there any one to equal him. He was only good enough to be a fairy prince; and oh, what magnanimity to stoop to such a humble Cinderella! Miss Pinkerton would have tried to check this blind devotion very likely, had she been Amelia's confidante; but not with much success, depend upon it. It is in the nature and instinct of some women. Some are made to scheme, and some to love; and I wish any respected bachelor that reads this may take the sort that best likes him.

While under this overpowering impress-

ion, Miss Amelia neglected her twelve dear friends at Chiswick most cruelly, as such selfish people commonly will do. She had but this subject, of course, to think about; and Miss Saltire was too cold for a confidante, and she couldn't bring her mind to tell Miss Swartz, the woolly-haired young heiress from St. Kitt's. She had little Laura Martin home for the holidays; and my belief is, she made a confidante of her, and promised that Laura should come and live with her when she was married, and gave Laura a great deal of information regarding the passion of love, which must have been singularly useful and novel to that little person. Alas, alas! I fear she had not a well-regulated mind.

What were her parents doing, not to keep this little heart from beating so fast? Old Sedley did not seem much to notice matters. He was graver of late, and his city affairs absorbed him. Mrs. Sedley was of so easy and uninquisitive a nature, that she wasn't even jealous. Mr. Jos was away, being besieged by an Irish widow at Cheltenham. Amelia had the house to herself—ah! too much to herself sometimes—not that she ever doubted; for, to be sure, George must be at the Horse-Guards; and he can't always get leave from Chatham; and he must see his friends and sisters, and mingle in society when in town (he such an ornament to every society!); and when he is with the regiment, he is too tired to write long letters. I know where she kept that packet she had—and can steal in and out of her chamber like Iachimo—like Iachimo? No—that is a bad part. I will only act Moonshine, and peep harmless into the bed where faith and beauty and innocence lie dreaming.

But if Osborne's were short and soldier-like letters, it must be confessed, that were Miss Sedley's letters to Mr. Osborne to be published, we should have to extend this novel to such a multiplicity of volumes as not the most sentimental reader could support; that she not only filled sheets of large paper, but crossed them with the most astonishing perverseness; that she wrote whole pages out of poetry-books without the least pity; that she underlined words and passages with quite a frantic emphasis; and, in fine, gave the usual tokens of her condition. She wasn't a heroine. Her letters *were* full of repetition. She wrote rather doubtful grammar sometimes, and in her verses took all sorts of liberties with the meter. But oh, mesdames, if you are not allowed to touch the heart sometimes in spite of syntax, and are not to be loved until you all know the difference between trimeter and tetrameter, may all poetry go to the deuce, and every schoolmaster perish miserably!

CHAPTER XIII.

SENTIMENTAL AND OTHERWISE.

I FEAR the gentleman to whom Miss Amelia's letters were addressed was rather an obdurate critic. Such a number of notes followed Lieutenant Osborne about the country, that he became almost ashamed of the jokes of his mess-room companions regarding them, and ordered his servant never to deliver them, except at his private apartment. He was seen lighting his cigar with one, to the horror of Captain Dobbin, who, it is my belief, would have given a bank-note for the document.

For some time George strove to keep the liaison a secret. There *was* a woman in the case, that he admitted. "And not the first either," said Ensign Spooney to Ensign Stubbles. "That Osborne's a devil of a fellow. There was a judge's daughter at Demerara went almost mad about him; then there was that beautiful quadroon girl, Miss Pye, at St. Vincent's, you know; and since he's been home, they say he's a regular Don Giovanni, by Jove."

Stubbles and Spooney thought that to be a "regular Don Giovanni by Jove" was one of the finest qualities a man could possess; and Osborne's reputation was prodigious among the young men of the regiment. He was famous in field-sports, famous at a song, famous on parade; free with his money, which was bountifully supplied by his father. His coats were better made than any man's in the regiment, and he had more of them. He was adored by the men. He could drink more than any officer of the whole mess, including old Heavytop, the colonel. He could spar better than Knuckles, the private (who would have been a corporal but for his drunkenness, and who had been in the prize-ring); and was the best batter and bowler, out and out, of the regimental club. He rode his own horse, Greased Lightning, and won the garrison cup at Quebec races. There were other people besides Amelia who worshiped him. Stubbles and Spooney thought him a sort of Apollo; Dobbin took him to be an Admirable Crichton; and Mrs. Major O'Dowd acknowledged he was an elegant young fellow, and put her in mind of Fitzjurd Fogarty, Lord Castle-fogarty's second son.

Well, Stubbles and Spooney and the rest indulged in most romantic conjectures regarding this female correspondence of Osborne's—opining that it was a duchess in London, who was in love with him—or that it was a general's daughter, who was engaged to somebody else, and madly attached to him—or that it was a member of parliament's lady, who proposed four horses and an elopement—or that it was some other victim of a passion delightfully exciting, romantic, and disgraceful to all parties, on

none of which conjectures would Osborne throw the least light, leaving his young admirers and friends to invent and arrange their whole history.

And the real state of the case would never have been known at all in the regiment but for Captain Dobbin's indiscretion. The captain was eating his breakfast one day in the mess-room, while Cackle, the assistant-surgeon, and the two above-named worthies were speculating upon Osborne's intrigue—Stubbles holding out that the lady was a duchess about Queen Charlotte's court, and Cackle vowing that she was an opera-singer of the worst reputation. At this idea Dobbin became so moved, that though his mouth was full of egg and bread-and-butter at the time, and though he ought not to have spoken at all, yet he couldn't help blurring out, "Cackle, you're a stupid fool. You're alwayth talking nonthenth and theandal. Othborne ith not going to run off with a duchess or ruin a milliner. Miss Sedley is one of the most charming young women that ever lived. He's been engaged to her ever so long; and the man who calls her names had better not do so in my hearing." With which, turning exceedingly red, Dobbin ceased speaking, and almost choked himself with a cup of tea. The story was over the regiment in half-an-hour; and that very evening Mrs. Major O'Dowd wrote off to her sister Glorvina at O'Dowdston not to hurry from Dublin—young Osborne being prematurely engaged already.

She complimented the lieutenant in an appropriate speech over a glass of whisky-toddy that evening, and he went home perfectly furious to quarrel with Dobbin, (who had declined Mrs. Major O'Dowd's party, and sat in his own room playing the flute, and, I believe, writing poetry in a very melancholy manner)—to quarrel with Dobbin for betraying his secret.

"Who the deuce asked you to talk about my affairs," Osborne shouted indignantly. "Why the devil is all the regiment to know that I am going to be married? Why is that tattling old harridan, Peggy O'Dowd, to make free with my name over her d—d supper-table, and advertise my engagement over the three kingdoms? After all, what right have you to say I *am* engaged, or to meddle in my business at all, Dobbin?"

"It seems to me," Captain Dobbin began. "Seems be hanged, Dobbin," his junior interrupted him. "I am under obligations to you, I know it, a d—d deal too well, too; but I won't be always sermonized by you because you're five years my senior. I'm hanged if I'll stand your airs of superiority and infernal pity and patronage. Pity and patronage! I should like to know in what I'm your inferior?"

"Are you engaged?" Captain Dobbin interposed.



LIEUTENANT OSBORNE AND HIS ARDENT LOVE LETTERS. (p. 60.)

"What the devil's that to you or any one here if I am?"

"Are you ashamed of it?" Dobbin resumed.

"What right have you to ask me that question, sir? I should like to know," George said.

"Good God you don't mean to say you want to break off?" asked Dobbin, starting up.

"In other words, you ask me if I'm a man of honor," said Osborne, fiercely; "is that what you mean? You've adopted such a tone regarding me lately that I'm — if I'll bear it any more."

"What have I done? I've told you you were neglecting a sweet girl, George. I've told you that when you go to town you ought to go to her, and not to the gambling-houses about St. James's."

"You want your money back, I suppose," said George, with a sneer.

"Of course I do—I always did, didn't I?" says Dobbin. "You speak like a generous fellow."

"No, hang it, William, I beg your pardon"—here George interposed in a fit of remorse; "you *have* been my friend in a hundred ways, Heaven knows. You've got me out of a score of scrapes. When Crawley of the Guards won that sum of money of me I should have been done but for you: I know I should. But you shouldn't deal so hardly with me; you shouldn't be always catechizing me. I *am* very fond of Amelia; I adore her, and that sort of thing. Don't look angry. She's faultless; I know she is. But you see there's no fun in winning a thing unless you play for it. Hang it: the regiment's just back from the West Indies, I must have a little fling, and then when I'm married I'll reform; I will upon my honor, now. And—I say—Dob—don't be angry with me, and I'll give you a hundred next month, when I know my father will stand something handsome; and I'll ask Heavytop for leave, and I'll go to town, and see Amelia to-morrow—there now, will *that* satisfy you?"

"It's impossible to be long angry with you, George," said the good-natured captain; "and as for the money, old boy, you know if I wanted it you'd share your last shilling with me."

"That I would, by Jove, Dobbin," George said, with the greatest generosity, though, by the way, he never had any money to spare.

"Only I wish you had sown those wild-
oats of yours, George. If you could have seen poor little Miss Emmy's face when she asked me about you the other day, you would have pitched those billiard-balls to the deuce. Go and comfort her, you rascal. Go and write her a long letter. Do something to make her happy; a very little will."

"I believe she's d—d fond of me," the lieutenant said, with a self-satisfied air; and went off to finish the evening with some jolly fellows in the mess-room.

Amelia meanwhile, in Russell-square, was looking at the moon, which was shining upon that peaceful spot, as well as upon the square of the Chatham barracks, where Lieutenant Osborne was quartered, and thinking to herself how her hero was employed. Perhaps he is visiting the sentries, thought she; perhaps he is bivouacking; perhaps he is attending the couch of a wounded comrade, or studying the art of war up in his own desolate chamber. And her kind thoughts sped away as if they were angels and had wings, and flying down the river to Chatham and Rochester, strove to peep into the barracks where George was.

All things considered, I think it was as well the gates were shut, and the sentry allowed no one to pass; so that the poor little white-robed angel could not hear the songs those young fellows were roaring over the whisky-punch.

The day after the little conversation at Chatham barracks, young Osborne, to show that he would be as good as his word, prepared to go to town, thereby incurring Captain Dobbin's applause. "I should have liked to make her a little present," Osborne said to his friend in confidence, "only I am quite out of cash until my father tips up." But Dobbin would not allow this good nature and generosity to be balked, and so accommodated Mr. Osborne with a few pound notes, which the latter took after a little faint scruple.

And I dare say he would have bought something very handsome for Amelia; only, getting off the coach in Fleet-street, he was attracted by a handsome shirt-pin in a jeweler's window, which he could not resist; and having paid for that, had very little money to spare for indulging in any further exercise of kindness. Never mind: you may be sure it was not his presents Amelia wanted. When he came to Russell-square, her face lighted up as if he had been sunshine. The little cares, fears, tears, timid misgivings, sleepless fancies of I don't know how many days and nights, were forgotten, under one moment's influence of that familiar, irresistible smile. He beamed on her from the drawing-room door—magnificent, with ambrosial whiskers, like a god. Sambo, whose face, as he announced Captain Osbin (having conferred a brevet rank on that young officer), blazed with a sympathetic grin, saw the little girl start, and flush, and jump up from her watching-place in the window; and Sambo retreated: and as soon as the door was shut, she went fluttering to Lieutenant George Osborne's heart as if it was the only natural home for her to nestle in. Oh, thou poor, panting little soul!

The very finest tree in the whole forest, with the straightest stem, and the strongest arms, and the thickest foliage, wherein you choose to build and coo, may be marked, for what you know, and may be down with a crash ere long. What an old, old simile that is, between man and timber!

In the mean while, George kissed her very kindly on her forehead and glistening eyes, and was very gracious and good; and she thought his diamond shirt-pin (which she had not known him to wear before) the prettiest ornament ever seen.

The observant reader, who has marked our young lieutenant's previous behavior, and has preserved our report of the brief conversation which he has just had with Captain Dobbin, has possibly come to certain conclusions regarding the character of Mr. Osborne. Some cynical Frenchman has said that there are two parties to a love-transaction: the one who loves and the other who condescends to be so treated. Perhaps the love is occasionally on the man's side: perhaps on the lady's. Perhaps some infatuated swain has ere this mistaken insensibility for modesty, dullness for maiden-reserve, mere vacuity for sweet bashfulness, and a goose, in a word, for a swan. Perhaps some beloved female subscriber has arrayed an ass in the splendor and glory of her imagination; admired his dullness as manly simplicity; worshiped his selfishness as manly superiority; treated his stupidity as majestic gravity, and used him as the brilliant fairy Titania did a certain carpenter of Athens. I think I have seen such comedies of errors going on in the world. But this is certain, that Amelia believed her lover to be one of the most gallant and brilliant men in the empire: and it is possible that Lieutenant Osborne thought so too.

He was a little wild: how many young men are; and don't girls like a rake better than a milksop? He hadn't sown his wild oats as yet, but he would soon: and quit the army, now that peace was proclaimed; the Corsican monster locked up at Elba; promotion, by consequence, over; and no chance left for the display of his undoubted military talents and valor: and his allowance, with Amelia's settlement, would enable them to take a snug place in the country somewhere, in a good sporting neighborhood; and he would hunt a little, and farm a little: and they would be very happy. As for remaining in the army as a married man, that was impossible. Fancy Mrs. George Osborne in lodgings in a country town; or, worse still, in the East or West Indies, with a society of officers, and patronized by Mrs. Major O'Dowd! Amelia died with laughing at Osborne's stories about Mrs. Major O'Dowd. He loved her much too fondly to subject her to that hor-

rid woman and her vulgarities, and the rough treatment of a soldier's wife. He didn't care for himself—not he; but his dear little girl should take the place in society to which as his wife she was entitled; and to these proposals you may be sure she acceded, as she would to any other from the same author.

Holding this kind of conversation, and building numberless castles in the air (which Amelia adorned with all sorts of flower gardens, rustic walks, country churches, Sunday schools, and the like; while George had his mind's eye directed to the stables, the kennel, and the cellar), this young pair passed away a couple of hours very pleasantly; and as the lieutenant had only that single day in town, and a great deal of most important business to transact, it was proposed that Miss Emmy should dine with her future sisters-in-law. This invitation was accepted joyfully. He conducted her to his sisters; where he left her talking and prattling in a way that astonished those ladies, who thought that George might make something of her; and then went off to transact his business.

In a word, he went out and ate ices at a pastry-cook's shop in Charing Cross; tried a new coat in Pall Mall; dropped in at the Old Slaughter's, and called for Captain Cannon; played eleven games at billiards with the captain, of which he won eight, and returned to Russel-square half-an-hour late for dinner, but in very good humor.

It was not so with old Mr. Osborne. When that gentleman came from the city, and was welcomed in the drawing-room by his daughters and the elegant Miss Wirt, they saw at once by his face—which was puffy, solemn, and yellow at the best of times—and by the scowl and twitching of his black eyebrows, that the heart within his large white waistcoat was disturbed and uneasy. When Amelia stepped forward to salute him, which she always did with great trembling and timidity, he gave a surly grunt of recognition, and dropped the little hand out of his great hirsute paw without any attempt to hold it there. He looked round gloomily at his eldest daughter; who, comprehending the meaning of his look, which asked unmistakably, "Why the devil is *she* here?" said at once:—

"George is in town, papa; and has gone to the Horse Guards, and will be back to dinner."

"O, he is, is he? I won't have the dinner kept waiting for *him*, Maria!" with which this worthy man lapsed into his particular chair, and then the utter silence in his genteel, well-furnished drawing-room, was only interrupted by the alarmed ticking of the great French clock.

When that chronometer, which was sur-



MR. OSBORNE'S WELCOME TO AMELIA. (p. 62.)



mounted by a cheerful brass group of the sacrifice of Iphigenia, tolled five, in a heavy cathedral tone, Mr. Osborne pulled the bell at his right hand violently, and the butler rushed up.

"Dinner!" roared Mr. Osborne.

"Mr. George isn't come in, sir," interposed the man.

"Damn Mr. George, sir. Am I master of the house? DINNER!" Mr. Osborne scowled. Amelia trembled. A telegraphic communication of eyes passed between the other three ladies. The obedient bell in the lower regions began ringing the announcement of the meal. The tolling over, the head of the family thrust his hands into the great tail-pockets of his great blue coat and brass buttons, and without waiting for a further announcement, strode down stairs alone, scowling over his shoulder at the four females.

"What's the matter now, my dear?" asked one of the other, as they rose and tripped gingerly behind the sire.

"I suppose the funds are falling," whispered Miss Wirt; and so, trembling and in silence, this hushed female company followed their dark leader. They took their places in silence. He growled out a blessing, which sounded as gruffly as a curse. The great silver dish-covers were removed. Amelia trembled in her place, for she was next the awful Osborne, and alone on her side of the table,—the gap being occasioned by the absence of George.

"Soup?" says Mr. Osborne, clutching the ladle, fixing his eyes on her, in a sepulchral tone; and having helped her and the rest, did not speak for a while.

"Take Miss Sedley's plate away," at last he said. "She can't eat the soup, no more can I. It's beastly. Take away the soup, Hicks, and to-morrow turn the cook out of the house, Maria."

Having concluded his observations upon the soup, Mr. Osborne made a few curt remarks respecting the fish, also of a savage and satirical tendency, and cursed Billingsgate with an emphasis quite worthy of the place. Then he lapsed into silence, and swallowed sundry glasses of wine, looking more and more terrible, till a brisk knock at the door told of George's arrival, when every body began to rally.

"He could not come before. General Daguiet had kept him waiting at the Horse Guards. Never mind soup or fish. Give him any thing—he didn't care what. Capital mutton—capital every thing." His good humor contrasted with his father's severity; and he rattled on unceasingly during dinner, to the delight of all—of one especially, who need not be mentioned.

As soon as the young ladies had discussed the orange and the glass of wine, which formed the ordinary conclusion of the dismal

banquets at Mr. Osborne's house, the signal to make sail for the drawing-room was given, and they all arose and departed. Amelia hoped George would soon join them there. She began playing some of his favorite waltzes (then newly imported) at the great carved-legged, leather-cased grand piano in the drawing-room overhead. This little artifice did not bring him. He was deaf to the waltzes; they grew fainter and fainter; the discomfited performer left the huge instrument presently; and though her three friends performed some of the loudest and most brilliant new pieces of their *répertoire*, she did not hear a single note, but sat thinking, and boding evil. Old Osborne's scowl, terrific always, had never before looked so deadly to her. His eyes followed her out of the room, as if she had been guilty of something. When they brought her coffee, she started as though it were a cup of poison which Mr. Hicks, the butler, wished to propose to her. What mystery was there lurking? Oh, those women! They nurse and cuddle their presentiments, and make darlings of their ugliest thoughts, as they do of their deformed children.

The gloom on the paternal countenance had also impressed George Osborne with anxiety. With such eyebrows, and a look so decidedly bilious, how was he to extract that money from the governor, of which George was consumedly in want? He began praising his father's wine. That was generally a successful means of cajoling the old gentleman.

"We never got such Madeira in the West Indies, sir, as yours. Colonel Heavytop took off three bottles of that you sent me down, under his belt, the other day."

"Did he?" said the old gentleman. "It stands me in eight shillings a bottle."

"Will you take six guineas a dozen for it, sir?" said George, with a laugh. "There's one of the greatest men in the kingdom wants some."

"Does he?" growled the senior. "Wish he may get it."

"When General Daguiet was at Chat-ham, sir, Heavytop gave him a breakfast, and asked me for some of the wine. The general liked it just as well—wanted a pipe for the commander-in-chief. He's his royal highness's right-hand man."

"It is devilish fine wine," said the eyebrows, and they looked more good-humored; and George was going to take advantage of this complacency, and bring the supply question on the mahogany; when the father, relapsing into solemnity, though rather cordial in manner, bade him ring the bell for claret. "And we'll see if that's as good as the Madeira, George, to which his royal highness is welcome, I'm sure. And as we are drinking it, I'll talk to you about a matter of importance."

Amelia heard the ciret bell ringing as she sat nervously up-stairs. She thought, somehow, it was a mysterious and presentimental bell. Of the presentiments which some people are always having, *some* surely must come right.

"What I want to know, George," the old gentleman said, after slowly smacking his first bumper. "What I want to know is, how you and—ah—that little thing up-stairs, are carrying on?"

"I think, sir, it's not hard to see," George said, with a self-satisfied grin. "Pretty clear, sir.—What capital wine!"

"What d'you mean, pretty clear, sir?"

"Why, hang it, sir, don't push me too hard. I'm a modest man. I—ah—I don't set up to be a lady-killer; but I do own that she's as devilish fond of me as she can be. Any body can see that with half an eye."

"And you yourself?"

"Why, sir, didn't you order me to marry her, and ain't I a good boy? Haven't our papas settled it ever so long?"

"A pretty boy, indeed. Haven't I heard of your doings, sir, with Lord Tarquin, Captain Crawley of the Guards, the Honorable Mr. Deuceace and that set. Have a care, sir, have a care."

The old gentleman pronounced these aristocratic names with the greatest gusto. Whenever he met a great man he groveled before him, and my-lorded him as only a free-born Briton can do. He came home and looked out his history in the peerage: he introduced his name into his daily conversation; he bragged about his lordship to his daughters. He fell down prostrate and basked in him as a Neapolitan beggar does in the sun. George was alarmed when he heard the names. He feared his father might have been informed of certain transactions at play. But the old moralist eased him by saying serenely,

"Well, well, young men will be young men. And the comfort to me is, George, that living in the best society in England, as I hope you do; as I think you do; as my means will allow you to do"—

"Thank you, sir," says George, making his point at once. "One can't live with these great folks for nothing; and my purse, sir, look at it;" and he held up a little token which had been netted by Amelia, and contained the very last of Dobbin's pound notes.

"You shan't want, sir. The British merchant's son shan't want, sir. My guineas are as good as theirs, George, my boy; and I don't grudge 'em. Call on Mr. Chopper as you go through the city to-morrow; he'll have something for you. I don't grudge money when I know you're in good society, because I know that good society can never go wrong. There's no pride in me. I was a humbly born man—but you have had advantages. Make a good use of

'em. Mix with the young nobility. There's many of 'em who can't spend a dollar to your guinea, my boy. And as for the pink bonnets (here from under the heavy eyebrows there came a knowing and not very pleasing leer)—why boys will be boys. Only there's one thing I order you to avoid, which, if you do not, I'll cut you off with a shilling, by Jove; and that's gambling, sir."

"Oh, of course, sir," said George.

"But to return to the other business about Amelia: why shouldn't you marry higher than a stockbroker's daughter, George—that's what I want to know?"

"It's a family business, sir," says George, cracking filberts. "You and Mr. Sedley made the match a hundred years ago."

"I don't deny it; but people's positions alter, sir. I don't deny that Sedley made my fortune, or rather put me in the way of acquiring, by my own talents and genius, that proud position, which, I may say, I occupy in the tallow trade and the city of London. I've shown my gratitude to Sedley; and he's tried it of late, sir, as my check-book can show. George! I tell you in confidence I don't like the looks of Mr. Sedley's affairs. My chief clerk, Mr. Chopper, does not like the looks of 'em, and he's an old file, and knows Change as well as any man in London. Hulker and Bullock are looking shy at him. He's been dabbling on his own account, I fear. They say the Jeune Amelie was his, which was taken by the Yankee Privateer Molasses. And that's flat—unless I see Amelia's ten thousand down you don't marry her. I'll have no lame duck's daughter in my family. Pass the wine, sir—or ring for coffee."

With which Mr. Osborne spread out the evening paper, and George knew from this signal that the colloquy was ended, and that his papa was about to take a nap.

He hurried up stairs to Amelia in the highest spirits. What was it that made him more attentive to her on that night than he had been for a long time—more eager to amuse her, more tender, more brilliant in talk? Was it that his generous heart warmed to her at the prospect of misfortune; or that the idea of losing the dear little prize made him value it more?

She lived upon the recollections of that happy evening for many days afterward, remembering his words; his looks; the song he sang; his attitude, as he leaned over her or looked at her from a distance. As it seemed to her, no night ever passed so quickly at Mr. Osborne's house before; and for once this young person was almost provoked to be angry by the premature arrival of Mr. Sambo with her shawl.

George came and took a tender leave of her the next morning: and then hurried off to the city, where he visited Mr. Chopper, his father's head man, and received

from that gentleman a document which he exchanged at Hulker & Bullock's for a whole pocket-full of money. As George entered the house, old John Sedley was passing out of the banker's parlor, looking very dismal. But his godson was much too elated to mark the worthy stockbroker's depression, or the dreary eyes which the kind old gentleman cast upon him. Young Bullock did not come grinning out of the parlor with him as had been his wont in former years.

And as the swinging doors of Hulker, Bullock & Co. closed upon Mr. Sedley, Mr. Quill, the cashier (whose benevolent occupation it is to hand out crisp bank-notes from a drawer and dispense sovereigns out of a copper shovel), winked at Mr. Driver, the clerk at the desk on his right. Mr. Driver winked again.

"No go," Mr. D. whispered.

"Not at no price," Mr. Q. said. "Mr. George Osborne, sir, how will you take it?" George crammed eagerly a quantity of notes into his pockets, and paid Dobbin fifty pounds that very evening at mess.

That very evening Amelia wrote him the tenderest of long letters. Her heart was overflowing with tenderness, but it still foreboded evil. What was the cause of Mr. Osborne's dark looks? she asked. Had any difference arisen between him and her papa? Her poor papa returned so melancholy from the city, that all were alarmed about him at home—in fine, there were four pages of loves and fears and hopes and forebodings.

"Poor little Emmy—dear little Emmy. How fond she is of me," George said, as he perused the missive—"and, Gad, what a headache that mixed punch has given me!" Poor little Emmy, indeed.

CHAPTER IX.

MISS CRAWLEY AT HOME.

ABOUT this time there drove up to an exceedingly snug and well appointed house in Park-lane a traveling chariot with a lozenge on the panels, a discontented female in a green veil and crimped curls on the rumble, and a large and confidential man on the box. It was the equipage of our friend Miss Crawley, returning from Hants. The windows of the carriage were shut: the fat spaniel, whose head and tongue ordinarily lolled out of one of them, reposed on the lap of the discontented female. When the vehicle stopped, a large round bundle of shawls was taken out of the carriage by the aid of various domestics and a young lady who accompanied the heap of cloaks. That bundle contained Miss Crawley, who was conveyed up-stairs forthwith, and put into a bed and

chamber warmed properly as for the reception of an invalid. Messengers went off for her physician and medical man. They came, consulted, prescribed, vanished. The young companion of Miss Crawley, at the conclusion of their interview, came in to receive their instructions, and administered those antiphlogistic medicines which the eminent men ordered.

Captain Crawley, of the Life Guards, rode up from Knightsbridge Barracks the next day: his black charger pawed the straw before his invalid aunt's door. He was most affectionate in his inquiries regarding that amiable relative. There seemed to be much source of apprehension. He found Miss Crawley's maid (the discontented female) unusually sulky and despondent: he found Miss Briggs, her *dame de compagnie*, in tears, alone in the drawing-room. She had hastened home, hearing of her beloved friend's illness. She wished to fly to her couch, that couch which she, Briggs, had so often smoothed in the hour of sickness. She was denied admission to Miss Crawley's apartment. A stranger was administering her medicines—a stranger from the country—an odious Miss . . . tears choked the utterance of the *dame de compagnie*, and she buried her crushed affections and her poor old red nose in her pocket-handkerchief.

Rawdon Crawley sent up his name by the sulky *femme de chambre*, and Miss Crawley's new companion, coming tripping down from the sick-room, put a little hand into his as he stepped forward eagerly to meet her, gave a glance of great scorn at the bewildered Briggs, and, beckoning the young guardsman out of the back drawing-room, led him down stairs into that now desolate dining-parlor, where so many a good dinner had been celebrated.

Here these two talked for ten minutes, discussing, no doubt, the symptoms of the old invalid above stairs; at the end of which period the parlor-bell was rung briskly, and answered on that instant by Mr. Bowls, Miss Crawley's large confidential butler (who, indeed, happened to be at the keyhole during the most part of the interview); and the captain coming out, curling his moustachios, mounted the black charger pawing among the straw to the admiration of the little blackguard boys collected in the street. He looked in at the dining-room window, managing his horse, which curveted and capered beautifully—for one instant the young person might be seen at the window, then her figure vanished, and, doubtless, she went up-stairs again to resume the affecting duties of benevolence.

Who could this young woman be, I wonder? That evening a little dinner for two persons was laid in the dining-room—when Mrs. Firkin, the lady's maid, pushed into her mistress's apartment, and bustled about

there during the vacancy occasioned by the departure of the new nurse—and the latter and Miss Briggs sat down to the neat little meal.

Briggs was so much choked by emotion that she could hardly take a morsel of meat. The young person carved a fowl with the utmost delicacy, and asked so distinctly for egg-sauce, that poor Briggs, before whom that delicious condiment was placed, started, made a great clattering with the ladle, and once more fell back in the most gushing hysterical state.

"Had you not better give Miss Briggs a glass of wine?" said the person to Mr. Bowls, the large confidential man. He did so. Briggs seized it mechanically, gasped it down convulsively, moaned a little, and began to play with the chicken on her plate.

"I think we shall be able to help each other," said the person with great suavity: "and shall have no need of Mr. Bowls's kind services. Mr. Bowls, if you please, we will ring when we want you." He went down stairs, where, by the way, he vented the most horrid curses upon the unoffending footman, his subordinate.

"It is a pity you take on so, Miss Briggs," the young lady said, with a cool, slightly sarcastic, air.

"My dearest friend is so ill, and wo—o—o—on't see me," gurgled out Briggs in an agony of renewed grief.

"She's not very ill any more. Console yourself, dear Miss Briggs. She has only overeaten herself—that is all. She is greatly better. She will soon be quite restored again. She is weak from being cupped and from medical treatment, but she will rally immediately. Pray console yourself, and take a little more wine."

"But why, why won't she see me again?" Miss Briggs bleated out. "Oh, Matilda, Matilda, after three-and-twenty years' tenderness! is this the return to your poor, poor Arabella?"

"Don't cry too much, poor Arabella," the other said (with ever so little of a grin); "she only won't see you, because she says you don't nurse her as well as I do. It's no pleasure to me to sit up all night. I wish you might do it instead."

"Have I not tended that dear couch for years?" Arabella said, "and now—"

"Now she prefers somebody else. Well, sick people have these fancies, and must be humored. When she's well, I shall go."

"Never, never," Arabella exclaimed, madly inhaling her salts-bottle.

"Never be well or never go? Miss Briggs," the other said, with the same provoking good nature. "Pooh—she will be well in a fortnight, when I shall go back to my little pupils at Queen's Crawley, and to their mother, who is a great deal more sick than our friend. You need not be jealous about me,

my dear Miss Briggs. I am a poor little girl without any friends, or any harm in me. I don't want to supplant you in Miss Crawley's good graces. She will forget me a week after I am gone: and her affection for you has been the work of years. Give me a little wine, if you please, my dear Miss Briggs, and let us be friends. I'm sure I want friends."

The placable and soft-hearted Briggs speechlessly pushed out her hand at this appeal; but she felt the desertion most keenly, for all that, and bitterly, bitterly moaned the fickleness of her Matilda. At the end of half an hour, the meal over, Miss Rebecca Sharp (for such, astonishing to state, is the name of her who has been described ingeniously as the person hitherto) went up-stairs again to her patient's rooms, from which, with the most engaging politeness, she eliminated poor Firkin. "Thank you, Mrs. Firkin, that will quite do; how nicely you make it! I will ring when any thing is wanted. Thank you;" and Firkin came down stairs in a tempest of jealousy, only the more dangerous because she was forced to confine it in her own bosom.

Could it be the tempest which, as she passed the landing of the first floor, blew open the drawing-room door? No; it was stealthily opened by the hand of Briggs. Briggs had been on the watch. Briggs too well heard the creaking Firkin descend the stairs, and the clink of the spoon and gruel-basin the neglected female carried.

"Well, Firkin?" says she, as the other entered the apartment. "Well, Jane?"

"Wuss and wuss, Miss B." Firkin said, wagging her head.

"Is she not better, then?"

"She never spoke but once, and I asked her if she felt a little more easy, and she told me to hold my stupid tongue. Oh, Miss B., I never thought to have seen *this* day!" And the water-works again began to play.

"What sort of a person is this Miss Sharp, Firkin? I little thought, while enjoying my Christmas revels in the elegant home of my firm friends, the Reverend Lionel Delamere and his amiable lady, to find a stranger had taken my place in the affections of my dearest, my still dearest Matilda!" Miss Briggs, it will be seen by her language, was of a literary and sentimental turn, and had once published a volume of poems—"Trills of the Nightingale"—by subscription.

"Miss B., they are all infatuated about that young woman," Firkin replied. "Sir Pitt wouldn't have let her go, but he daredn't refuse Miss Crawley anythink. Mrs. Bute at the Rectory just as bad—never happy out of her sight. The capting quite wild about her. Mr. Crawley mortal jealous. Since Miss C. was took ill, she won't have nobody

near her but Miss Sharp, I can't tell for where nor for why; and I think somethink has bewigged every body."

Rebecca passed that night in constant watching upon Miss Crawley; the next night the old lady slept so comfortably, that Rebecca had time for several hours' comfortable repose herself on the sofa, at the foot of her patroness's bed; very soon, Miss Crawley was so well that she sat up and laughed heartily at a perfect imitation of Miss Briggs and her grief, which Rebecca described to her. Briggs' weeping snuffle, and her manner of using the handkerchief, were so completely rendered, that Miss Crawley became quite cheerful, to the admiration of the doctors when they visited her, who usually found this worthy woman of the world, when the least sickness attacked her, under the most abject depression and terror of death.

Captain Crawley came every day, and received bulletins from Miss Rebecca respecting his aunt's health. This improved so rapidly, that poor Briggs was allowed to see her patroness; and persons with tender hearts may imagine the smothered emotions of that sentimental female, and the affecting nature of the interview.

Miss Crawley liked to have Briggs in a good deal soon. Rebecca used to mimic her to her face with the most admirable gravity, thereby rendering the imitation doubly piquante to her worthy patroness.

The causes which had led to the deplorable illness of Miss Crawley, and her departure from her brother's house in the country, were of such an unromantic nature, that they are hardly fit to be explained in this genteel and sentimental novel. For how is it possible to hint of a delicate female, living in good society, that she ate and drank too much, and that a hot supper of lobsters profusely enjoyed at the Rectory was the reason of an indisposition which Miss Crawley herself persisted was solely attributable to the dampness of the weather? The attack was so sharp that Matilda—as his Reverence expressed it—was very nearly "off the hooks;" all the family was in a fever of expectation regarding the will, and Rawdon Crawley was making sure of at least forty thousand pounds before the commencement of the London season. Mr. Crawley sent over a choice parcel of tracts, to prepare her for the change from Vanity Fair and Park Lane for another world; but a good doctor from Southampton being called in in time, vanquished the lobster which was so nearly fatal to her, and gave her sufficient strength to enable her to return to London. The baronet did not disguise his exceeding mortification at the turn which affairs took.

While every body was attending on Miss Crawley, and messengers every hour from the Rectory were carrying news of her

health to the affectionate folks there, there was a lady in another part of the house, being exceedingly ill, of whom no one took any notice at all; and this was the lady of Crawley herself. The good doctor shook his head after seeing her; to which visit Sir Pitt consented, as it could be paid without a fee; and she was left fading away in her lonely chamber, with no more heed paid to her than to a weed in the park.

The young ladies, too, lost much of the inestimable benefit of their governess's instruction. So affectionate a nurse was Miss Sharp, that Miss Crawley would take her medicines from no other hand. Firkin had been deposed long before her mistress's departure from the country. That faithful attendant found a gloomy consolation on returning to London, in seeing Miss Briggs suffer the same pangs of jealousy and undergo the same faithless treatment to which she herself had been subject.

Captain Rawdon got an extension of leave on his aunt's illness, and remained dutifully at home. He was always in her ante-chamber. (She lay sick in the state bed-room, into which you entered by the little blue saloon.) His father was always meeting him there; or if he came down the corridor ever so quietly, his father's door was sure to open, and the hyena face of the old gentleman to glare out. What was it set one to watch the other so? A generous rivalry, no doubt, as to which should be most attentive to the dear sufferer in the state bedroom. Rebecca used to come out and comfort both of them; or one or the other of them, rather. Both of these worthy gentlemen were most anxious to have news of the invalid from her little confidential messenger.

At dinner—to which meal she descended for half an hour—she kept the peace between them: after which she disappeared for the night; when Rawdon would ride over to the dépôt of the 150th at Mudbury, leaving his papa to the society of Mr. Horrocks and his rum and water. She passed as weary a fortnight as ever mortal spent in Miss Crawley's sick room; but her little nerves seemed to be of iron, and she was quite unshaken by the duty and the tedium of the sick-chamber.

She never told until long afterward how painful that duty was; how peevish a patient was the jovial old lady; how angry; how sleepless; in what horrors of death; during what long nights she lay moaning, and in almost delirious agonies respecting that future world which she quite ignored when she was in good health. Picture to yourself, oh, fair young reader, a worldly, selfish, graceless, thankless, religionless old woman, writhing in pain and fear, and without her wig. Picture her to yourself, and, ere you be old, learn to love and pray!

Sharp watched this graceless bedside with

indomitable patience. Nothing escaped her; and, like a prudent steward, she found a use for every thing. She told many a good story about Miss Crawley's illness in after days—stories which made the lady blush through her artificial carnations. During the illness she was never out of temper; always alert; she slept light; having a perfectly clear conscience; and could take that refreshment at almost any minute's warning. And so you saw few traces of fatigue in her appearance. Her face might be a trifle paler, and the circles round her eyes a little blacker than usual; but whenever she came out from the sick-room she was always smiling, fresh, and neat, and looked as trim in her little dressing-gown and cap, as in her smartest evening suit.

The captain thought so, and raved about her in uncouth convulsions. The barbed shaft of love had penetrated his dull hide. Six weeks—appropinquity—opportunity—had victimized him completely. He made a confidante of his aunt at the Rectory, of all persons in the world. She rallied him about it; she had perceived his folly; she warned him; she finished by owning that little Sharp was the most clever, droll, odd, good-natured, simple, kindly creature in England. Rawdon must not trifle with her affections, though—dear Miss Crawley would never pardon him for that; for she, too, was quite overcome by the little governess, and loved Sharp like a daughter. Rawdon must go away—go back to his regiment and naughty London, and not play with a poor, artless girl's feelings.

Many and many a time, this good-natured lady, compassionating the forlorn life-guard'sman's condition, gave him an opportunity of seeing Miss Sharp at the Rectory, and of walking home with her, as we have seen. When men of a certain sort, ladies, are in love, though they see the hook and the string, and the whole apparatus with which they are to be taken, they gorge the bait nevertheless—they must come to it—they must swallow it—and are presently struck and landed gasping. Rawdon saw there was a manifest intention on Mrs. Bute's part to captivate him with Rebecca. He was not very wise; but he was a man about town, and had seen several seasons. A light dawned upon his dusky soul, as he thought, through a speech of Mrs. Bute's.

"Mark my words, Rawdon," she said. "You will have Miss Sharp one day for your relation."

"What relation—my cousin, hey, Mrs. Bute? Francis sweet on her, hey?" inquired the waggish officer.

"More than that," Mrs. Bute said, with a flash from her black eyes.

"Not Pitt?—He shan't have her. The sneak ain't worthy of her. He's booked to Lady Jane Sheepshanks."

"You men perceive nothing. You silly, blind creature—if any thing happens to Lady Crawley, Miss Sharp will be your mother-in-law; and *that's* what will happen."

Rawdon Crawley, Esquire, gave vent to a prodigious whistle, in token of astonishment at this announcement. He couldn't deny it. His father's evident liking for Miss Sharp had not escaped him. He knew the old gentleman's character well; and a more unscrupulous old—why you—he did not conclude the sentence, but walked home, curling his moustachios, and convinced he had found a clue to Mrs. Bute's mystery.

"By Jove, it's too bad," thought Rawdon, "too bad, by Jove! I do believe, the woman wants the poor girl to be ruined, in order that she shouldn't come into the family as Lady Crawley."

When he saw Rebecca alone, he rallied her about his father's attachment, in his graceful way. She flung up her head scornfully, looked him full in the face, and said—

"Well, suppose he *is* fond of me. I know he is, and others too. You don't think I am afraid of him, Captain Crawley? You don't suppose I can't defend my own honor," said the little woman, looking as stately as a queen.

"O, ah, why—give you fair warning—look out, you know—that's all," said the moustachio-twiddler.

"You hint at something not honorable, then?" said she, flashing out.

"O—Gad—really—Miss Rebecca," the heavy dragoon interposed.

"Do you suppose I have no feeling of self-respect, because I am poor and friendless, and because rich people have none? Do you think, because I am a governess, I have not as much sense, and feeling, and good breeding, as you gentle-folks in Hampshire? I'm a Montmorency. Do you suppose a Montmorency is not as good as a Crawley?"

When Miss Sharp was agitated, and alluded to her maternal relatives, she spoke with ever so slight a foreign accent, which gave a great charm to her clear, ringing voice. "No," she continued, kindling as she spoke to the captain; "I can endure poverty, but not shame—neglect, but not insult; and insult from—from *you*."

Her feelings gave way, and she burst into tears.

"Hang it, Miss Sharp—Rebecca—by Jove—upon my soul, I wouldn't for a thousand pounds. Stop, Rebecca!"

She was gone. She drove out with Miss Crawley that day. It was before the latter's illness. At dinner she was unusually brilliant and lively; but she would take no notice of the hints, or the nods, or the clumsy expostulations of the humiliated, infatuated guardsman. Skirmishes of this sort passed perpetually during the little cam-

paign—tedious to relate, and similar in result. The Crawley heavy cavalry was maddened by defeat, and routed every day.

If the baronet of Queen's Crawley had not had the fear of losing his sister's legacy before his eyes, he never would have permitted his dear girls to lose the educational blessings which their invaluable governess was conferring upon them. The old house at home seemed a desert without her, so useful and pleasant had Rebecca made herself there. Sir Pitt's letters were not copied and corrected; his books not made up; his household business and manifold schemes neglected, now that his little secretary was away. And it was easy to see how necessary such an amanuensis was to him, by the tenor and spelling of the numerous letters which he sent to her, entreating her and commanding her to return. Almost every day brought a frank from the baronet, enclosing the most urgent prayers to Becky for her return, or conveying pathetic statements to Miss Crawley, regarding the neglected state of his daughters' education; of which documents Miss Crawley took very little heed.

Miss Briggs was not formally dismissed, but her place as companion was a sinecure and a derision; and her company was the fat spaniel in the drawing-room, or occasionally the discontented Firkin in the house-keeper's closet. Nor, though the old lady would by no means hear of Rebecca's departure, was the latter regularly installed in office in Park Lane. Like many wealthy people, it was Miss Crawley's habit to accept as much service as she could get from her inferiors; and good-naturedly to take leave of them when she no longer found them useful. Gratitude among certain rich folks is scarcely natural, or to be thought of. They take needy people's services as their due. Nor have you, O poor parasite, and humble hanger-on, much reason to complain! Your friendship for Dives is about as sincere as the return which it usually gets. It is money you love, and not the man; and were Cræsus and his footman to change places, you know, you poor rogue, who would have the benefit of your allegiance.

And I am not sure, that, in spite of Rebecca's simplicity and activity, and gentleness and untiring good humor, the shrewd old London lady, upon whom these treasures of friendship were lavished, had not a lurking suspicion all the while of her affectionate nurse and friend. It must have often crossed Miss Crawley's mind that nobody does any thing for nothing. If she measured her own feeling toward the world, she must have been pretty well able to gauge those of the world toward herself; and perhaps she reflected, that it is the ordinary lot of people to have no friends if they themselves care for nobody.

Well, meanwhile, Becky was the greatest comfort and convenience to her, and she gave her a couple of new gowns, and an old necklace and shawl, and showed her friendship by abusing all her intimate acquaintances to her new confidante (than which there can't be a more touching proof of regard), and meditated vaguely some great future benefit—to marry her, perhaps, to Clump, the apothecary, or to settle her in some advantageous way of life; or, at any rate, to send her back to Queen's Crawley when she had done with her, and the full London season had begun.

When Miss Crawley was convalescent and descended to the drawing-room, Becky sang to her, and otherwise amused her; when she was well enough to drive out, Becky accompanied her. And among the drives which they took, whither, of all places in the world, did Miss Crawley's admirable good-nature and friendship actually induce her to penetrate, but to Russell-square, Bloomsbury, and the house of John Sedley, Esquire.

Ere that event, many notes had passed, as may be imagined, between the two dear friends. During the months of Rebecca's stay in Hampshire, the eternal friendship had (must it be owned?) suffered considerable diminution, and grown so decrepit and feeble with old age as to threaten demise altogether. The fact is, both girls had their own real affairs to think of: Rebecca her advance with her employers—Amelia her own absorbing topic. When the two girls met, and flew into each other's arms with that impetuosity which distinguishes the behavior of young ladies toward each other, Rebecca performed her part of the embrace with the most perfect briskness and energy. Poor little Amelia blushed as she kissed her friend, and thought she had been guilty of something very like coldness toward her.

Their first interview was but a very short one. Amelia was just ready to go out for a walk. Miss Crawley was waiting in her carriage below, her people wondering at the locality in which they found themselves, and gazing upon honest Sambo, the black footman of Bloomsbury, as one of the queer natives of the place. But when Amelia came down with her kind, smiling looks (Rebecca must introduce her to her friend, Miss Crawley was longing to see her, and was too ill to leave her carriage)—when, I say, Amelia came down, the Park Lane shoulder-knot aristocracy wondered more and more that such a thing could come out of Bloomsbury; and Miss Crawley was fairly captivated by the sweet blushing face of the young lady who came forward so timidly and so gracefully to pay her respects to the protector of her friend.

“What a complexion, my dear. What a

sweet voice!" Miss Crawley said, as they drove away westward after the little interview. "My dear Sharp, your young friend is charming. Send for her to Park Lane, do you hear?" Miss Crawley had a good taste. She liked natural manners—a little timidity only set them off. She liked pretty faces near her; as she liked pretty pictures, and nice china. She talked of Amelia with rapture half-a-dozen times that day. She mentioned her to Rawdon Crawley, who came dutifully to partake of his aunt's chicken that day.

Of course, on this Rebecca instantly stated, that Amelia was engaged to be married—to a Lieutenant Osborne—a very old flame.

"Is he a man in a line-regiment?" Captain Crawley asked, remembering after an effort, as became a guardsman, the number of the regiment, the —th.

Rebecca thought that was the regiment. "The captain's name," she said, "was Captain Dobbin."

"A lanky, gawky fellow," said Crawley, "tumbles over every body. I know him; and Osborne's a goodish-looking fellow, with large black whiskers?"

"Enormous," Miss Rebecca Sharp said, "and enormously proud of them, I assure you."

Captain Rawdon Crawley burst into a hoarse laugh by way of reply; and being pressed by the ladies to explain, did so when the explosion of hilarity was over. "He fancies he can play at billiards," said he. "I won two hundred of him at the Cocoa Tree. He play, the young flat! He'd have played for any thing that day, but his friend Captain Dobbin carried him off, hang him!"

"Rawdon, Rawdon, don't be so wicked," Miss Crawley remarked, highly pleased.

"Why, ma'am, of all the young fellows I've seen out of the line, I think this fellow's the greenest. Tarquin and Deuceace get what money they like out of him. He'd go to the deuce to be seen with a lord. He pays their dinners at Greenwich, and they invite the company."

"And very pretty company too, I dare say."

"Quite right, Miss Sharp. Right, as usual, Miss Sharp. Uncommon pretty company—haw, haw!" and the captain laughed more and more, thinking he had made a good joke.

"Rawdon, don't be naughty!" his aunt exclaimed.

"Well, his father's a city man—immensely rich, they say. Hang those city fellows, they must bleed; and I've not done with him yet, I can tell you. Haw, haw!"

"Fie, Captain Crawley, I shall warn Amelia. A gambling husband!"

"Horrid, ain't he, hey?" the captain said with great solemnity; and then added, a

sudden thought having struck him—"Gad, I say, ma'am, we'll have him here."

"Is he a presentable sort of a person?" the aunt inquired.

"Presentable?—oh, very well. You wouldn't see any difference," Captain Crawley answered. "Do let's have him, when you begin to see a few people; and his whatdycallum—his inamorato—eh, Miss Sharp; that's what you call it—comes. Gad, I'll write him a note, and have him; and I'll try if he can play picquet as well as billiards. Where does he live, Miss Sharp?"

Miss Sharp told Crawley the lieutenant's town address; and a few days after this conversation, Lieutenant Osborne received a letter, in Captain Rawdon's school-boy hand, and inclosing a note of invitation from Miss Crawley.

Rebecca dispatched also an invitation to her darling Amelia, who, you may be sure, was ready enough to accept it, when she heard that George was to be of the party. It was arranged that Amelia was to spend the morning with the ladies of Park Lane, where all were very kind to her. Rebecca patronized her with calm superiority: she was so much the cleverer of the two, and her friend so gentle and unassuming, that she always yielded when any body chose to command, and so took Rebecca's orders with perfect meekness and good humor. Miss Crawley's graciousness was also remarkable. She continued her raptures about little Amelia, talked about her before her face as if she were a doll, or a servant, or a picture, and admired her with the most benevolent wonder possible. I admire that admiration which the genteel world sometimes extends to the commonalty. There is no more agreeable object in life than to see May Fair folks condescending. Miss Crawley's prodigious benevolence rather fatigued poor little Amelia, and I am not sure that of the three ladies in Park Lane she did not find honest Miss Briggs the most agreeable. She sympathized with Briggs as with all neglected or gentle people: she wasn't what you call a woman of spirit.

George came to dinner—a repast *en garçon* with Captain Crawley.

The great family coach of the Osbornes transported him to Park Lane from Russell-square; where the young ladies, who were not themselves invited, and professed the greatest indifference at that slight, nevertheless looked at Sir Pitt Crawley's name in the baronetage; and learned every thing which that work had to teach about the Crawley family and their pedigree, and the Binkies, their relatives, &c., &c. Rawdon Crawley received George Osborne with great frankness and graciousness: praised his play at billiards: asked him when he would have his revenge: was interested about Osborne's

regiment: and would have proposed picquet to him that very evening, but Miss Crawley absolutely forbade any gambling in her house; so that the young lieutenant's purse was not lightened by his gallant patron, for that day at least. However, they made an engagement for the next, somewhere: to look at a horse that Crawley had to sell, and to try him in the park; and to dine together, and to pass the evening with some jolly fellows. "That is, if you're not on duty to that pretty Miss Sedley," Crawley said, with a knowing wink. "Monstrous nice girl, 'pon my honor, though, Osborne," he was good enough to add. "Lots of tin, I suppose, eh?"

Osborne wasn't on duty; he would join Crawley with pleasure: and the latter, when they met the next day, praised his new friend's horsemanship—as he might with perfect honesty—and introduced him to three or four young men of the first fashion, whose acquaintance immensely elated the simple young officer.

"How's little Miss Sharp, by-the-by," Osborne inquired of his friend over their wine, with a dandified air. "Good-natured little girl that. Does she suit you well at Queen's Crawley? Miss Sedley liked her a good deal last year."

Captain Crawley looked savagely at the lieutenant out of his little blue eyes, and watched him when he went up to resume his acquaintance with the fair governess. Her conduct must have relieved Crawley, if there was any jealousy in the bosom of that life-guardsmen.

When the young men went up-stairs, and after Osborne's introduction to Miss Crawley, he walked up to Rebecca with a patronizing, easy swagger. He was going to be kind to her and protect her. He would even shake hands with her, as a friend of Amelia's; and saying, "Ah, Miss Sharp! how-dy-doo?" held out his left hand toward her, expecting that she would be quite confounded at the honor.

Miss Sharp put out her right fore-finger, and gave him a little nod, so cool and killing, that Rawdon Crawley, watching the operations from the other room, could hardly restrain his laughter as he saw the lieutenant's entire discomfiture; the start he gave, the pause, and the perfect clumsiness with which he at length condescended to take the finger which was offered for his embrace.

"She'd beat the devil, by Jove!" the captain said, in a rapture; and the lieutenant, by way of beginning the conversation, agreeably asked Rebecca how she liked her new place.

"My place?" said Miss Sharp, coolly, "how kind of you to remind me of it! It's a tolerably good place: the wages are pretty good—not so good as Miss Wirt's, I believe, with your sisters in Russell-square. How are those young ladies? not that I ought to ask."

"Why not?" Mr. Osborne said, amazed.

"Why, they never condescended to speak to me, or to ask me into their house, while I was staying with Amelia; but we poor governesses, you know, are used to slights of this sort."

"My dear Miss Sharp!" Osborne ejaculated.

"At least in some families," Rebecca continued. "You can't think what a difference there is, though. We are not so wealthy in Hampshire as you lucky folks of the city. But then I am in a gentleman's family—good old English stock. I suppose you know Sir Pitt's father refused a peerage. And you see how I am treated. I am pretty comfortable. Indeed, it is rather a good place. But how *very* good of you to inquire!"

Osborne was quite savage. The little governess patronized him and *persiffléd* him until this young British Lion felt quite uneasy; nor could he muster sufficient presence of mind to find a pretext for backing out of this most delectable conversation.

"I thought you liked the city families pretty well," he said, haughtily.

"Last year, you mean, when I was fresh from that horrid, vulgar school? Of course I did. Doesn't every girl like to come home for the holidays? And how was I to know any better? But oh, Mr. Osborne, what a difference eighteen months' experience makes!—eighteen months spent, pardon me for saying so, with gentlemen. As for dear Amelia, she, I grant you, is a pearl, and would be charming any where. There now, I see you are beginning to be in a good humor; but oh, these queer, odd city people! And Mr. Jos—how is that wonderful Mr. Joseph?"

"It seems to me you didn't dislike that wonderful Mr. Joseph last year," Osborne said kindly.

"How severe of you! Well, *entre nous*, I didn't break my heart about him; yet if he had asked me to do what you mean by your looks (and very expressive and kind they are, too), I wouldn't have said no."

Mr. Osborne gave a look as much as to say, "Indeed, how very obliging!"

"What an honor to have had you for a brother-in-law, you are thinking? To be sister-in-law to George Osborne, Esquire, son of John Osborne, Esquire, son of—what was your grandpapa, Mr. Osborne? Well, don't be angry. You can't help your pedigree, and I quite agree with you that I would have married Mr. Joe Sedley; for could a poor penniless girl do better? Now you know the whole secret. *I'm* frank and open; and, considering all things, it was very kind of you to allude to the circumstance—very kind and polite. Amelia dear, Mr. Osborne and I were talking about your poor brother Joseph. How is he?"

Thus was George utterly routed. Not that Rebecca was in the right; but she had managed most successfully to put him in the wrong. And he now shamefully fled, feeling if he stayed another minute, that he would have been made to look foolish in the presence of Amelia.

Though Rebecca had had the better of him, George was above the meanness of tale-bearing or revenge upon a lady—only he could not help cleverly confiding to Captain Crawley, next day, some notions of his regarding Miss Rebecca—that she was a sharp one, a dangerous one, a desperate flirt, &c.; in all of which opinions Crawley agreed laughingly, and with every one of which Miss Rebecca was made acquainted before twenty-four hours were over. They added to her original regard for Mr. Osborne. Her woman's instinct had told her, that it was George who had interrupted the success of her first love-passage, and she esteemed him accordingly.

"I only just warn you," he said to Rawdon Crawley, with a knowing look—he had bought the horse, and lost some score of guineas after dinner, "I just warn you—I know women, and counsel you to be on the look-out."

"Thank you, my boy," said Crawley, with a look of peculiar gratitude. "You're wide awake, I see." And George went off, thinking Crawley was quite right.

He told Amelia of what he had done, and how he had counseled Rawdon Crawley—a devilish good, straightforward fellow—to be on his guard against that little sly, scheming Rebecca.

"Against *whom*?" Amelia cried.

"Your friend the governess. Don't look so astonished."

"O George, what *have* you done?" Amelia said. For her woman's eyes, which love had made sharp-sighted, had in one instant discovered a secret which was invisible to Miss Crawley, to poor virgin Briggs, and, above all, to the stupid peepers of that young whiskered prig, Lieutenant Osborne.

For as Rebecca was shawling her in an upper apartment, where these two friends had an opportunity for a little of that secret talking and conspiring which forms the delight of female life, Amelia, coming up to Rebecca, and taking her two little hands in hers, said, "Rebecca, I see it all."

Rebecca kissed her.

And regarding this delightful secret, not one syllable more was said by either of the young women. But it was destined to come out before long.

Some short period after the above events, and Miss Rebecca Sharp still remaining at her patroness's house in Park Lane, one more hatchment might have been seen in Great Gaunt-street, figuring among the many

which usually ornament that dismal quarter. It was over Sir Pitt Crawley's house; but it did not indicate the worthy baronet's demise. It was a feminine hatchment, and indeed a few years back had served as a funeral compliment to Sir Pitt's old mother, the late dowager Lady Crawley. Its period of service over, the hatchment had come down from the front of the house, and lived in retirement somewhere in the back premises of Sir Pitt's mansion. It re-appeared now for poor Rose Dawson. Sir Pitt was a widower again. The arms quartered on the shield along with his own were not, to be sure, poor Rose's. She had no arms. But the cherubs painted on the scutcheon answered as well for her as for Sir Pitt's mother, and *Resurgam* was written under the coat, flanked by the Crawley Dove and Serpent. Arms and Hatchments, *Resurgam*. Here is an opportunity for moralizing!

Mr. Crawley had tended that otherwise friendless bedside. She went out of the world strengthened by such words and comfort as he could give her. For many years this was the only kindness she ever knew; the only friendship that solaced in any way that feeble, lonely soul. Her heart was dead long before her body. She had sold it to become Sir Pitt Crawley's wife. Mothers and daughters are making the same bargain every day in Vanity Fair.

When the demise took place, her husband was in London attending to some of his innumerable schemes, and busy with his endless lawyers. He had found time, nevertheless, to call often in Park Lane, and to dispatch many notes to Rebecca, entreating her, enjoining her, commanding her, to return to her young pupils in the country, who were now utterly without companionship during their mother's illness. But Miss Crawley would not hear of her departure; for though there was no lady of fashion in London who would desert her friends more complacently as soon as she was tired of their society, and though few tired of them sooner, yet as long as her *engouement* lasted her attachment was prodigious, and she clung still with the greatest energy to Rebecca.

The news of Lady Crawley's death provoked no more grief or comment than might have been expected in Miss Crawley's family circle. "I suppose I must put off my party for the 3d," Miss Crawley said; and added, after a pause, "I hope my brother will have the decency not to marry again." "What a confounded rage Pitt will be in if he does," Rawdon remarked, with his usual regard for his elder brother. Rebecca said nothing. She seemed by far the gravest and most impressed of the family. She left the room before Rawdon went away that day; but they met by chance below,

as he was going away after taking leave, and had a parley together.

On the morrow, as Rebecca was gazing from the window, she startled Miss Crawley, who was placidly occupied with a French novel, by crying out in an alarmed tone, "Here's Sir Pitt, ma'am!" and the baronet's knock followed this announcement.

"My dear, I can't see him. I won't see him. Tell Bowls not at home, or go down stairs and say I'm too ill to receive any one. My nerves really won't bear my brother at this moment;" cried out Miss Crawley, and resumed the novel.

"She's too ill to see you, sir," Rebecca said, tripping down to Sir Pitt, who was preparing to ascend.

"So much the better," Sir Pitt answered. "I want to see *you*, Miss Becky. Come along a me into the parlor," and they entered that apartment together.

"I wawnt you back at Queen's Crawley, Miss," the baronet said, fixing his eyes upon her, and taking off his black gloves and his hat with its great crape hat-band. His eyes had such a strange look, and fixed upon her so steadfastly, that Rebecca Sharp began almost to tremble.

"I hope to come soon," she said in a low voice, "as soon as Miss Crawley is better—and return to—to the dear children."

"You've said so these three months, Becky," replied Sir Pitt, "and still you go hanging on to my sister, who'll sling you off like an old shoe, when she's wore you out. I tell you I *want* you. I'm going back to the Vuneral. Will you come back? Yes or no?"

"I daren't—I don't think—it would be right—to be alone—with you, sir," Becky said, seemingly in great agitation.

"I say agin, I want you," Sir Pitt said, thumping the table. "I can't git on without you. I didn't see what it was till you went away. The house all goes wrong. It's not the same place. All my accounts has got muddled agin. You *must* come back. Do come back. Dear Becky, do come."

"Come—as what, sir?" Rebecca gasped out.

"Come as Lady Crawley, if you like," the baronet said, grasping his crape hat. "There! will that zatisfy you? Come back and be my wife. Your vit vort. Birth be hanged. You're as good a lady as ever I see. You've got more brains in your little vinger than any baronet's wife in the county. Will you come? Yes or no?"

"Oh, Sir Pitt!" Rebecca said, very much moved.

"Say yes, Becky," Sir Pitt continued. "I'm an old man, but a good'n. I'm good for twenty years. I'll make you happy, zee if I don't. You shall do what you like; spend what you like; and 'av it all your own

way. I'll make you a zettlement. I'll do every thing reglar. Look year!" and the old man fell down on his knees and leered at her like a satyr.

Rebecca started back a picture of consternation. In the course of this history we have never seen her lose her presence of mind; but she did now, and wept some of the most genuine tears that ever fell from her eyes.

"Oh, Sir Pitt!" she said. "Oh, sir—I—I'm *married already*."

CHAPTER XV.

IN WHICH REBECCA'S HUSBAND APPEARS FOR A SHORT TIME.

EVERY reader of a sentimental turn (and we desire no other) must have been pleased with the *tableau* with which the last act of our little drama concluded; for what can be prettier than an image of Love on his knees before Beauty?

But when Love heard that awful confession from Beauty that she was married already, he bounced up from his attitude of humility on the carpet, uttering exclamations which caused poor little Beauty to be more frightened than she was when she made her avowal. "Married! you're joking," the baronet cried, after the explosion of rage and wonder. "You're making vun of me, Becky. Who'd ever go to marry you without a shilling to your vortune?"

"Married! married!" Rebecca said, in an agony of tears—her voice choking with emotion, her handkerchief up to her ready eyes, fainting against the mantel-piece—a figure of woe fit to melt the most obdurate heart. "O Sir Pitt, dear Sir Pitt, do not think me ungrateful for all your goodness to me. It is only your generosity that has extorted my secret."

"Generosity be hanged!" Sir Pitt roared out. "Who is it tu, then, you're married? Where was it?"

"Let me come back with you to the country, sir! Let me watch over you as faithfully as ever! Don't, don't separate me from dear Queen's Crawley!"

"The feller has left you, has he!" the baronet said, beginning, as he fancied, to comprehend. "Well, Becky—come back, if you like. You can't eat your cake and have it. Any ways, I made you a vair offer. Coom back as governess—you shall have it all your own way." She held out one hand. She cried fit to break her heart; her ringlets fell over her face, and over the marble mantel-piece where she laid it.

"So the rascal ran off, eh?" Sir Pitt said, with a hideous attempt at consolation. "Never mind, Becky, I'll take care of 'ee."

"O sir! it would be the pride of my life

to go back to Queen's Crawley, and take care of the children, and of you as formerly, when you said you were pleased with the services of your little Rebecca. When I think of what you have just offered me, my heart fills with gratitude—indeed it does. I can't be your wife, sir; let me—let me be your daughter!"

Saying which, Rebecca went down on her knees in a most tragical way, and, taking Sir Pitt's horny, black hand between her own two (which were very pretty and white, and as soft as satin), looked up in his face with an expression of exquisite pathos and confidence, when—when the door opened, and Miss Crawley sailed in.

Mrs. Firkin and Miss Briggs, who happened by chance to be at the parlor-door soon after the baronet and Rebecca entered the apartment, had also seen, accidentally, through the key-hole, the old gentleman prostrate before the governess, and had heard the generous proposal which he made her. It was scarcely out of his month, when Mrs. Firkin and Miss Briggs had streamed up the stairs, had rushed into the drawing-room where Miss Crawley was reading the French novel, and had given that old lady the astounding intelligence that Sir Pitt was on his knees, proposing to Miss Sharp. And if you calculate the time for the above dialogue to take place—the time for Briggs and Firkin to fly to the drawing-room—the time for Miss Crawley to be astonished, and to drop her volume of Pigault le Brun—and the time for her to come down stairs—you will see how exactly accurate this history is, and how Miss Crawley *must* have appeared at the very instant when Rebecca had assumed the attitude of humility.

"It is the lady on the ground, and not the gentleman," Miss Crawley said, with a look and voice of great scorn. "They told me that *you* were on your knees, Sir Pitt: do kneel once more, and let me see this pretty couple!"

"I have thanked Sir Pitt Crawley, ma'am," Rebecca said, rising, and have told him that—that I never can become Lady Crawley."

"Refused him!" Miss Crawley said, more bewildered than ever. Briggs and Firkin at the door opened the eyes of astonishment and the lips of wonder.

"Yes—refused," Rebecca continued, with a sad, tearful voice.

"And am I to credit my ears that you absolutely proposed to her, Sir Pitt?" the old lady asked.

"Ees," said the baronet, "I did."

"And she refused you as she says?"

"Ees," Sir Pitt said, his features on a broad grin.

"It does not seem to break your heart, at any rate," Miss Crawley remarked.

"Nawt a bit," answered Sir Pitt, with a

coolness and good-humor which set Miss Crawley almost mad with bewilderment. That an old gentleman of station should fall on his knees to a penniless governess, and burst out laughing because she refused to marry him—that a penniless governess should refuse a baronet with four thousand a year—these were mysteries which Miss Crawley could never comprehend. It surpassed any complications of intrigue in her favorite Pigault le Brun.

"I'm glad you think it good sport, brother," she continued, groping wildly through this amazement.

"Vamous," said Sir Pitt. "Who'd ha' thought it! what a sly little devil! what a little fox it waws!" he muttered to himself, chuckling with pleasure.

"Who'd have thought what?" cries Miss Crawley, stamping with her foot. "Pray, Miss Sharp, are you waiting for the Prince Regent's divorce, that you don't think our family good enough for you?"

"My attitude," Rebecca said, "when you came in, ma'am, did not look as if I despised such an honor as this good—this noble man has deigned to offer me. Do you think I have no heart? Have you all loved me, and been so kind to the poor orphan—deserted—girl, and am *I* to feel nothing? O my friends! O my benefactors! may not my love, my life, my duty, try to repay the confidence you have shown me? Do you grudge me even gratitude, Miss Crawley? It is too much—my heart is too full;" and she sank down in a chair so pathetically, that most of the audience present were perfectly melted with her sadness.

"Whether you marry me or not, you're a good little girl, Becky, and I'm your vriend, mind," said Sir Pitt, and putting on his crape-bound hat, he walked away—greatly to Rebecca's relief; for it was evident that her secret was unrevealed to Miss Crawley, and she had the advantage of a brief reprieve.

Putting her handkerchief to her eyes, and nodding away honest Briggs, who would have followed her up-stairs, she went up to her apartment; while Briggs and Miss Crawley, in a high state of excitement, remained to discuss the strange event, and Firkin, not less moved, dived down into the kitchen regions, and talked of it with all the male and female company there. And so impressed was Mrs. Firkin with the news, that she thought proper to write off by that very night's post, "with her humble duty to Mrs. Bute Crawley and the family at the Rectory, and Sir Pitt has been and proposed for to marry Miss Sharp, wherein she has refused him, to the wonder of all."

The two ladies in the dining-room (where worthy Miss Briggs was delighted to be admitted once more to a confidential conversation with her patroness) wondered to their hearts' content at Sir Pitt's offer, and Re-

becca's refusal; Briggs very acutely suggesting that there must have been some obstacle in the shape of a previous attachment, otherwise no young woman in her senses would ever have refused so advantageous a proposal.

"You would have accepted it yourself, wouldn't you, Briggs?" Miss Crawley said, kindly.

"Would it not be a privilege to be Miss Crawley's sister?" Briggs replied, with meek evasion.

"Well, Becky would have made a good Lady Crawley, after all," Miss Crawley remarked (who was mollified by the girl's refusal, and very liberal and generous, now there was no call for her sacrifices). "She has brains in plenty (much more wit in her little finger than you have, my poor, dear Briggs, in all your head). Her manners are excellent, now I have formed her. She is a Montmorency, Briggs, and blood is something, though I despise it for my part; and she would have held her own among those pompous, stupid Hampshire people, much better than that unfortunate ironmonger's daughter."

Briggs coincided as usual, and the "previous attachment" was then discussed in conjectures. "You poor friendless creatures are always having some foolish *tendre*," Miss Crawley said. "You yourself, you know, were in love with a writing-master (don't cry, Briggs—you're always crying, and it won't bring him to life again), and I suppose this unfortunate Becky has been silly and sentimental too—some apothecary, or house-steward, or painter, or young curate, or something of that sort."

"Poor thing, poor thing!" says Briggs (who was thinking of twenty-four years back, and that hectic young writing-master whose lock of yellow hair, and whose letters, beautiful in their illegibility, she cherished in her old desk up-stairs). "Poor thing, poor thing!" says Briggs. Once more she was a fresh-checked lass of eighteen; she was at evening church, and the hectic writing-master and she were quivering out of the same psalm-book.

"After such conduct on Rebecca's part," Miss Crawley said enthusiastically, "our family should do something. Find out who is the *objet*, Briggs. I'll set him up in a shop; or order my portrait of him, you know; or speak to my cousin the bishop—and I'll *doter* Becky, and we'll have a wedding, Briggs, and you shall make the breakfast, and be a bride's-maid."

Briggs declared that it would be delightful, and vowed that her dear Miss Crawley was always kind and generous, and went up to Rebecca's bed-room to console her and prattle about the offer, and the refusal, and the cause thereof; and to hint at the generous intentions of Miss Crawley, and to find out

who was the gentleman that had the mastery of Miss Sharp's heart.

Rebecca was very kind, very affectionate and affected—responded to Briggs' offers of tenderness with grateful fervor—owned there was a secret attachment—a delicious mystery—what a pity Miss Briggs had not remained half a minute longer at the key-hole! Rebecca might, perhaps, have told more: but five minutes after Miss Briggs' arrival in Rebecca's apartment, Miss Crawley actually made her appearance there—an unheard of honor; her impatience had overcome her; she could not wait for the tardy operations of her embassadress: so she came in person, and ordered Briggs out of the room. And expressing her approval of Rebecca's conduct, she asked particulars of the interview and the previous transactions which had brought about the astonishing offer of Sir Pitt.

Rebecca said she had long had some notion of the partiality with which Sir Pitt honored her (for he was in the habit of making his feelings known in a very frank and unreserved manner) but, not to mention private reasons with which she would not for the present trouble Miss Crawley, Sir Pitt's age, station, and habits were such as to render a marriage quite impossible; and could a woman with any feelings of self-respect and any decency listen to proposals at such a moment, when the funeral of the lover's deceased wife had not actually taken place?

"Nonsense, my dear, you would never have refused him had there not been some one else in the case," Miss Crawley said, coming to her point at once. "Tell me the private reasons; what are the private reasons? There is some one; who is it that has touched your heart?"

Rebecca cast down her eyes, and owned there was. "You have guessed right, dear lady," she said, with a sweet, simple, faltering voice. "You wonder at one so poor and friendless having an attachment, don't you? I have never heard that poverty was any safeguard against it. I wish it were."

"My poor, dear child," cried Miss Crawley, who was always quite ready to be sentimental, "Is our passion unrequited, then?" Are we pining in secret? Tell me all, and let me console you."

"I wish you could, dear madam," Rebecca said in the same tearful tone. "Indeed, indeed I need it." And she laid her head upon Miss Crawley's shoulder and wept there so naturally that the old lady, surprised into sympathy, embraced her with an almost maternal kindness, uttered many soothing protests of regard and affection for her, vowed that she loved her as a daughter, and would do every thing in her power to serve her. "And now who is it, my dear? Is it that pretty Miss Sedley's brother?"

You said something about an affair with him. I'll ask him here, my dear. And you shall have him : indeed you shall."

"Don't ask me now," Rebecca said. "You shall know all soon. Indeed you shall. Dear, kind Miss Crawley—dear friend, may I say so?"

"That you may, my child," the old lady replied, kissing her.

"I can't tell you now," sobbed out Rebecca, "I am very miserable. But O! love me always—promise you will love me always." And in the midst of mutual tears—for the emotions of the younger woman had awakened the sympathies of the elder—this promise was solemnly given by Miss Crawley, who left her little protégée, blessing and admiring her as a dear, artless, tender-hearted, affectionate, incomprehensible creature.

And now she was left alone to think over the sudden and wonderful events of the day, and of what had been and what might have been. What think you were the private feelings of Miss, no (begging her pardon), of Mrs. Rebecca? If, a few pages back, the present writer claimed the privilege of peeping into Miss Amelia Sedley's bedroom, and understanding with the omniscience of the novelist all the gentle pains and passions which were tossing upon that innocent pillow, why should he not declare himself to be Rebecca's confidante too, master of her secrets, and seal-keeper of that young woman's conscience?

Well then, in the first place, Rebecca gave way to some very sincere and touching regrets that a piece of marvelous good fortune should have been so near her, and she actually obliged to decline it. In this natural emotion every properly regulated mind will certainly share. What good mother is there that would not commiserate a penniless spinster, who might have been my lady, and have shared four thousand a year? What well-bred young person is there in all Vanity Fair, who will not feel for a hard-working, ingenious, meritorious girl, who gets such an honorable, advantageous, provoking offer, just at the very moment when it is out of her power to accept it? I am sure our friend Becky's disappointment deserves and will command every sympathy.

I remember one night being in the Fair myself, at an evening party. I observed old Miss Toady there also present, single out for her special attentions and flattery little Mrs. Briefless, the barrister's wife, who is of a good family certainly, but, as we all know, is as poor as poor can be.

What, I asked in my own mind, can cause this obsequiousness on the part of Miss Toady; has Briefless got a county court, or has his wife had a fortune left her? Miss Toady explained presently, with that simplicity which distinguishes all her conduct.

"You know," she said, "Mrs. Briefless is granddaughter of Sir John Redhand, who is so ill at Cheltenham that he can't last six months. Mrs. Briefless's papa, succeeds; so you see she *will* be a baronet's daughter." And Toady asked Briefless and his wife to dinner the very next week.

If the mere chance of becoming a baronet's daughter can procure a lady such homage in the world, surely we may respect the agonies of a young woman who has lost the opportunity of becoming a baronet's wife. "Who would have dreamed of Lady Crawley dying so soon? She was one of those sickly women that might have lasted these ten years"—Rebecca thought to herself, in all the woes of repentance—"and I might have been my lady! I might have led that old man whither I would. I might have thanked Mrs. Bute for her patronage, and Mr. Pitt for his insufferable condescension. I would have had the town-house newly furnished and decorated. I would have had the handsomest carriage in London, and a box at the Opera; and I would have been presented next season. All this *might* have been; but now—now is all doubt and mystery."

But Rebecca was a young lady of too much resolution and energy of character to permit herself much useless and unseemly sorrow for the irrevocable past; so, having devoted only the proper portion of regret to it, she wisely turned her whole attention toward the future, which was now vastly more important to her. And she surveyed her position, and its hopes, doubts, and chances.

In the first place, she was *married*; that was a great fact. Sir Pitt knew it. She was not so much surprised into the avowal, as induced to make it by a sudden calculation. It must have come some day; and why not now as at a later period? He who would have married her himself must at least be silent with regard to her marriage. But how Miss Crawley would bear the news—was the great question. Misgivings Rebecca had; but she remembered all Miss Crawley had said; the old lady's avowed contempt for birth; her daring liberal opinions; her general romantic propensities; her almost doting attachment to her nephew, and her repeatedly-expressed fondness for Rebecca herself. "She is so fond of him," Rebecca thought, that she will forgive him any thing: she is so used to me that I don't think she could be comfortable without me: when the *éclaircissement* comes there will be a scene, and hysterics, and a great quarrel, and then a great reconciliation." At all events, what use was there in delaying? the die was thrown, and now or to-morrow the issue must be the same. And so, resolved that Miss Crawley should have the news, the young person debated in her mind as to the

best means of conveying it to her; and whether she should face the storm that must come, or fly and avoid it until its first fury was blown over. In this state of meditation she wrote the following letter:—

“DEAREST FRIEND,

“The great crisis which we have debated about so often is *come*. Half of my secret is known, and I have thought and thought, until I am quite sure that now is the time to reveal *the whole of the mystery*. Sir Pitt came to me this morning, and made—what do you think? *a declaration in form*. Think of that! Poor little me. I might have been Lady Crawley. How pleased Mrs. Bute would have been; and *ma tante* if I had taken precedence of her! I might have been somebody’s mamma, instead of—O, I tremble, I tremble, when I think how soon we must tell all!

“Sir Pitt knows I am married, and not knowing to whom, is not very much displeased as yet. *Ma tante* is *actually angry* that I should have refused him. But she is all kindness and graciousness. She condescends to say I would have made him a good wife; and vows that she will be a mother to your little Rebecca. She will be shaken when she first hears the news. But need we fear any thing beyond a momentary anger? I think not: *I am sure not*. She dotes upon you so (you naughty, good-for-nothing man), that she would pardon you *any thing*: and, indeed, I believe, the next place in her heart is mine: and that she would be miserable without me. Dearest! something *tells me* we shall conquer. You shall leave that odious regiment: quit gaming, racing, and *be a good boy*; and we shall all live in Park-lane: and *ma tante* shall leave us all her money.

“I shall try and walk to-morrow at 3 in the usual place. If Miss B. accompanies me, you must come to dinner, and bring an answer, and put it in the third volume of Porteus’s Sermons. But, at all events, come to your own, R.

“To Miss Eliza Styles,
At Mr. Barnet’s, Saddler, Knightbridge.”

And I trust there is no reader of this little story who has not discernment enough to perceive that Miss Eliza Styles (an old schoolfellow, Rebecca said, with whom she had resumed an active correspondence of late) and who used to fetch these letters from the saddler’s, wore brass spurs, and large curling mustaches, and was indeed no other than Captain Rawdon Crawley.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE LETTER ON THE PINCUSHION.

How they were married is not of the slightest consequence to any body. What

is to hinder a captain who is a major, and a young lady who is of age, from purchasing a license, and uniting themselves at any church in this town? Who needs to be told, that if a woman has a will, she will assuredly find a way? My belief is, that one day, when Miss Sharp had gone to pass the forenoon with her dear friend Miss Amelia Sedley, in Russell-square, a lady very like her might have been seen entering a church in the city, in company with a gentleman with dyed mustaches, who, after a quarter of an hour’s interval, escorted her back to the hackney-coach in waiting, and that this was a quiet bridal party.

And who on earth, after the daily experience we have, can question the probability of a gentleman marrying any body? How many of the wise and learned have married their cooks? Did not Lord Eldon himself, the most prudent of men, make a run-away match? Were not Achilles and Ajax both in love with their servant maids? And are we to expect a heavy dragoon with strong desires and small brains, who had never controlled a passion in his life, to become prudent all of a sudden, and to refuse to pay any price for an indulgence to which he had a mind? If people only made prudent marriages, what a stop to population there would be!

It seems to me, for my part, that Mr. Rawdon’s marriage was one of the honestest actions which we shall have to record in any portion of that gentleman’s biography which has to do with the present history. No one will say it is unmanly to be captivated by a woman, or, being captivated, to marry her; and the admiration, the delight, the passion, the wonder, the unbounded confidence, and frantic adoration with which, by degrees, this big warrior got to regard the little Rebecca, were feelings which the ladies at least will pronounce were not altogether discreditable to him. When she sang, every note thrilled in his dull soul, and tingled through his huge frame. When she spoke, he brought all the force of his brains to listen and wonder. If she was jocular, he used to revolve her jokes in his mind, and explode over them half an hour afterward in the street, to the surprise of the groom in the tilbury by his side, or the comrade riding with him in Rotten Row. Her words were oracles to him, her smallest actions marked by an infallible grace and wisdom. “How she sings—how she paints,” thought he. “How she rode that kicking mare at Queen’s Crawley!” And he would say to her in confidential moments, “By Jove, Beck, you’re fit to be commander-in-chief, or Archbishop of Canterbury, by Jove.” Is his case a rare one? and don’t we see every day in the world many an honest Hercules at the apron-strings of Omphale, and great whiskered Samsons prostrate in Dalilah’s lap?

When, then, Becky told him that the great crisis was near, and the time for action had arrived, Rawdon expressed himself as ready to act under her orders, as he would be to charge with his troop at the command of his colonel. There was no need for him to put his letter into the third volume of *Porteus*. Rebecca easily found a means to get rid of Briggs, her companion, and met her faithful friend in "the usual place" on the next day. She had thought over matters at night, and communicated to Rawdon the result of her determinations. He agreed, of course, to every thing; was quite sure that it was all right; that what she proposed was best; that Miss Crawley would infallibly relent, or "come round," as he said, after a time. Had Rebecca's resolutions been entirely different, he would have followed them as implicitly. "You have head enough for both of us, Beck," said he. "You're sure to get us out of the scrape. I never saw your equal, and I've met with some clippers in my time too." And with this simple confession of faith, the love-stricken dragoon left her to execute his part of the project which she had formed for the pair.

It consisted simply in the hiring of quiet lodgings at Brompton, or in the neighborhood of the barracks, for Captain and Mrs. Crawley. For Rebecca had determined, and very prudently, we think, to fly. Rawdon was only too happy at her resolve; he had been entreating her to take this measure any time for weeks past. He pranced off to engage the lodgings with all the impetuosity of love. He agreed to pay two guineas a week so readily, that the landlady regretted she had asked him so little. He ordered in a piano, and half a nursery house full of flowers, and a heap of good things. As for shawls, kid gloves, silk stockings, gold French watches, bracelets and perfumery, he sent them in with the profusion of blind love and unbounded credit. And having relieved his mind by this outpouring of generosity, he went and dined nervously at the club, waiting until the great moment of his life should come.

The occurrences of the previous day; the admirable conduct of Rebecca in refusing an offer so advantageous to her; the secret unhappiness preying upon her, the sweetness and silence with which she bore her affliction, made Miss Crawley much more tender than usual. An event of this nature, a marriage, or a refusal, or a proposal, thrills through a whole houseful of women, and sets all their hysterical sympathies at work. As an observer of human nature, I regularly frequent St. George's, Hanover-square, during the genteel marriage season; and though I have never seen the bridegroom's male friends give way to tears, or the beadles and

officiating clergy any way affected, yet it is not at all uncommon to see women who are not in the least concerned in the operations going on—old ladies who are long past marrying, stout middle-aged females with plenty of sons and daughters, let alone pretty young creatures in pink bonnets, who are on their promotion, and may naturally take an interest in the ceremony—I say it is quite common to see the women present piping, sobbing, sniffing, hiding their little faces in their little useless pocket-handkerchiefs, and heaving, old and young, with emotion. When my friend, the fashionable John Pimlico, married the lovely Lady Belgravia Green Parker, the emotion was so general, that even the little snuffy old pew-opener who let me into the seat, was in tears. And wherefore? I inquired of my own soul: *she* was not going to be married.

Miss Crawley and Briggs, in a word, after the affair of Sir Pitt, indulged in the utmost luxury of sentiment, and Rebecca became an object of the most tender interest to them. In her absence Miss Crawley solaced herself with the most sentimental of the novels in her library. Little Sharp, with her secret griefs, was the heroine of the day.

That night Rebecca sang more sweetly and talked more pleasantly than she had ever been heard to do in Park Lane. She twined herself round the heart of Miss Crawley. She spoke lightly and laughingly of Sir Pitt's proposal, ridiculed it as the foolish fancy of an old man; and her eyes filled with tears, and Briggs's heart with unutterable pangs of defeat, as she said she desired no other lot than to remain forever with her dear benefactress. "My dear little creature," the old lady said, "I don't intend to let you stir for years, that you may depend upon. As for going back to that odious brother of mine after what has passed, it is out of the question. Here you stay with me and Briggs. Briggs wants to go to see her relations very often. Briggs, you may go when you like. But as for you, my dear, you must stay and take care of the old woman."

If Rawdon Crawley had been then and there present, instead of being at the club nervously drinking claret, the pair might have gone down on their knees before the old spinster, avowed all, and been forgiven in a twinkling. But that good chance was denied to the young couple, doubtless in order that this story might be written, in which numbers of their wonderful adventures are narrated—adventures which could never have occurred to them if they had been housed and sheltered under the comfortable uninteresting forgiveness of Miss Crawley.

Under Mrs. Firkin's orders, in the Park Lane establishment, was a young woman

from Hampshire, whose business it was, among other duties, to knock at Miss Sharp's door with that jug of hot water, which Firkin would rather have perished than have presented to the intruder. This girl, bred on the family estate, had a brother in Captain Crawley's troop, and if the truth were known, I dare say it would come out that she was aware of certain arrangements, which have a great deal to do with this history. At any rate, she purchased a yellow shawl, a pair of green boots, and a light blue hat with a red feather, with three guineas which Rebecca gave her, and as little Sharp was by no means too liberal with her money, no doubt it was for services rendered that Betty Martin was so bribed.

On the second day after Sir Pitt Crawley's offer to Miss Sharp, the sun rose as usual, and at the usual hour Betty Martin, the up-stairs maid, knocked at the door of the governess's bed-chamber.

No answer was returned, and she knocked again. Silence was still uninterrupted; and Betty, with the hot water, opened the door and entered the chamber.

The little white dainty bed was as smooth and trim as on the day previous when Betty's own hands had helped to make it. Two little trunks were corded in one end of the room; and on the table before the window—on the pincushion—the great fat pincushion lined with pink inside, and frilled like a lady's nightcap—lay a letter. It had been reposing there probably all night.

Betty advanced toward it on tiptoe, as if she were afraid to awake it—looked at it, and round the room with an air of great wonder and satisfaction, took up the letter, and grinned intensely as she turned it round and over, and finally carried it into Miss Briggs's room below.

How could Betty tell that the letter was for Miss Briggs, I should like to know? All the schooling Betty had was at Mrs. Bute Crawley's Sunday school, and she could no more read writing than Hebrew.

"La, Miss Briggs," the girl exclaimed, "O, Miss, something must have happened—there's nobody in Miss Sharp's room; the bed aint been slep in, and she've run away, and left this letter for you, Miss."

"What!" cries Briggs, dropping her comb, the thin wisp of faded hair falling over her shoulders; "an elopement! Miss Sharp a fugitive! What, what is this?" and she eagerly broke the neat seal, and, as they say, "devoured the contents" of the letter addressed to her.

"DEAR MISS BRIGGS," the refugee wrote, "the kindest heart in the world as yours is, will pity and sympathize with me and excuse me. With tears, and prayers, and blessings, I leave the home where the poor orphan has ever met with kindness and affection.

Claims even superior to those of my benefactress call me hence. I go to my duty—to my husband. Yes, I am married. My husband *commands* me to seek the *humble home* which we call ours. Dearest Miss Briggs, break the news as your delicate sympathy will know how to do it—to my dear, my beloved friend and benefactress. Tell her, ere I went, I shed tears on her dear pillow—that pillow that I have so often soothed in sickness—that I long *again* to watch—Oh, with what joy shall I return to dear Park Lane! How I tremble for the answer which is to *seal my fate!* When Sir Pitt deigned to offer me his hand, an honor of which my beloved Miss Crawley said I was *deserving* (my blessings go with her for judging the poor orphan worthy to be *her sister!*), I told Sir Pitt that I was *already a wife*. Even he forgave me. But my courage failed me, when I should have told him all—that I could not be his wife, for *I was his daughter!* I am wedded to the best and most generous of men—Miss Crawley's Rawdon is *my Rawdon*. At his *command* I open my lips, and follow him to our humble home, as I would *through the world*. O, my excellent and kind friend, intercede with my Rawdon's beloved aunt for him and the poor girl to whom all *his noble race* have shown such *unparalleled affection*. Ask Miss Crawley to receive *her children*. I can say no more, but blessings, blessings on all in the dear house I leave, prays

"Your affectionate and grateful,

"REBECCA CRAWLEY.

"Midnight."

Just as Briggs had finished reading this affecting and interesting document, which reinstated her in her position as first confidante of Miss Crawley, Mrs. Firkin entered the room. "Here's Mrs. Bute Crawley just arrived by the mail from Hampshire, and wants some tea; will you come down and make breakfast, miss?"

And to the surprise of Firkin, clasping her dressing-gown around her, the wisp of hair floating disheveled behind her, the little curl-papers still sticking in bunches round her forehead, Briggs sailed down to Mrs. Bute with the letter in her hand containing the wonderful news.

"Oh, Mrs. Firkin," gasped Betty, "sech a business. Miss Sharp have a gone and run away with the capting, and they're off to Gretny Green!" We would devote a chapter to describe the emotions of Mrs. Firkin, did not the passions of her mistresses occupy our genteeler muse.

When Mrs. Bute Crawley, numbed with midnight traveling, and warming herself at the newly crackling parlor fire, heard from Miss Briggs the intelligence of the clandestine marriage, she declared it was quite

providential that she should have arrived at such a time to assist poor dear Miss Crawley in supporting the shock—that Rebecca was an artful little hussy, of whom she had always had her suspicions; and that as for Rawdon Crawley, she never could account for his aunt's infatuation regarding him, and had long considered him a profligate, lost, and abandoned being. And this awful conduct, Mrs. Bute said, will have at least *this* good effect, it will open poor, dear Miss Crawley's eyes to the real character of this wicked man. Then Mrs. Bute had a comfortable hot toast and tea; and as there was a vacant room in the house now, there was no need for her to remain at the Gloster Coffee House where the Portsmouth mail had set her down, and whence she ordered Mr. Bowls's aid-de-camp, the footman, to bring away her trunks.

Miss Crawley, be it known, did not leave her room until near noon—taking chocolate in bed in the morning, while Becky Sharp read the Morning Post to her, or otherwise amusing herself or dawdling. The conspirators below agreed that they would spare the dear lady's feelings until she appeared in her drawing-room: meanwhile it was announced to her, that Mrs. Bute Crawley had come up from Hampshire by the mail, was staying at the Gloster, sent her love to Miss Crawley, and asked for breakfast with Miss Briggs. The arrival of Mrs. Bute, which would not have caused any extreme delight at another period, was hailed with pleasure now; Miss Crawley being pleased at the notion of a gossip with her sister-in-law regarding the late Lady Crawley, the funeral arrangements pending, and Sir Pitt's abrupt proposals to Rebecca.

It was not until the old lady was fairly ensconced in her usual arm-chair in the drawing-room, and the preliminary embraces and inquiries had taken place between the ladies, that the conspirators thought it advisable to submit her to the operation. Who has not admired the artifices and delicate approaches with which women "prepare" their friends for bad news? Miss Crawley's two friends made such an apparatus of mystery before they broke the intelligence to her, that they worked her up to the necessary degree of doubt and alarm.

"And she refused Sir Pitt, my dear, dear Miss Crawley, prepare yourself for it," Mrs. Bute said, "because—because she couldn't help herself."

"Of course there was a reason," Miss Crawley answered. "She liked somebody else. I told Briggs so yesterday."

"*Likes* somebody else!" Briggs gasped. "O my dear friend, she is married already."

"Married already," Mrs. Bute chimed in; and both sat with clasped hands looking from each other at their victim.

"Send her to me the instant she comes

in. The little sly wretch: how dared she not tell me?" cried out Miss Crawley.

"She won't come in soon. Prepare yourself, dear friend—she's gone out for a long time—she's—she's gone altogether."

"Gracious goodness, and who's to make my chocolate? Send for her and have her back; I desire that she come back," the old lady said.

"She decamped last night, ma'am," cried Mrs. Bute.

"She left a letter for me," Briggs exclaimed. "She's married to"—

"Prepare her, for heaven's sake. Don't torture her, my dear Miss Briggs."

"She's married to whom?" cries the spinster, in a nervous fury.

"To—to a relation of"—

"She refused Sir Pitt," cried the victim. "Speak at once. Don't drive me mad."

"O ma'am—prepare her, Miss Briggs—she's married to Rawdon Crawley."

"Rawdon married—Rebecca—governess—nobody—Get out of my house, you fool, you idiot—you stupid old Briggs—how dare you? You're in the plot—you made him marry, thinking that I'd leave my money from him—you did, Martha," the poor old lady screamed in hysteric sentences.

"I, ma'am, ask a member of this family to marry a drawing-master's daughter!"

"Her mother was a Montmorency," cried out the old lady, pulling at the bell with all her might.

"Her mother was an opera girl, and she has been on the stage or worse herself," said Mrs. Bute.

Miss Crawley gave a final scream, and fell back in a faint. They were forced to take her back to the room which she had just quitted. One fit of hysterics succeeded another. The doctor was sent for—the apothecary arrived. Mrs. Bute took up the post of nurse by her bedside. "Her relations ought to be round about her," that amiable woman said.

She had scarcely been carried up to her room, when a new person arrived, to whom it was also necessary to break the news. This was Sir Pitt. "Where's Becky?" he said, coming in. "Where's her traps? She's coming with me to Queen's Crawley."

"Have you not heard the astonishing intelligence regarding her surreptitious union?" Briggs asked.

"What's that to me?" Sir Pitt asked. "I know she's married. That makes no odds. Tell her to come down at once, and not keep me."

"Are you not aware, sir," Miss Briggs asked, "that she has left our roof, to the dismay of Miss Crawley, who is nearly killed by the intelligence of Captain Rawdon's union with her?"

When Sir Pitt Crawley heard that Rebecca was married to his son, he broke out

into a fury of language, which it would do no good to repeat in this place, as indeed it sent poor Briggs shuddering out of the room; and with her we will shut the door upon the figure of the frenzied old man, wild with hatred, and insane with baffled desire.

One day after he went to Queen's Crawley, he burst like a madman into the room she had used when there—dashed open her boxes with his foot, and flung about her papers, clothes, and other relics. Miss Horrocks, the butler's daughter, took some of them. The children dressed themselves and acted plays in the others. It was but a few days after the poor mother had gone to her lonely burying-place; and was laid, unwept and disregarded, in a vault full of strangers.

"Suppose the old lady doesn't come to," Rawdon said to his little wife, as they sat together in the snug little Brompton lodgings. She had been trying the new piano all the morning. The new gloves fitted her to a nicety; the new shawls became her wonderfully; the new rings glittered on her little hands, and the new watch ticked at her waist; "suppose she don't come round, eh, Becky?"

"I'll make your fortune," she said; and Dalilah patted Samson's cheek.

"You can do any thing," he said, kissing the little hand. "By Jove, you can; and we'll drive down to the Star and Garter, and dine, by Jove."

CHAPTER XVII.

HOW CAPTAIN DOBBIN BOUGHT A PIANO.

If there is any exhibition in all Vanity Fair which Satire and Sentiment can visit arm in arm together; where you light on the strangest contrasts, laughable and tearful; where you may be gentle and pathetic, or savage and cynical with perfect propriety: it is at one of those public assemblies, a crowd of which are advertised every day in the last page of the Times newspaper, and over which the late Mr. George Robins used to preside with so much dignity. There are very few London people, as I fancy, who have not attended at these meetings, and all with a taste for moralizing must have thought, with a sensation and interest not a little startling and queer, of the day when their turn shall come too, and Mr. Hammerdown will sell by the orders of Diogenes's assignees; or will be instructed by the executors, to offer to public competition, the library, furniture, plate, wardrobe, and choice cellar of wines of Epicurus, deceased.

Even with the most selfish disposition, the Vanity-fairian, as he witnesses this sordid part of the obsequies of a departed friend,

can't but feel some sympathies and regret. My Lord Dives's remains are in the family vault; the statuary are cutting an inscription veraciously commemorating his virtues, and the sorrows of his heir, who is disposing of his goods. What guest at Dives's table can pass the familiar house without a sigh? the familiar house of which the lights used to shine so cheerfully at seven o'clock, of which the hall doors opened so readily, of which the obsequious servants, as you passed up the comfortable stair, sounded your name from landing to landing, until it reached the apartment where jolly old Dives welcomed his friends! What a number of them he had; and what a noble way of entertaining them. How witty people used to be here who were morose when they got out of the door; and how courteous and friendly men who slandered and hated each other every where else! He was pompous, but with such a cook what would one not swallow? He was rather dull, perhaps, but would not such wine make any conversation pleasant? We must get some of his Burgundy at any price, the mourners cry at his club. "I got this box at old Dives's sale," Pincher says, handing it round; "one of Louis XV.'s mistresses—pretty thing, is it not?—sweet miniature," and they talk of the way in which young Dives is dissipating his fortune.

How changed the house is, though! The front is patched over with bills, setting forth the particulars of the furniture in staring capitals. They have hung a shred of carpet out of an up-stairs window—a half-dozen of porters are lounging on the dirty steps—the hall swarms with dingy guests of oriental countenance, who thrust printed cards into your hand, and offer to bid. Old women and amateurs have invaded the upper apartments, pinching the bed curtains, poking into the feathers, shampooing the mattresses, and clapping the wardrobe drawers to and fro. Enterprising young housekeepers are measuring the looking-glasses and hangings to see if they will suit the new ménage—(Snob will brag for years that he has purchased this or that at Dives's sale)—and Mr. Hammerdown is sitting on the great mahogany dining-tables, in the dining-room below, waving the ivory hammer, and employing all the artifices of eloquence, enthusiasm, entreaty, reason, despair; shouting to his people; satirizing Mr. Davids for his sluggishness; inspiring Mr. Moss into action; imploring, commanding, bellowing, until down comes the hammer like fate, and we pass to the next lot. O Dives, who would ever have thought, as we sat round the broad table sparkling with plate and spotless linen, ever to have seen such a dish at the head of it as that roaring auctioneer?

It was rather late in the sale. The excellent drawing-room furniture by the best makers; the rare and famous wines select-

ed, regardless of cost, and with the well known taste of the purchaser; the rich and complete set of family plate had been sold on the previous day. Certain of the best wines (which all had a great character among amateurs in the neighborhood) had been purchased for his master, who knew them very well, by the butler of our friend, John Osborne, Esquire, of Russell-square. A small portion of the most useful articles of the plate had been bought by some young stock-brokers from the city. And now the public being invited to the purchase of minor objects, it happened that the orator on the table was expatiating on the merits of a picture, which he sought to recommend to his audience: it was by no means so select or numerous a company as had attended the previous days of the auction.

"No. 369," roared Mr. Hammerdown. "Portrait of a gentleman on an elephant. Who'll bid for the gentleman on the elephant? Lift up the picture, Blowman, and let the company examine this lot." A long, pale, military-looking gentleman, seated demurely at the mahogany table, could not help grinning as this valuable lot was shown by Mr. Blowman. "Turn the elephant to the captain, Blowman. What shall we say, sir, for the elephant?" but the captain, blushing in a very hurried and discomfited manner, turned away his head, and the auctioneer repeated his discomposure.

"Shall we say twenty guineas for this work of art?—fifteen, five, name your own price. The gentleman without the elephant is worth five pounds."

"I wonder it aint come down with him," said a professional wag, "he's any how a precious big one;" at which (for the elephant rider was represented as of a very stout figure) there was a general giggle in the room.

"Don't be trying to depreciate the value of the lot, Mr. Moss," Mr. Hammerdown said; "let the company examine it as a work of art—the attitude of the gallant animal quite according to natur; the gentleman in a nankeen-jacket, his gun in his hand is going to the chase; in the distance a banyan-tree and a pagoda, most likely resemblances of some interesting spot in our famous Eastern possessions. How much for this lot? Come, gentlemen, don't keep me here all day."

Some one bid five shillings, at which the military gentleman looked toward the quarter from which this splendid offer had come—and there saw another officer with a young lady on his arm, who both appeared to be highly amused with the scene, and to whom, finally, this lot was knocked down for half-a-guinea. He at the table looked more surprised and discomposed than ever when he spied this pair, and his head sank into his military collar, and he turned his back upon them, so as to avoid them altogether.

Of all the other articles which Mr. Hammerdown had the honor to offer for public competition that day it is not our purpose to make mention, save of one only; this was a little square piano which came down from the upper regions of the house (the state grand piano having been disposed of previously); this the young lady tried with a rapid and skillful hand, (making the officer blush and start again), and for it, when its turn came, her agent began to bid.

But there was an opposition here. The Hebrew aid-de-camp in the service of the officer at the table bid against the Hebrew gentleman employed by the elephant purchasers, and a brisk battle ensued over this little piano, the combatants being greatly encouraged by Mr. Hammerdown.

At last, when the competition had been prolonged for some time, the elephant captain and lady desisted from the race; and the hammer coming down, the auctioneer said:—"Mr. Lewis, twenty-five," and Mr. Lewis's chief thus became the proprietor of the little square piano. Having effected the purchase, he sat up as if he was greatly relieved, and the unsuccessful competitors catching a glimpse of him at this moment, the lady said to her friend,

"Why, Rawdon, it's Captain Dobbin."

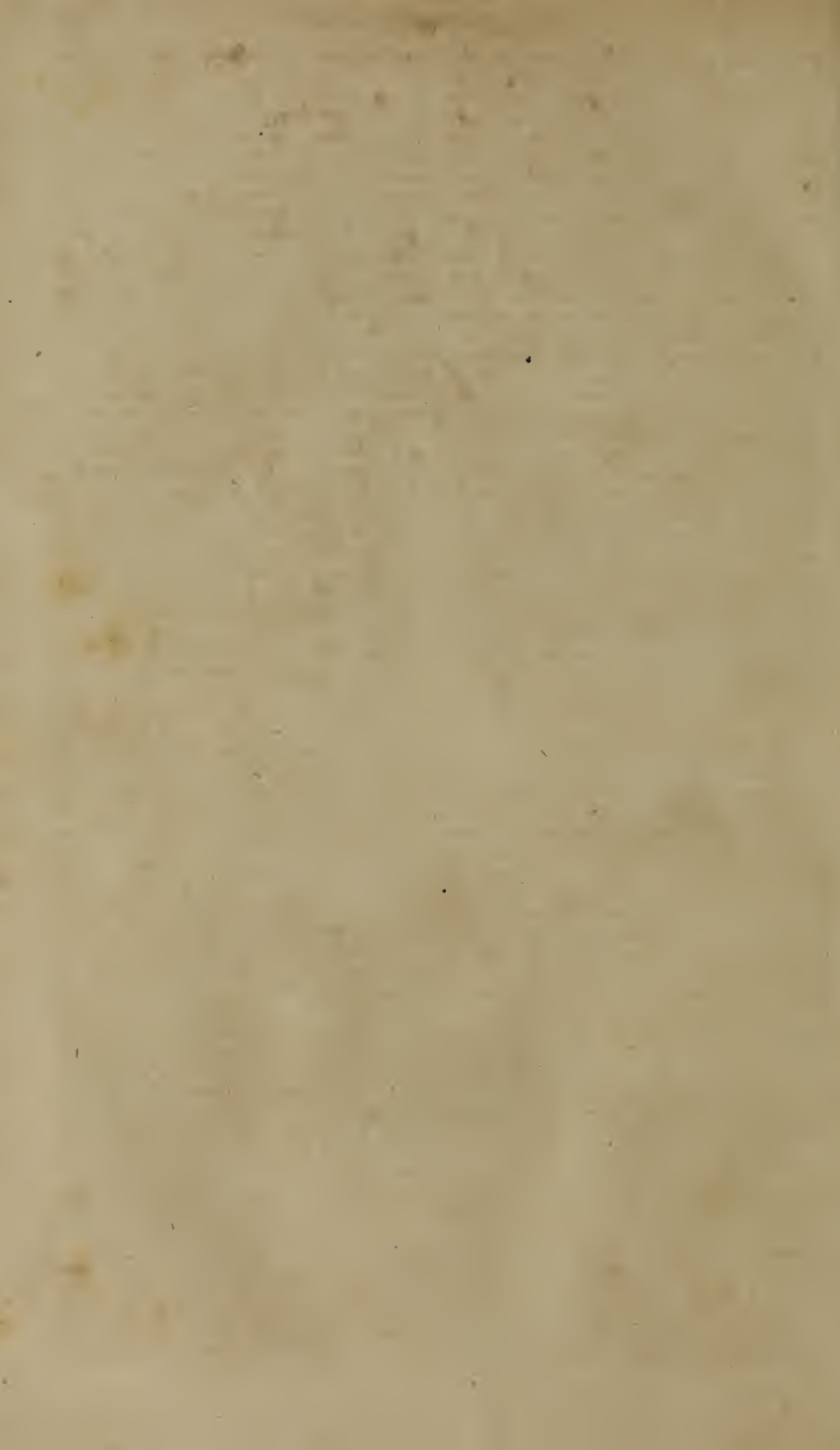
I suppose Becky was discontented with the new piano her husband had hired for her, or perhaps the proprietors of that instrument had fetched it away, declining farther credit, or perhaps she had a particular attachment for the one which she had first tried to purchase, recollecting it in old days, when she used to play upon it, in the little sitting-room of our dear Amelia Sedley.

The sale was at the old house in Russell-square, where we passed some evenings together at the beginning of this story. Good old John Sedley was a ruined man. His name had been proclaimed as a defaulter on the Stock Exchange, and his bankruptcy and commercial extermination had followed. Mr. Osborne's butler came to buy some of the famous port wine, to transfer to the cellars over the way. As for one dozen well-manufactured silver spoons and forks at per oz., and one dozen dessert ditto, ditto, there were three young stock-brokers (Messrs. Dale, Spigot, and Dale, of Threadneedle-street, indeed), who having had dealings with the old man, and kindnesses from him in days when he was kind to every body with whom he dealt, sent this little spar out of the wreck with their love to good Mrs. Sedley; and with respect to the piano, as it had been Amelia's, and as she might miss it and want one now, and as Captain William Dobbin could no more play upon it, than he could dance on the tight-rope, it is probable that he did not purchase it for his own use.

In a word, it arrived that evening, at a



AN ELEPHANT FOR SALE (p. 82.)



wonderfully small cottage in a street leading from the Fulham Road—one of those streets which have the finest romantic names—(this was called St. Adelaide Villas, Anna-Maria Road, West)—where the houses look like baby-houses; where the people, looking out of the first-floor windows, must infallibly, as you think, sit with their feet in the parlors; where the shrubs in the little gardens in front, bloom with a perennial display of little children's pinafores, little red socks, caps, &c. (polyandria polygynia); whence you hear the sound of jingling spinets and women singing; where little porter pots hang on the railings sunning themselves; whither of evenings you see city clerks padding wearily: here it was that Mr. Clapp, the clerk of Mr. Sedley, had his domicile, and in this asylum the good old gentleman hid his head, with his wife and daughter, when the crash came.

Jos Sedley had acted as a man of his disposition would, when the announcement of the family-misfortune reached him. He did not come to London, but he wrote to his mother to draw upon his agents for whatever money was wanted, so that his kind, broken-spirited old parents had no present poverty to fear. This done, Jos went on at the boarding-house at Cheltenham pretty much as before. He drove his curricule; he drank his claret; he played his rubber; he told his Indian stories, and the Irish widow consoled and flattered him as usual. His present of money, needful as it was, made little impression on his parents; and I have heard Amelia say, that the first day on which she saw her father lift up his head after the failure, was on the receipt of the packet of forks and spoons with the young stockbrokers' love, over which he burst out, crying like a child, being greatly more affected than even his wife, to whom the present was addressed. Edward Dale, the junior of the house, who purchased the spoons for the firm, was, in fact, very sweet upon Amelia, and offered for her in spite of all. He married Miss Louisa Cutts (daughter of Higham and Cutts, the eminent corn-factors), with a handsome fortune, in 1820; and is now living in splendor, and with a numerous family, at his elegant villa, Muswell Hill. But we must not let the recollections of this good fellow cause us to diverge from the plain and principal history.

I hope the reader has much too good an opinion of Captain and Mrs. Crawley, to suppose that they ever would have dreamed of paying a visit to so remote a district as Bloomsbury, if they thought the family whom they proposed to honor with a visit were not merely out of fashion, but out of money, and could be serviceable to them in no possible manner. Rebecca was entirely surprised at the sight of the comfortable old

house, where she had met with no small kindness, ransacked by brokers and bargain-ers, and its quiet family treasures given up to public desecration and plunder. A month after her flight, she had bethought her of Amelia, and Rawdon, with a horse laugh, had expressed a perfect willingness to see young George Osborne again. "He's a very agreeable acquaintance, Beck," the wag added. "I'd like to sell him another horse, Beck. I'd like to play a few more games at billiards with him. He'd be what I call *useful* just now, Mrs. C.—ha, ha!" by which sort of speech it is not to be supposed that Rawdon Crawley had a deliberate desire to cheat Mr. Osborne at play, but only wished to take that fair advantage of him which almost every sporting gentleman in Vanity Fair considers to be his due from his neighbor.

The old aunt was long in "coming-to." A month had elapsed. Rawdon was denied the door by Mr. Bowls; his servants could not get a lodgment in the house at Park Lane; his letters were sent back unopened. Miss Crawley never stirred out—she was unwell—and Mrs. Bute remained still and never left her. Crawley and his wife both of them augured evil from the continued presence of Mrs. Bute.

"Gad, I begin to perceive now why she was always bringing us together at Queen's Crawley," Rawdon said.

"What an artful little woman!" ejaculated Rebecca.

"Well, *I* don't regret it, if you don't," the captain cried, still in an amorous rapture with his wife, who rewarded him with a kiss by way of reply, and was indeed not a little gratified by the generous confidence of her husband.

"If he had but a little more brains," she thought to herself, "I might make something of him;" but she never let him perceive the opinion she had of him; listened with indefatigable complacency to his stories of the stable and the mess; laughed at all his jokes; felt the greatest interest in Jack Spatterdash, whose cab-horse had come down, and Bob Martingale, who had been taken up in a gambling-house, and Tom Cinquars, who was going to ride the steeple-chase. When he came home, she was alert and happy: when he went out she pressed him to go: when he stayed at home, she played and sang for him, made him good drinks, superintended his dinner, warmed his slippers, and steeped his soul in comfort. The best of women (I have heard my grandmother say) are hypocrites. We don't know how much they hide from us: how watchful they are when they seem most artless and confidential: how often those frank smiles which they wear so easily, are traps to cajole, or elude, or disarm—I don't mean in your mere coquettes, but your domestic

models, and paragons of female virtue. Who has not seen a woman hide the dullness of a stupid husband, or coax the fury of a savage one? We accept this amiable slavishness, and praise a woman for it: we call this pretty treachery truth. A good housewife is of necessity a humbug: and Cornelia's husband was hoodwinked, as Potiphar was—only in a different way.

By these attentions, that veteran rake, Rawdon Crawley, found himself converted into a very happy and submissive married man. His former haunts knew him not. They asked about him once or twice at his clubs, but did not miss him much: in those booths of Vanity Fair people seldom do miss each other. His secluded wife ever smiling and cheerful, his little comfortable lodgings, snug meals, and homely evenings, had all the charms of novelty and secrecy. The marriage was not yet declared to the world, or published in the *Morning Post*. All his creditors would have come rushing on him in a body, had they known that he was united to a woman without fortune. "My relations won't cry fie upon me," Becky said, with rather a bitter laugh; and she was quite contented to wait until the old aunt should be reconciled, before she claimed her place in society. So she lived at Brompton, and meanwhile saw no one, or only those few of her husband's male companions who were admitted into her little dining-room. These were all charmed with her. The little dinners, the laughing and chatting, the music afterward, delighted all who participated in these enjoyments. Major Martingale never thought about asking to see the marriage license. Captain Cinqbars was perfectly enchanted with her skill in making punch. Young Cornet and Lieutenant Spatterdash (who was fond of piquet, and whom Crawley would often invite) was evidently and quickly smitten by Mrs. Crawley; but her own circumspection and modesty never forsook her for a moment, and Crawley's reputation as a fire-eating and jealous warrior, was a further and complete defense to his little wife.

There are gentlemen of very good blood and fashion in this city, who never have entered a lady's drawing-room; so that though Rawdon Crawley's marriage might be talked about in his county, where, of course, Mrs. Bute had spread the news, in London it was doubted, or not heeded, or not talked about at all. He lived comfortably on credit. He had a large capital of debts, which, laid out judiciously, will carry a man along for many years, and on which certain men about town contrive to live a hundred times better than even men with ready money can do. Indeed who is there that walks London

streets, but can point out a half-dozen of men riding by him splendidly, while he is on foot, courted by fashion, bowed into their carriages by tradesmen, denying themselves nothing, and living on who knows what? We see Jack Thrifless prancing in the park, or darting in his brougham down Pall Mall: we eat his dinners served on his miraculous plate. "How did this begin, we say, or where will it end?" "My dear fellow," I heard Jack once say, "I owe money in every capital in Europe." The end must come some day, but in the mean time Jack thrives as much as ever; people are glad enough to shake him by the hand, ignore the little, dark stories that are whispered every now and then against him, and pronounce him a good-natured, jovial, reckless fellow.

Truth obliges us to confess that Rebecca had married a gentleman of this order. Every thing was plentiful in his house but ready money, of which their *ménage* pretty early felt the want; and reading the *Gazette* one day, and coming upon the announcement of "Lieutenant G. Osborne to be captain by purchase, vice Smith, who exchanges," Rawdon uttered that sentiment regarding Amelia's lover, which ended in the visit to Russell-square.

When Rawdon and his wife wished to communicate with Captain Dobbin at the sale, and to know particulars of the catastrophe which had befallen Rebecca's old acquaintances, the captain had vanished; and such information as they got, was from a stray porter or broker at the auction.

"Look at them with their hooked beaks," Becky said, getting into the buggy, her picture under her arm in great glee. "They're like vultures after the battle."

"Don't know. Never was in action, my dear. Ask Martingale, he was in Spain, aid-de-camp to General Blazes."

"He was a very kind old man, Mr. Sedley," Rebecca said; "I'm really sorry he's gone wrong."

"O, stockbrokers—bankrupts—used to it you know!" Rawdon replied, cutting a fly off the horse's ear.

"I wish we could have afforded some of the plate, Rawdon," the wife continued sentimentally. "Five-and-twenty guineas was monstrously dear for that little piano. We chose it at Broadwood's for Amelia, when she came from school. It only cost five-and-thirty then."

"What-d'ye-call'em Osborne, will cry off now, I suppose, since the family is smashed. How cut up your pretty little friend will be; hey, Becky?"

"I dare say she'll recover it;" Becky said, with a smile—and they drove on and talked about something else.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHO PLAYED ON THE PIANO CAPTAIN DOBBIN BOUGHT?

OUR surprised story now finds itself for a moment among very famous events and personages, and hanging on the skirts of history. When the eagles of Napoleon Bonaparte, the Corsican upstart, were flying from Provence, where they had perched after a brief sojourn in Elba, and from steeple to steeple until they reached the towers of Notre Dame, I wonder whether the imperial birds had any eye for a little corner of the parish of Bloomsbury, London, which you might have thought so quiet, that even the whirring and flapping of those mighty wings would pass unobserved there?

"Napoleon has landed at Cannes." Such news might create a panic at Vienna, and cause Russia to drop his cards, and take Prussia into a corner, and Talleyrand and Metternich to wag their heads together, while Prince Hardenberg, and even the present Marquis of Londonderry, were puzzled; but how was this intelligence to affect a young lady in Russell-square, before whose door the watchman sang the hours when she was asleep: who, if she strolled in the square, was guarded there by the railings and the beadle: who, if she walked ever so short a distance to buy a ribbon in Southampton Row, was followed by black Sambo with an enormous cane: who was always cared for, dressed, put to bed, and watched over by ever so many guardian angels, with and without wages. Bon Dieu, I say, is it not hard that the fateful rush of the great imperial struggle can't take place without affecting a poor little harmless girl of eighteen, who is occupied in billing and cooing, or working muslin collars in Russell-square? You, too, kindly, homely flower! is the great roaring war tempest coming to sweep you down, here, although cowering under the shelter of Holborn? Yes; Napoleon is flinging his last stake, and poor little Emmy Sedley's happiness forms, somehow, part of it.

In the first place, her father's fortune was swept down with that fatal news. All his speculations had of late gone wrong with the luckless old gentleman. Ventures had failed: merchants had broken: funds had risen when he calculated they would fall. What need to particularize? If success is rare and slow, every body knows how quick and easy ruin is. Old Sedley had kept his own sad counsel. Every thing seemed to go on as usual in the quiet, opulent house: the good-natured mistress pursuing, quite unsuspectingly, her bustling idleness, and daily easy avocations; the daughter absorbed still in one selfish, tender thought, and quite regardless of all the world besides, when

that final crash came under which this worthy family fell.

One night Mrs. Sedley was writing cards for a party; the Osbornes had given one, and she must not be behindhand; John Sedley, who had come home very late from the city, sat silent at the chimney side, while his wife was prattling to him; Emmy had gone up to her room ailing and low-spirited. "She's not happy," the mother went on. "George Osborne neglects her. I've no patience with the airs of those people. The girls have not been in the house these three weeks; and George has been twice in town without coming. Edward Dale saw him at the opera. Edward would marry her, I'm sure; and there's Captain Dobbin who, I think, would—only I hate all army men. Such a dandy as George has become with his military airs, indeed! We must show some folks that we're as good as they. Only give Edward Dale any encouragement, and you'll see. We must have a party, Mr. S. Why don't you speak, John? Shall I say Tuesday fortnight? Why don't you answer? Good God, John, what has happened?"

John Sedley sprang out of his chair to meet his wife, who ran to him. He seized her in his arms, and said, with a hasty voice, "We're ruined, Mary. We've got the world to begin over again, dear. It's best that you should know all, and at once." As he spoke, he trembled in every limb, and almost fell. He thought the news would have overpowered his wife—his wife, to whom he had never said a hard word. But it was he that was the most moved, sudden as the shock was to her. When he sank back into his seat, it was the wife that took the office of consoler. She took his honest, kind hand, and kissed it, and put it round her neck; she called him her John—her dear John—her old man—her kind old man: she poured out a hundred words of incoherent love and tenderness; her faithful voice and simple caresses wrought this kind heart up to an inexpressible delight and anguish, and cheered and soled his overburdened soul.

Only once in the course of the long night as they sat together, and poor Sedley opened his pent-up soul, and told the story of his losses and embarrassments—the treason of some of his oldest friends, the manly kindness of some from whom he never could have expected it—in a general confession—only once did the faithful wife give way to emotion.

"My God, my God, it will break Emmy's heart," she said.

The father had forgotten the poor girl. She was lying, awake and unhappy, overhead. In the midst of friends, home, and kind parents, she was alone. To how many people can any one tell all? Who will be open where there is no sympathy, or has

call to speak to those who never can understand? Our gentle Amelia was thus solitary. She had no confidante, so to speak, ever since she had any thing to confide. She could not tell the good mother her doubts and cares: the would-be sisters seemed every day more strange to her. And she had misgivings and fears which she dared not acknowledge to herself, though she was always secretly brooding over them.

Her heart tried to persist in asserting that George Osborne was worthy and faithful to her, though she knew otherwise. How many a thing had she said, and got no echo from him. How many suspicions of selfishness and indifference had she to encounter and obstinately overcome. To whom could the poor little martyr tell these daily struggles and tortures? Her hero himself only half understood her. She did not dare to own that the man she loved was her inferior; or to feel that she had given her heart away too soon. Given once, the pure, bashful maiden was too modest, too tender, too trustful, too weak, too much woman to recall it. We are Turks with the affections of our women; and have made them subscribe to our doctrine too. We let their bodies go abroad liberally enough, with smiles, and ringlets, and pink bonnets, to disguise them, instead of veils and yakmaks. But their souls must be seen by only one man, and they obey not unwillingly, and consent to remain at home as our slaves—ministering to us and doing drudgery for us.

So imprisoned and tortured was this gentle little heart, when, in the month of March, Anno Domini 1815, Napoleon landed at Cannes, and Louis XVIII. fled, and all Europe was in alarm, and the funds fell, and good old John Sedley was ruined.

We are not going to follow the worthy old stockbroker through those last pangs and agonies of ruin through which he passed before his commercial demise befell. They declared him at the Stock Exchange; he was absent from his house of business: his bills were protested: his act of bankruptcy formal. The house and furniture of Russell-square were seized and sold up, and he and his family were thrust away, as we have seen, to hide their heads where they might.

John Sedley had not the heart to review the domestic establishment who have appeared now and anon in our pages, and of whom he was now forced by poverty to take leave. The wages of those worthy people were discharged with that punctuality which men frequently show who only owe in great sums—they were sorry to leave good places—but they did not break their hearts at parting from their adored master and mistress. Amelia's maid was profuse in condolences, but went off quite resigned to bet-

ter herself in a genteeler quarter of the town. Black Sambo, with the infatuation of his profession, determined on setting up a public-house. Honest old Mrs. Blenkinsop, indeed, who had seen the birth of Jos and Amelia, and the wooing of John Sedley and his wife, was for staying by them without wages, having amassed a considerable sum in their service: and she accompanied the fallen people into their new and humble place of refuge, where she tended them and grumbled against them for a while.

Of all Sedley's opponents in his debates with his creditors which now ensued, and harassed the feelings of the good, kindly old gentleman so severely, that in six weeks he oldened more than he had done for fifteen years before, the most determined and obstinate seemed to be John Osborne, his old friend and neighbor—John Osborne, whom he had set up in life—who was under a hundred obligations to him—and whose son was to marry Sedley's daughter. Any one of these circumstances would account for the bitterness of Osborne's opposition.

When one man has been under very remarkable obligations to another, with whom he subsequently quarrels, a common sense of decency, as it were, makes of the former a much severer enemy than a mere stranger would be. To account for your own hard-heartedness and ingratitude in such a case, you are bound to prove the other party's crime. It is not that you are selfish, brutal, and angry at the failure of a speculation—no, no—it is that your partner has led you into it by the basest treachery and with the most sinister motives. From a mere sense of consistency, a persecutor is bound to show that the fallen man is a villain—otherwise he, the persecutor, is a wretch himself.

And as a general rule, which may make all creditors, who are inclined to be severe, pretty comfortable in their minds, no men embarrassed are altogether honest, very likely. They conceal something; they exaggerate chances of good-luck, hide away the real state of affairs, say that things are flourishing when they are hopeless: keep a smiling face (a dreary smile it is) upon the verge of bankruptcy—are ready to lay hold of any pretext for delay, or of any money, so as to stave off the inevitable ruin a few days longer. "Down with such dishonesty," says the creditor in triumph, and reviles his sinking enemy. "You fool, why do you catch at a straw?" calm good sense says to the man that is drowning. "You villain, why do you shrink from plunging into the irretrievable Gazette?" says prosperity to the poor devil battling in that black gulf. Who has not marked the readiness with which the closest of friends and honestest of men suspect and accuse each other of cheating, when they fall out on money matters?

Every body does it. Every body is right, I suppose, and the world is a rogue.

Then Osborne had the intolerable sense of former benefits to goad and irritate him: these are always a cause of hostility aggravated. Finally, he had to break off the match between Sedley's daughter and his son; and as it had gone very far, indeed, and as the poor girl's happiness, and, perhaps, character, were compromised, it was necessary to show the strongest reasons for the rupture, and for John Osborne to prove John Sedley to be a very bad character indeed.

At the meeting of creditors, then, he comported himself with a savageness and scorn toward Sedley, which almost succeeded in breaking the heart of that ruined, bankrupt man. On George's intercourse with Amelia he put an instant veto—menacing the youth with maledictions if he broke his commands, and vilipending the poor innocent girl as the basest and most artful of vixens. One of the great conditions of anger and hatred is, that you must tell and believe lies against the hated object, in order, as we said, to be consistent.

When the great crash came—the announcement of ruin, and the departure from Russell-square, and the declaration that all was over between her and George—all over between her and love, her and happiness, her and faith in the world—a brutal letter from John Osborne told her in a few curt lines that her father's conduct had been of such a nature that all engagements between the families were at an end—when the final award came, it did not shock her so much as her parents, as her mother, rather, expected (for John Sedley himself was entirely prostrate in the ruins of his own affairs and shattered honor). Amelia took the news very palely and calmly. It was only the confirmation of the dark presages which had long gone before. It was the mere reading of the sentence—of the crime she had long ago been guilty—the crime of loving wrongly, too violently, against reason. She told no more of her thoughts now than she had before. She seemed scarcely more unhappy now when convinced all hope was over, than before, when she felt, but dared not confess, that it was gone. So she changed from the large house to the small one without any mark or difference; remained less in her little room for the most part; pined silently; and died away day by day. I do not mean to say that all females are so. My dear Miss Bullock, I do not think *your* heart would break in this way. You are a strong-minded young woman with proper principles. I do not venture to say that mine would; it has suffered, and, it must be confessed, survived. But there are some souls thus gently constituted, thus frail, and delicate, and tender.

Whenever old John Sedley thought of

the affair between George and Amelia, or alluded to it, it was with bitterness almost as great as Mr. Osborne himself had shown. He cursed Osborne and his family as heartless, wicked, and ungrateful. No power on earth, he swore, would induce him to marry his daughter to the son of such a villain, and he ordered Emmy to banish George from her mind, and to return all the presents and letters which she had ever had from him.

She promised acquiescence, and tried to obey. She put up the two or three trinkets; and, as for the letters, she drew them out of the place where she kept them; and read them over—as if she did not know them by heart already: but she could not part with them. That effort was too much for her; she placed them back in her bosom again—as you have seen a woman nurse a child that is dead. Young Amelia felt that she would die or lose her senses outright, if torn away from this last consolation. How she used to blush and lighten up when those letters came! How she used to trip away with a beating heart, so that she might read unseen. If they were cold, yet how perversely this fond little soul interpreted them into warmth. If they were short or selfish, what excuses she found for the writer!

It was over these few worthless papers that she brooded and brooded. She lived in her past life—every letter seemed to recall some circumstance of it. How well she remembered them all! His looks and tones, his dress, what he said and how—these relics and remembrances of dead affection were all that were left her in the world, and the business of her life, to watch the corpse of Love.

To death she looked with inexpressible longing. Then, she thought, I shall always be able to follow him. I am not praising her conduct or setting her up as a model for Miss Bullock to imitate. Miss B. knows how to regulate her feelings better than this poor little creature. Miss B. would never have committed herself as that imprudent Amelia had done; pledged her love irrevocably; confessed her heart away, and got back nothing—only a brittle promise which was snapped and worthless in a moment. A long engagement is a partnership which one party is free to keep or to break, but which involves all the capital of the other.

Be cautious then, young ladies; be wary how you engage. Be shy of loving frankly; never tell all you feel, or (a better way still) feel very little. See the consequences of being prematurely honest and confiding, and mistrust yourselves and every body. Get yourselves married as they do in France, where the lawyers are the bride's-maids and confidantes. At any rate, never have any feelings which may make you uncomfortable, or make any promises which you

can not at any required moment command and withdraw. That is the way to get on, and be respected, and have a virtuous character in Vanity Fair.

If Amelia could have heard the comments regarding her which were made in the circle from which her father's ruin had just driven her, she would have seen what her own crimes were, and how entirely her character was jeopardied. Such criminal imprudence Mrs. Smith never knew of; such horrid familiarities Mrs. Brown had always condemned, and the end might be a warning to her daughters. "Captain Osborne, of course, could not marry a bankrupt's daughter," the Miss Dobbins said. "It was quite enough to have been swindled by the father. As for that little Amelia, her folly had really passed all—"

"All what?" Captain Dobbin roared out. "Haven't they been engaged ever since they were children? Wasn't it as good as a marriage? Dare any soul on earth breathe a word against the sweetest, the purest, the tenderest, the most angelical of young women?"

"La, William, don't be so highy-tighty with us. We're not men. We can't fight you," Miss Jane said. "We've said nothing against Miss Sedley: but that her conduct throughout was *most imprudent*, not to call it by any worse name; and that her parents are people who certainly merit their misfortunes."

"Haden't you better, now that Miss Sedley is free, propose for her yourself, William?" Miss A. asked sarcastically. "It would be a most eligible family connection. He! he!"

"I marry her!" Dobbin said, blushing very much and talking quick. "If you are so ready, young ladies, to chop and change, do you suppose that *she* is? Laugh and sneer at that angel. She can't hear it; and she's miserable and unfortunate, and deserves to be laughed at. Go on joking, Ann. You're the wit of the family, and the others like to hear it."

"I must tell you again we're not in a barrack, William," Miss Ann remarked.

"In a barrack, by Jove—I wish any body in a barrack would say what you do," cried out this improved British lion. "I should like to hear a man breathe a word against her, by Jupiter. But men don't talk in this way, Ann: it's only women, who get together, and hiss, and shriek, and cackle. There, get away—don't begin to cry. I only said you were a couple of geese," Will. Dobbin said, perceiving Miss Ann's pink eyes were beginning to moisten as usual. "Well, you're not geese, you're swans—any thing you like, only do, do leave Miss Sedley alone."

Any thing like William's infatuation about that silly little flitting, ogling thing was never

known, the mamma and sisters agreed together in thinking: and they trembled lest, her engagement being off with Osborne, she should take up immediately her other admirer and captain. In which forebodings these worthy young women no doubt judged according to the best of their experience—or rather (for as yet they had had no opportunities of marrying or of jilting) according to their own notions of right and wrong.

"It is a mercy, mamma, that the regiment is ordered abroad," the girls said. "*This* danger, at any rate, is spared our brother."

Such, indeed, was the fact; and so it is that the French emperor comes in to perform a part in this domestic comedy of Vanity Fair which we are now playing, and which would never have been enacted without the intervention of this august mute personage. It was he that ruined the Bourbons and Mr. John Sedley. It was he whose arrival in his capital called up all France in arms to defend him there; and all Europe to oust him. While the French nation and army were swearing fidelity round the eagles in the Champ de Mai, four mighty European hosts were getting in motion for the great *chasse à l'aigle*; and one of these was a British army, of which two heroes of ours, Captain Dobbin and Captain Osborne, formed a portion.

The news of Napoleon's escape and landing was received by the gallant —th with a fiery delight and enthusiasm, which every body can understand who knows that famous corps. From the colonel to the smallest drummer in the regiment, all were filled with hope and ambition and patriotic fury—and thanked the French emperor, as for a personal kindness, in coming to disturb the peace of Europe. Now was the time the —th had so long panted for to show their comrades in arms that they could fight as well as the Peninsular veterans, and that all the pluck and valor of the —th had not been killed by the West Indies and the yellow fever. Stubble and Spoony looked to get their companies without purchase. Before the end of the campaign (which she resolved to share), Mrs. Major O'Dowd hoped to write herself Mrs. Colonel O'Dowd, C. B. Our two friends (Dobbin and Osborne) were quite as much excited as the rest: and each in his way—Mr. Dobbin very quietly, Mr. Osborne very loudly and energetically—was bent upon doing his duty, and gaining his share of honor and distinction.

The agitation thrilling through the country and army in consequence of this news was so great, that private matters were little heeded: and hence probably George Osborne, just gazetted to his company, busy with preparations for the march, which must come inevitably, and panting for further promotion—was not so much affected by other incidents which would have interested him

at a more quiet period. He was not, it must be confessed, very much cast down by good old Mr. Sedley's catastrophe. He tried his new uniform, which became him very handsomely, on the day when the first meeting of the creditors of the unfortunate gentleman took place. His father told him of the wicked, rascally, shameful conduct of the bankrupt, reminded him of what he had said about Amelia, and that their connection was broken off forever; and gave him that evening a good sum of money to pay for the new clothes and epaulets in which he looked so well. Money was always useful to this free-handed young fellow, and he took it without many words. The bills were up in the Sedley house, where he had passed so many, many happy hours. He could see them as he walked from home that night (to the Old Slaughter's, where he put up when in town) shining white in the moon. That comfortable home was shut then upon Amelia and her parents: where had they taken refuge? The thought of their ruin affected him not a little. He was very melancholy that night in the coffee-room at the Slaughter's; and drank a good deal, as his comrades remarked there.

Dobbin came in presently, cautioned him about the drink, which he only took, he said, because he was deuced low; but when his friend began to put to him clumsy inquiries, and asked him for news in a significant manner, Osborne declined entering into conversation with him; avowing, however, that he was devilish disturbed and unhappy.

Three days afterward, Dobbin found Osborne in his room at the barracks:—his head on the table, a number of papers about, the young captain evidently in a state of great despondency. "She's—she's sent me back some things I gave her—some damned trinkets. Look here!" There was a little packet directed in the well-known hand to Captain George Osborne, and some things lying about—a ring, a silver knife he had bought, as a boy, for her at a fair; a gold chain, and a locket with hair in it. "It's all over," said he, with a groan of sickening remorse. "Look, Will, you may read it if you like."

There was a little letter of a few lines, to which he pointed, which said:

"My papa has ordered me to return to you these presents, which you made in happier days to me; and I am to write to you for the last time. I think I know you feel as much as I do the blow which has come upon us. It is I that absolve you from an engagement which is impossible in our present misery. I am sure you had no share in it, or in the cruel suspicions of Mr. Osborne, which are the hardest of all our griefs to bear. Farewell. Farewell. I pray God to strengthen me to bear this and other calamities, and to bless you always A.

"I shall often play upon the piano—your piano. It was like you to send it."

Dobbin was very soft-hearted. The sight of women and children in pain always used to melt him. The idea of Amelia broken-hearted and lonely, tore that good-natured soul with anguish. And he broke out into an emotion, which any body who likes may consider unmanly. He swore that Amelia was an angel, to which Osborne said aye, with all his heart. He, too, had been reviewing the history of their lives—and had seen her from her childhood to her present age, so sweet, so innocent, so charmingly simple, and artlessly fond and tender.

What a pang it was to lose all that: to have had it and not prized it! A thousand homely scenes and recollections crowded on him—in which he always saw her good and beautiful. And for himself, he blushed with remorse and shame, as the remembrance of his own selfishness and indifference contrasted with that perfect purity. For a while, glory, war, every thing was forgotten, and the pair of friends talked about her only.

"Where are they?" Osborne asked, after a long talk, and a long pause—and, in truth, with no little shame at thinking that he had taken no steps to follow her. "Where are they? There's no address to the note."

Dobbin knew. He had not merely sent the piano; but had written a note to Mrs. Sedley, and asked permission to come and see her—and he had seen her, and Amelia too, yesterday, before he came down to Chatham; and, what is more, he had brought that farewell letter and packet which had so moved them.

The good-natured fellow had found Mrs. Osborne only too willing to receive him, and greatly agitated by the arrival of the piano, which, as she conjectured, *must* have come from George, and was a signal of amity on his part. Captain Dobbin did not correct this error of the worthy lady, but listened to all her story of complaints and misfortunes with great sympathy—condoled with her losses and privations, and agreed in reprehending the cruel conduct of Mr. Osborne toward his first benefactor. When she had eased her overflowing bosom somewhat, and poured forth many of her sorrows, he had the courage to ask actually to see Amelia, who was above in her room as usual, and whom her mother led trembling down stairs.

Her appearance was so ghastly, and her look of despair so pathetic, that honest William Dobbin was frightened as he beheld it; and read the most fatal forebodings in that pale, fixed face. After sitting in his company a minute or two, she put the packet into his hand, and said, "Take this to Captain Osborne, if you please, and—and I hope he's quite well—and it was very kind of you

to come and see us—and we like our new house very much. And I—I think I'll go up-stairs, mamma, for I'm not very strong." And with this, and a courtesy and a smile, the poor child went her way. The mother, as she led her up, cast back looks of anguish toward Dobbin. The good fellow wanted no such appeal. He loved her himself too fondly for that. Inexpressible grief, and pity, and terror pursued him, and he came away as if he was a criminal after seeing her.

When Osborne heard that his friend had found her, he made hot and anxious inquiries regarding the poor child. How was she? How did she look? What did she say? His comrade took his hand, and looked him in the face.

"George, she's dying," William Dobbin said—and could speak no more.

There was a buxom Irish servant girl, who performed all the duties of the little house where the Sedley family had found refuge; and this girl had in vain, on many previous days, striven to give Amelia aid or consolation. Emmy was much too sad to answer her, or even to be aware of the attempts the other was making in her favor.

Four hours after the talk between Dobbin and Osborne, this servant maid came into Amelia's room, where she sat as usual, brooding silently over her letters—her little treasures. The girl, smiling, and looking arch and happy, made many trials to attract poor Emmy's attention, who, however, took no heed of her.

"Miss Emmy!" said the girl.

"I'm coming," Emmy said, not looking round.

"There's a message," the maid went on. "There's something—somebody—sure, here's a new letter for you—don't be reading them old ones any more." And she gave her the letter, which Emmy took, and read.

"I must see you," the letter said. "Dearest Emmy—dearest love—dearest wife, come to me."

George and her mother were outside, waiting until she had read the letter.

CHAPTER XIX.

MISS CRAWLEY AT NURSE. •

WE have seen how Mrs. Firkin, the lady's maid, as soon as any event of importance to the Crawley family came to her knowledge, felt bound to communicate it to Mrs. Bute Crawley, at the Rectory; and have before mentioned how particularly kind and attentive that good-natured lady was to Miss Crawley's confidential servant. She had been a gracious friend to Mrs. Briggs, the

companion, also; and had secured the latter's good will by a number of those attentions and promises, which cost so little in the making, and are yet so valuable and agreeable to the recipient. Indeed every good economist and manager of a household must know how cheap, and yet how amiable, these professions are, and what a flavor they give to the most homely dish in life. Who was the blundering idiot who said that "fine words butter no parsnips?" Half the parsnips of society are served and rendered palatable with no other sauce. As the immortal Alexis Soyer can make more delicious soup for a halfpenny, than an ignorant cook can concoct with pounds of vegetables and meat; so a skillful artist will make a few simple and pleasing phrases go farther than ever so much substantial benefit-stock in the hands of a mere bungler. Nay, we know that substantial benefits often sicken some stomachs; whereas, most will digest any amount of fine words, and be always eager for more of the same food. Mrs. Bute had told Briggs and Firkin so often of the depth of her affection for them; and what *she* would do if she had Miss Crawley's fortune for friends so excellent and attached, that the ladies in question had the deepest regard for her; and felt as much gratitude and confidence as if Mrs. Bute had loaded them with the most expensive favors.

Rawdon Crawley, on the other hand, like a selfish heavy dragoon, as he was, never took the least trouble to conciliate his aunt's aids-de-camp, showed his contempt for the pair with entire frankness—made Firkin pull off his boots on one occasion—sent her out in the rain on ignominious messages—and if he gave her a guinea, flung it to her as if it were a box on the ear. As his aunt, too, made a butt of Briggs, the captain followed the example and leveled his jokes at her—jokes about as delicate as a kick from his charger. Whereas, Mrs. Bute consulted her in matters of taste or difficulty, admired her poetry, and by a thousand acts of kindness and politeness, showed her appreciation of Briggs; and if she made Firkin a two-penny-halfpenny present, accompanied it with so many compliments, that the two-pence-halfpenny was transmuted into gold in the heart of the grateful waiting-maid, who, besides, was looking forward quite contentedly to some prodigious benefit which must happen to her on the day when Mrs. Bute came into her fortune.

The different conduct of these two people is pointed out respectfully to the attention of persons commencing the world. Praise every body, I say, to such; never be squeamish, but speak out your compliment, both point-blank in a man's face and behind his back, when you know there is a reasonable chance of his hearing it again. Never lose a chance of saying a kind word. As Col-

lingwood never saw a vacant place in his estate but he took an acorn out of his pocket and popped it in ; so deal with your compliments through life. An acorn costs nothing ; but it may sprout into a prodigious bit of timber.

In a word, during Rawdon Crawley's prosperity, he was only obeyed with sulky acquiescence ; when his disgrace came, there was nobody to help or pity him. Whereas, when Mrs. Bute took the command at Miss Crawley's house, the garrison there were charmed to act under such a leader, expecting all sorts of promotion from her promises, her generosity, and her kind words.

That he would consider himself beaten, after one defeat, and make no attempt to regain the position he had lost, Mrs. Bute Crawley never allowed herself to suppose. She knew Rebecca to be too clever and spirited, and desperate a woman to submit without a struggle ; and felt that she must prepare for that combat, and be incessantly watchful against assault, or mine, or surprise.

In the first place, though she held the town, was she sure of the principal inhabitant ? Would Miss Crawley herself hold out ; and had she not a secret longing to welcome back the ousted adversary ? The old lady liked Rawdon, and Rebecca, who amused her. Mrs. Bute could not disguise from herself the fact that none of her party could so contribute to the pleasures of the town-bred lady. " My girls' singing, after that little odious governess's, I know is unbearable," the candid rector's wife owned to herself. " She always used to go to sleep when Martha and Louisa played their duets. Jim's stiff college manners and poor dear Bute's talk about his dogs and horses always annoyed her. If I took her to the Rectory, she would grow angry with us all, and fly, I know she would ; and might fall into that horrid Rawdon's clutches again, and be the victim of that little viper of a Sharp. Meanwhile, it is clear to me that she is exceedingly unwell, and can not move for some weeks, at any rate ; during which we must think of some plan to protect her from the arts of those unprincipled people."

In the very best of moments, if any body told Miss Crawley that she was, or looked ill, the trembling old lady sent off for her doctor ; and I dare say she *was* very unwell after the sudden family event, which might serve to shake stronger nerves than hers.

At least, Mrs. Bute thought it was her duty to inform the physician, and the apothecary, and the *dame-de-compagnie*, and the domestics, that Miss Crawley was in a most critical state, and that they were to act accordingly. She had the street laid knee-deep with straw ; and the knocker put by with Mr. Bowl's plate. She insisted that the doctor should call twice a day ; and del-

uded her patient with draughts every two hours. When any body entered the room, she uttered a *shishshish* so sibilant and ominous, that it frightened the poor old lady in her bed, from which she could not look without seeing Mrs. Bute's beady eyes eagerly fixed on her, as the latter sat steadfast in the arm-chair by the bed-side. They seemed to lighten in the dark (for she kept the curtains closed) as she moved about the room on velvet paws like a cat. There Miss Crawley lay for days—ever so many days—Mrs. Bute reading books of devotion to her ; for nights, long nights, during which she had to hear the watchman sing, the night-light sputter ; visited at midnight, the last thing, by the stealthy apothecary ; and then left to look at Mrs. Bute's twinkling eyes, or the flicks of yellow that the rushlight threw on the dreary darkened ceiling. Hygeia herself would have fallen sick under such a regimen ; and how much more this poor old nervous victim ? It has been said that when she was in health and good spirits, this venerable inhabitant of Vanity Fair had as free notions about religion and morals as Monsieur de Voltaire himself could desire ; but when illness overtook her, it was aggravated by the most dreadful terrors of death, and an utter cowardice took possession of the prostrate old sinner.

Sick-bed homilies and pious reflections are, to be sure, out of place in mere story-books, and we are not going (after the fashion of some novelists of the present day) to cajole the public into a sermon, when it is only a comedy that the reader pays his money to witness. But, without preaching, the truth may surely be borne in mind, that the bustle, and triumph and laughter, and gayety which Vanity Fair exhibits in public, do not always pursue the performer into private life, and that the most dreary depression of spirits and dismal repentances sometimes overcome him. Recollection of the best ordained banquets will scarcely cheer sick epicures. Reminiscences of the most becoming dresses and brilliant ball triumphs will go very little way to console faded beauties. Perhaps statesmen, at a particular period of existence, are not much gratified at thinking over the most triumphant divisions ; and the success or the pleasure of yesterday become of very small account when a certain (albeit uncertain) morrow is in view, about which all of us must some day or other be speculating. O brother wearers of motley ! Are there not moments when one grows sick of grinning and tumbling, and the jingling of cap and bells ? This, dear friends and companions, is my amiable object—to walk with you through the Fair, to examine the shops and the shows there ; and that we should all come home after the flare, and the noise, and the gayety, and be perfectly miserable in private.

"If that poor man of mine had a head on his shoulders," Mrs. Bute Crawley thought to herself, "how useful he might be, under present circumstances, to this unhappy old lady! He might make her repent of her shocking free-thinking ways; he might urge her to do her duty, and cast off that odious reprobate who has disgraced himself and his family; and he might induce her to do justice to my dear girls and the two boys, who require and deserve, I am sure, every assistance which their relatives can give them."

And, as the hatred of vice is always a progress toward virtue, Mrs. Bute Crawley endeavored to instil into her sister-in-law a proper abhorrence for all Rawdon Crawley's manifold sins; of which his uncle's wife brought forward such a catalogue as indeed would have served to condemn a whole regiment of young officers. If a man has committed wrong in life, I don't know any moralist more anxious to point his errors out to the world than his own relations; so Mrs. Bute showed a perfect family interest and knowledge of Rawdon's history. She had all the particulars of that ugly quarrel with Captain Firebrace, in which Rawdon, wrong from the beginning, ended in shooting the captain. She knew how the unhappy Lord Dovedale, whose mamma had taken a house at Oxford, so that he might be educated there, and who had never touched a card in his life till he came to London, was perverted by Rawdon at the Cocoa Tree, made helplessly tipsy by this abominable seducer and perverter of youth, and fleeced of four thousand pounds. She described with the most vivid minuteness the agonies of the country families whom he had ruined—the sons whom he had plunged into dishonor and poverty—the daughters whom he had inveigled into perdition. She knew the poor tradesmen who were bankrupt by his extravagance—the mean shifts and rogueries with which he had ministered to it—the astounding falsehoods by which he had imposed upon the most generous of aunts, and the ingratitude and ridicule by which he had repaid her sacrifices. She imparted these stories gradually to Miss Crawley; gave her the whole benefit of them; felt it to be her bounden duty as a Christian woman and mother of a family to do so; had not the smallest remorse or compunction for the victim whom her tongue was immolating; nay, very likely thought her act was quite meritorious, and plumed herself upon her resolute manner of performing it. Yes, if a man's character is to be abused, say what you will, there's nobody like a relation to do the business. And one is bound to own, regarding this unfortunate wretch of a Rawdon Crawley, that the mere truth was enough to condemn him, and that all inventions of scandal were quite superfluous pains on his friends' parts.

Rebecca, too, being now a relative, came in for the fullest share of Mrs. Bute's kind inquiries. This indefatigable pursuer of truth (having given strict orders that the door was to be denied to all emissaries or letters from Rawdon), took Miss Crawley's carriage, and drove to her old friend Miss Pinkerton, at Minerva House, Chiswick Mall, to whom she announced the dreadful intelligence of Captain Rawdon's seduction by Miss Sharp, and from whom she got all the particulars she could regarding the ex-governess's birth and early history. The friend of the Lexicographer had plenty of information to give. Miss Jemima was made to fetch the drawing-master's receipts and letters. This one was from a spunging-house: that entreated an advance: another was full of gratitude for Rebecca's reception by the ladies of Chiswick: and the last document from the unlucky artist's pen was that in which, from his dying bed, he recommended his orphan child to Miss Pinkerton's protection. There were juvenile letters and petitions from Rebecca, too, in the collection, imploring aid for her father, or declaring her own gratitude. Perhaps in *Vanity Fair* there are no better satires than letters. Take a bundle of your dear friend's of ten years back—your dear friend whom you hate now. Look at a file of your sister's: how you clung to each other till you quarreled about the twenty pound legacy! Get down the round-hand scrawls of your son, who has half broken your heart with selfish undutifulness since; or a parcel of your own, breathing endless ardor and love eternal, which were sent back by your mistress when she married the nabob—your mistress, for whom you now care no more than for Queen Elizabeth. Vows, love, promises, confidence, gratitude, how queerly they read after a while! There ought to be a law in *Vanity Fair* ordering the destruction of every written document (except receipted tradesmen's bills), after a certain brief and proper interval. Those quacks and misanthropes who advertise indelible Japan ink, should be made to perish along with their wicked discoveries. The best ink for *Vanity Fair* use would be one that faded utterly in a couple of days, and left the paper clean and blank, so that you might write on it to somebody else.

From Miss Pinkerton's the indefatigable Mrs. Bute followed the track of Sharp and his daughter back to the lodgings in Greek-street, which the defunct painter had occupied; and where portraits of the landlady in white satin, and of the husband in brass buttons, done by Sharp in lieu of a quarter's rent, still decorated the parlor walls. Mrs. Stokes was a communicative person, and quickly told all she knew about Mr. Sharp; how dissolute and poor he was; how good-natured and amusing; how he was always

hunted by bailiffs and duns; how, to the landlady's horror, though she never could abide the woman, he did not marry his wife till a short time before her death; and what a queer little wild vixen his daughter was; how she kept them all laughing with her fun and mimicry; how she used to fetch the gin from the public-house, and was known in all the studios in the quarter—in brief, Mrs. Bute got such a full account of her new niece's parentage, education, and behavior, as would scarcely have pleased Rebecca, had the latter known that such inquiries were being made concerning her.

Of all these industrious researches Miss Crawley had the full benefit. Mrs. Rawdon Crawley was the daughter of an operagirl. She had danced herself. She had been a model to the painters. She was brought up as became her mother's daughter. She drank gin with her father, &c., &c. It was a lost woman who was married to a lost man; and the moral to be inferred from Mrs. Bute's tale was, that the knavery of the pair was irremediable, and that no properly conducted person should ever notice them again.

These were the materials which prudent Mrs. Bute gathered together in Park Lane, the provisions and ammunition, as it were, with which she fortified the house against the siege which she knew that Rawdon and his wife would lay to Miss Crawley.

But if a fault may be found with her arrangements, it is this, that she was too eager: she managed rather too well; undoubtedly she made Miss Crawley more ill than was necessary; and though the old invalid succumbed to her authority, it was so harassing and severe, that the victim would be inclined to escape at the very first chance which fell in her way. Managing women, the ornaments of their sex—women who order every thing for every body, and know so much better than any person concerned what is good for their neighbors, don't sometimes speculate upon the possibility of a domestic revolt, or upon other extreme consequences resulting from their overstrained authority.

Thus, for instance, Mrs. Bute, with the best intentions, no doubt, in the world, and wearing herself to death as she did by foregoing sleep, dinner, fresh air, for the sake of her invalid sister-in-law, carried her conviction of the old lady's illness so far that she almost managed her into her coffin. She pointed out her sacrifices and their results one day to the constant apothecary, Mr. Clump.

"I am sure, my dear Mr. Clump," she said, "no efforts of mine have been wanting to restore our dear invalid, whom the ingratitude of her nephew has laid on the bed of sickness. I never shrink from personal

discomfort: I never refuse to sacrifice myself."

"Your devotion, it must be confessed, is admirable," Mr. Clump says, with a low bow; "but—"

"I have scarcely closed my eyes since my arrival: I give up sleep, health, every comfort, to my sense of duty. When my poor James was in the small-pox, did I allow any hireling to nurse him? No."

"You did what became an excellent mother, my dear madam—the best of mothers; but—"

"As the mother of a family and the wife of an English clergyman, I humbly trust that my principles are good," Mrs. Bute said, with a happy solemnity of conviction; "and as long as nature supports me, never, never, Mr. Clump, will I desert the post of duty. Others may bring that gray head with sorrow to the bed of sickness" (here Mrs. Bute, waving her hand, pointed to one of old Miss Crawley's coffee-colored fronts, which was perched on a stand in the dressing-room), "but I will never quit it. Ah, Mr. Clump! I fear, I know that that couch needs spiritual as well as medical consolation."

"What I was going to observe, my dear madam," here the resolute Clump once more interposed with a bland air—"what I was going to observe when you gave utterance to sentiments which do you so much honor, was that I think you alarm yourself needlessly about our kind friend, and sacrifice your own health too prodigally in her favor."

"I would lay down my life for my duty, or for any member of my husband's family," Mrs. Bute interposed.

"Yes, madam, if need were; but we don't want Mrs. Bute Crawley to be a martyr," Clump said gallantly. "Dr. Squills and myself have both considered Miss Crawley's case with every anxiety and care, as you may suppose. We see her low-spirited and nervous; family events have agitated her."

"Her nephew will come to perdition," Mrs. Crawley cried.

"Have agitated her: and you arrived like a guardian angel, my dear madam, a positive guardian angel, I assure you, to soothe her under the pressure of calamity. But Dr. Squills and I were thinking that our amiable friend is not in such a state as renders confinement to her bed necessary. She is depressed, but this confinement perhaps adds to her depression. She should have change, fresh air, gayety; the most delightful remedies in the pharmacopœia," Mr. Clump said, grinning and showing his handsome teeth. "Persuade her to rise, dear madam; drag her from her couch and her low spirits; insist upon her taking little drives. They will restore the roses, too, to *your* cheeks, if I may so speak to Mrs. Bute Crawley."

"The sight of her horrid nephew casually in the park, where I am told the wretch drives with the brazen partner of his crimes," Mrs. Bute said (letting the cat of selfishness out of the bag of secrecy), "would cause her such a shock, that we should have to bring her back to bed again. She must not go out, Mr. Clump. She shall not go out as long as I remain to watch over her. And as for *my* health, what matters it? I give it cheerfully, sir. I sacrifice it at the altar of my duty."

"Upon my word, madam," Mr. Clump now said bluntly, "I won't answer for her life if she remains locked up in that dark room. She is so nervous that we may lose her any day; and if you wish Captain Crawley to be her heir, I warn you frankly, madam, that you are doing your very best to serve him."

"Gracious mercy! is her life in danger?" Mrs. Bute cried. "Why, why, Mr. Clump, did you not inform me sooner?"

The night before, Mr. Clump and Dr. Squills had had a consultation (over a bottle of wine at the house of Sir Lapin Warren, whose lady was about to present him with a thirteenth blessing), regarding Miss Crawley and her case.

"What a little harpy that woman from Hampshire is, Clump," Squills remarked, "that has seized upon old Tilly Crawley. Devilish good Madeira."

"What a fool Rawdon Crawley has been," Clump replied, "to go and marry a governess! There was something about the girl, too."

"Green eyes, fair skin, pretty figure, famous frontal development," Squills remarked. "There is something about her; and Crawley was a fool, Squills."

"A d— fool—always was," the apothecary replied.

"Of course the old girl will fling him over," said the physician, and after a pause added, "She'll cut up well, I suppose."

"Cut up," says Clump with a grin; "I wouldn't have her cut up for two hundred a year."

"That Hampshire woman will kill her in two months, Clump, my boy, if she stops about her," Dr. Squills said. "Old woman; full feeder; nervous subject; palpitation of the heart; pressure on the brain; apoplexy; off she goes. Get her up, Squills; get her out; or I wouldn't give many weeks' purchase for your two hundred a year." And it was acting upon this hint that the worthy apothecary spoke with so much candor to Mrs. Bute Crawley.

Having the old lady under her hand; in bed, with nobody near, Mrs. Bute had made more than one assault upon her, to induce her to alter her will. But Miss Crawley's usual terrors regarding death increased greatly when such dismal propositions were

made to her, and Mrs. Bute saw that she must get her patient into cheerful spirits and health before she could hope to attain the pious object which she had in view. Whither to take her was the next puzzle. The only place where she is not likely to meet those odious Rawdons is at church, and that won't amuse her, Mrs. Bute justly felt. "We must go and visit our beautiful suburbs of London," she then thought. "I hear they are the most picturesque in the world;" and so she had a sudden interest for Hampstead, and Hornsey, and found that Dulwich had great charms for her, and getting her victim into her carriage, drove her to those rustic spots, beguiling the little journeys with conversations about Rawdon and his wife, and telling every story to the old lady which could add to her indignation against this pair of reprobates.

Perhaps Mrs. Bute pulled the string unnecessarily tight. For though she worked up Miss Crawley to a proper dislike of her disobedient nephew, the invalid had a great hatred and secret terror of her victimizer, and panted to escape from her. After a brief space, she rebelled against Highgate and Hornsey utterly. She would go into the park. Mrs. Bute knew they would meet the abominable Rawdon there, and she was right. One day in the ring, Rawdon's stanhope came in sight; Rebecca was seated by him. In the enemy's equipage Miss Crawley occupied her usual place, with Mrs. Bute on her left, the poodle and Miss Briggs on the back seat. It was a nervous moment, and Rebecca's heart beat quick as she recognized the carriage; and as the two vehicles crossed each other in the line, she clasped her hands, and looked toward the spinster with a face of agonized attachment and devotion. Rawdon himself trembled, and his face grew purple behind his dyed mustaches. Only old Briggs was moved in the other carriage, and cast her great eyes nervously toward her old friends. Miss Crawley's bonnet was resolutely turned toward the Serpentine. Mrs. Bute happened to be in ecstasies with the poodle, and was calling him a little darling, and a sweet little zoggy, and a pretty pet. The carriages moved on, each in his line.

"Done, by Jove," Rawdon said to his wife.

"Try once more, Rawdon," Rebecca answered. "Could not you lock your wheels into theirs, dearest?"

Rawdon had not the heart for that manoeuvre. When the carriages met again, he stood up in his stanhope; he raised his hand ready to doff his hat; he looked with all his eyes. But this time Miss Crawley's face was not turned away; she and Mrs. Bute looked him full in the face, and cut their nephew pitilessly. He sank back in

his seat with an oath, and striking out of the ring, dashed away desperately homeward.

It was a gallant and decided triumph for Mrs. Bute. But she felt the danger of many such meetings, as she saw the evident nervousness of Miss Crawley; and she determined that it was most necessary for her dear friend's health, that they should leave town for a while, and recommended Brighton very strongly.

CHAPTER XX.

IN WHICH CAPTAIN DOBBIN ACTS AS THE MESSENGER OF HYMEN.

WITHOUT knowing how, Captain William Dobbin found himself the great promoter, arranger, and manager of the match between George Osborne and Amelia. But for him it never would have taken place: he could not but confess as much to himself, and smiled rather bitterly as he thought that he of all men in the world should be the person upon whom the care of this marriage had fallen. But though indeed the conducting of this negotiation was about as painful a task as could be set to him, yet when he had a duty to perform, Captain Dobbin was accustomed to go through it without many words, or much hesitation; and, having made up his mind completely, that if Miss Sedley was balked of her husband she would die of the disappointment, he was determined to use all his best endeavors to keep her alive.

I forbear to enter into minute particulars of the interview between George and Amelia, when the former was brought back to the feet (or should we venture to say the arms?) of his young mistress by the intervention of his friend, honest William. A much harder heart than George's would have melted at the sight of that sweet face, so sadly ravaged by grief and despair, and at the simple, tender accents in which she told her little broken-hearted story: but as she did not faint when her mother, trembling, brought Osborne to her; and as she only gave relief to her overcharged grief, by laying her head on her lover's shoulder, and there weeping for a while the most tender, copious, and refreshing tears—old Mrs. Sedley, too, greatly relieved, thought it was best to leave the young persons to themselves; and so quitted Emmy crying over George's hand, and kissing it humbly, as if it were her supreme chief and master, and as if she were quite a guilty and unworthy person needing every favor and grace from him.

This prostration, and sweet, unrepining obedience, exquisitely touched and flattered George Osborne. He saw a slave before him in that simple, yielding, faithful creature, and his soul within him thrilled secretly somehow at the knowledge of his power. He would be generous-minded, sultan as he

was, and raise up this kneeling Esther and make a queen of her: besides, her sadness and beauty touched him as much as her submission, and so he cheered her, and raised her up and forgave her, so to speak. All her hopes and feelings, which were dying and withering, this her sun having been removed from her, bloomed again and at once, its light being restored. You would scarcely have recognized the beaming little face upon Amelia's pillow that night as the one that was laid there the night before, so wan, so lifeless, so careless of all round about. The honest Irish maid-servant, delighted with the change, asked leave to kiss the face that had grown all of a sudden so rosy. Amelia put her arms round the girl's neck and kissed her with all her heart, like a child. She was little more. She had that night a sweet, refreshing sleep, like one—and what a spring of inexpressible happiness as she woke in the morning sunshine!

"He will be here again to-day," Amelia thought. "He is the greatest and best of men." And the fact is, that George thought he was one of the generous creatures alive: and that he was making a tremendous sacrifice in marrying this young creature.

While she and Osborne were having their delightful *tête-à-tête* above stairs, old Mrs. Sedley and Captain Dobbin were conversing below upon the state of affairs, and the chances and future arrangements of the young people. Mrs. Sedley having brought the two lovers together, and left them embracing each other with all their might, like a true woman, was of opinion that no power on earth would induce Mr. Sedley to consent to the match between his daughter and the son of a man who had so shamefully, wickedly, and monstrously treated him. And she told a long story about happier days and their earlier splendors, when Osborne lived in a very humble way in the New Road, and his wife was *too glad* to receive some of Jos's little baby things, with which Mrs. Sedley accommodated her at the birth of one of Osborne's own children. The fiendish ingratitude of that man, she was sure, had broken Mr. S.'s heart: and as for a marriage, he would never, never, never, *never* consent.

"They must run away together, ma'am," Dobbin said, laughing, "and follow the example of Captain Rawdon Crawley, and Miss Emmy's friend, the little governess." Was it possible? Well, she never! Mrs. Sedley was all excitement about this news. She wished that Blenkinsop were here to hear it: Blenkinsop always mistrusted that Miss Sharp. What an escape Jos had had! and she described the already well-known love-passages between Rebecca and the collector of Boggley Wollah.

It was not, however, Mr. Sedley's wrath

which Dobbin feared, so much as that of the other parent concerned, and he owned that he had a very considerable doubt and anxiety respecting the behavior of the black-browed old tyrant of a Russia merchant in Russell-square. He has forbidden the match peremptorily, Dobbin thought. He knew what a savage, determined man Osborne was, and how he stuck by his word. "The only chance George has of reconciliation," argued his friend, "is by distinguishing himself in the coming campaign. If he dies they both go together. If he fails in distinction—what then? He has some money from his mother, I have heard—enough to purchase his majority—or he must sell out and go and dig in Canada, or rough it in a cottage in the country." With such a partner, Dobbin thought he would not mind Siberia—and, strange to say, this absurd and utterly imprudent young fellow never for a moment considered that the want of means to keep a nice carriage and horses, and of an income which should enable its possessors to entertain their friends genteelly, ought to operate as bars to the union of George and Miss Sedley.

It was these weighty considerations which made him think, too, that the marriage should take place as quickly as possible. Was he anxious himself, I wonder, to have it over?—as people, when death has occurred, like to press forward the funeral, or when a parting is resolved upon, hasten it. It is certain that Mr. Dobbin, having taken the matter in hand, was most extraordinarily eager in the conduct of it. He urged on George the necessity of immediate action: he showed the chances of reconciliation with his father, which a favorable mention of his name in the *Gazette* must bring about. If need were, he would go himself and brave both the fathers in the business. At all events, he besought George to go through with it before the orders came, which every body expected, for the departure of the regiment from England on foreign service.

Bent upon these hymeneal projects, and with the applause and consent of Mrs. Sedley, who did not care to break the matter personally to her husband, Mr. Dobbin went to seek John Sedley at his house of call in the City, the Tapioca Coffee-house, where, since his own offices were shut up, and fate had overtaken the poor, broken-down old gentleman, he betake himself daily, and write letters and receive them, and tie them up into mysterious bundles, several of which he carried in the flaps of his coat. I don't know any thing more dismal than that business, and bustle, and mystery of a ruined man: those letters from the wealthy which he shows you: those worn, greasy documents, promising support, and offering condolence, which he places wistfully before you, and on which he builds his hopes of

restoration and future fortune. My beloved reader has, no doubt, in the course of his experience, been waylaid by many such a luckless companion. He takes you into the corner; he has his bundle of papers out of his gaping coat pocket; and the tape off, and the string in his mouth, and the favorite letters selected and laid before you; and who does not know the sad, eager, half-crazy look, which he fixes on you with his hopeless eyes?

Changed into a man of this sort, Dobbin found the once florid, jovial, and prosperous John Sedley. His coat, that used to be so glossy and trim, was white at the seams, and the buttons showed the copper. His face had fallen in, and was unshorn; his frill and neckcloth hung limp under his bagging waistcoat. When he used to treat the boys in old days, at a coffee-house, he would shout and laugh louder than any body there, and have all the waiters skipping round him; it was quite painful to see how humble and civil he was to John of the Tapioca, a bleary-eyed, old attendant, in dingy stockings and cracked pumps, whose business it was to serve glasses of wafers and bumpers of ink in pewter, and slices of paper to the frequenters of this dreary house of entertainment, where nothing else seemed to be consumed. As for William Dobbin, whom he had tipped repeatedly in his youth, and who had been the old gentleman's butt on a thousand occasions, old Sedley gave his hand to him in a very hesitating, humble manner, now, and called him "Sir." A feeling of shame and remorse took possession of William Dobbin as the broken old man so received and addressed him, as if he himself had been somehow guilty of the misfortunes which had brought Sedley so low.

"I am very glad to see you, Captain Dobbin, sir," says he, after a skulking look or two at his visitor (whose lanky figure and military appearance caused some excitement likewise to twinkle in the bleary eyes of the waiter in the cracked dancing pumps, and awakened the old lady in black, who dozed among the mouldy old coffee cups in the bar). "How is the worthy alderman, and my lady, your excellent mother, sir?" He looked round at the waiter as he said, "My lady," as much as to say, "Hark ye, John, I have friends still, and persons of rank and reputation, too." "Are you come to do any thing in my way, sir? My young friends Dale and Spiggot do all my business for me now, until my new offices are ready; for I'm only here temporarily, you know, captain. What can we do for you, sir? Will you like to take any thing?"

Dobbin, with a great deal of hesitation and stuttering, protested that he was not in the least hungry or thirsty; that he had no business to transact; that he only came to ask if Mr. Sedley was well, and to shake



MR. SEDLEY AT THE COFFEE-HOUSE. (p. 96.)



hands with an old friend; and, he added, with a desperate perversion of truth, "My mother is very well—that is, she's been very unwell, and is only waiting for the first fine day to go out and call upon Mrs. Sedley. How is Mrs. Sedley, sir? I hope she's quite well." And here he paused, reflecting on his own consummate hypocrisy; for the day was as fine, and the sunshine as bright as it ever is in Coffin Court, where the Tapioca Coffee-house is situated; and Mr. Dobbin remembered that he had seen Mrs. Sedley himself only an hour before, having driven Osborne down to Fulham in his gig, and left him there *tête-à-tête* with Miss Amelia.

"My wife will be very happy to see her ladyship," Sedley replied, pulling out his papers. "I've a very kind letter here from your father, sir, and beg my respectful compliments to him. Lady D. will find us in rather a smaller house than we were accustomed to receive our friends in; but it's snug, and the change of air does good to my daughter, who was suffering in town rather—you remember little Emmy, sir?—yes, suffering a good deal." The old gentleman's eyes were wandering as he spoke, and he was thinking of something else, as he sat thrumming on his papers and fumbling at the worn red tape.

"You're a military man," he went on; "I ask you, Bill Dobbin, could any man ever have speculated upon the return of that Corsican scoundrel from Elba? When the allied sovereigns were here last year, and we gave 'em that dinner in the city, sir, and we saw the Temple of Concord, and the fireworks, and the Chinese bridge in St. James's Park, could any sensible man suppose that peace wasn't really concluded, after we'd actually sung *Te Deum* for it, sir? I ask you, William, could I suppose that the Emperor of Austria was a d—d traitor—a traitor, and nothing more? I don't mince words—a double-faced infernal traitor and schemer, who meant to have his son-in-law back all along. And I say that the escape of Boney from Elba was a damned imposition and plot, sir, in which half the powers of Europe were concerned, to bring the funds down, and to ruin this country. That's why I'm here, William. That's why my name's in the Gazette. Why, sir? because I trusted the Emperor of Russia and the Prince Regent. Look here. Look at my papers. Look what the funds were on the 1st of March—what the French fives were when I bought for the account. And what they're at now. There was collusion, sir, or that villain never would have escaped. Where was the English Commissioner who allowed him to get away? He ought to be shot, sir—brought to a court-martial, and shot, by Jove."

"We're going to hunt Boney out, sir,"

G

Dobbin said, rather alarmed at the fury of the old man, the veins of whose forehead began to swell, and who sat drumming his papers with his clenched fist. "We are going to hunt him out, sir—the duke's in Belgium already, and we expect marching orders every day."

"Give him no quarter. Bring back the villain's head, sir. Shoot the coward down, sir," Sedley roared. "I'd enlist myself, by —; but I'm a broken old man—ruined by that damned scoundrel—and by a parcel of swindling thieves in this country whom I made, sir, and who are rolling in their carriages now," he added, with a break in his voice.

Dobbin was not a little affected by the sight of this once kind old friend, crazed almost with misfortune and raving with senile anger. Pity the fallen gentleman: you to whom money and fair repute are the chiefest good; and so, surely, are they in Vanity Fair.

"Yes," he continued, "there are some vipers that you warm, and they sting you afterward. There are some beggars that you put on horseback, and they're the first to ride you down. You know whom I mean, William Dobbin, my boy. I mean a purse-proud villain in Russell-square, whom I knew without a shilling, and whom I pray and hope to see a beggar as he was when I befriended him."

"I have heard something of this, sir, from my friend George," Dobbin said, anxious to come to his point. "The quarrel between you and his father has cut him up a great deal, sir. Indeed, I'm the bearer of a message from him."

"O, *that's* your errand, is it?" cried the old man, jumping up. "What! perhaps he condoles with me, does he? Very kind of him, the stiff-backed prig with his dandified airs and West-end swagger. He's hankering about my house, is he still? If my son had the courage of a man, he'd shoot him. He's as big a villain as his father. I won't have his name mentioned in my house. I curse the day that ever I let him into it; and I'd rather see my daughter dead at my feet than married to him."

"His father's harshness is not George's fault, sir. Your daughter's love for him is as much your doing as his. Who are you, that you are to play with two young people's affections and break their hearts at your will?"

"Recollect it's not his father that breaks the match off," old Sedley cried out. "It's I that forbid it. That family and mine are separated forever. I'm fallen low, but not so low as that: no, no. And so you may tell the whole race—son, and father, and sisters, and all."

"It's my belief, sir, that you have not the power or the right to separate those two,"

Dobbin answered in a low voice; "and that if you don't give your daughter your consent, it will be her duty to marry without it. There's no reason she should die or live miserably because you are wrong-headed. To my thinking she's just as much married as if the bans had been read in all the churches in London. And what better answer can there be to Osborne's charges against you, as charges there are, than that his son claims to enter your family and marry your daughter?"

A light of something like satisfaction seemed to break over old Sedley as this point was put to him: but he still persisted that with his consent the marriage between Amelia and George should never take place.

"We must do it without," Dobbin said, smiling, and told Mr. Sedley, as he had told Mrs. Sedley on the day before, the story of Rebecca's elopement with Captain Crawley. It evidently amused the old gentleman. "You're terrible fellows, you captains," said he, tying up his papers; and his face wore something like a smile upon it, to the astonishment of the bleary-eyed waiter, who now entered, and had never seen such an expression upon Sedley's countenance since he had used the dismal coffee-house.

The idea of hitting his enemy Osborne such a blow soothed, perhaps, the old gentleman: and, their colloquy presently ending, he and Dobbin parted pretty good friends.

"My sisters say she has diamonds as big as pigeons' eggs," George said laughing. "How they must set off her complexion! A perfect illumination it must be when her jewels are on her neck. Her jet-black hair is as curly as Sambo's. I dare say she wore a nose-ring when she went to court; and with a plume of feathers in her top-knot she would look a perfect Belle Sauvage."

George, in conversation with Amelia, was rallying the appearance of a young lady of whom his father and sisters had lately made the acquaintance, and who was an object of vast respect to the Russell-square family. She was reported to have I don't know how many plantations in the West Indies; a deal of money in the funds; three stars to her name in the East India stockholders' list. She had a mansion in Surrey, and a house in Portland-place. The name of the rich West India heiress had been mentioned with applause in the Morning Post. Mrs. Haggistoun, Colonel Haggistoun's widow, her relative, "chaperoned" her, and kept her house. She was just from school, where she had completed her education, and George and his sisters had met her at an evening party at old Hulker's house, Devonshire-place (Hulker, Bullock, & Co. were long the correspondents of her house

in the West Indies), and the girls had made the most cordial advances to her, which the heiress had received with great good humor. An orphan in her position—with her money—so interesting! the Misses Osborne said. They were full of their new friend when they returned from the Hulker ball to Miss Wirt, their companion: they had made arrangements for continually meeting, and had the carriage and drove to see her the very next day. Mrs. Haggistoun, Colonel Haggistoun's widow, a relation of Lord Binkie, and always talking of him, struck the dear unsophisticated girls as rather haughty, and too much inclined to talk about her great relations: but Rhoda was every thing they could wish—the frankest, kindest, most agreeable creature—wanting a little polish, but so good-natured. The girls Christian-named each other at once.

"You should have seen her dress for court, Emmy," Osborne cried, laughing. "She came to my sisters to show it off, before she was presented in state by my Lady Binkie, the Haggistouns' kinswoman. She's related to every one, that Haggistoun. Her diamonds blazed out like Vauxhall on the night we were there. (Do you remember Vauxhall, Emmy, and Jos singing to his dearest diddle-diddle-darling!) Diamonds and mahogany, my dear! think what an advantageous contrast—and the white feathers in her hair—I mean in her wool. She had ear-rings like chandeliers; you might have lighted 'em up, by Jove—and a yellow satin train that streeled after her like the tail of a comet."

"How old is she?" asked Emmy, to whom George was rattling away regarding this dark paragon, on the morning of their re-union—rattling away as no other man in the world surely could.

"Why, the Black Princess, though she has only just left school, must be two or three and twenty. And you should see the hand she writes! Mrs. Colonel Haggistoun usually writes her letters, but in a moment of confidence, she put pen to paper for my sisters; she spelled satin satting, and Saint James's Saint Jams."

"Why, surely it must be Miss Swartz, the parlor boarder," Emmy said, remembering that good-natured young mulatto girl, who had been so hysterically affected when Amelia left Miss Pinkerton's academy.

"The very name," George said. "Her father was a German Jew—a slave-owner they say—connected with the Cannibal Islands in some way or other. He died last year, and Miss Pinkerton has finished her education. She can play two pieces on the piano; she knows three songs; she can write when Mrs. Haggistoun is by to spell for her; and Jane and Maria already have got to love her as a sister."

"I wish they would have loved me," said



MISS SWARTZ REHEARSING FOR THE DRAWING-ROOM. (p. 98.)



Emmy, wistfully. "They were always very cold to me."

"My dear child, they would have loved you if you had had two hundred thousand pounds," George replied. "That is the way in which they have been brought up. Ours is a ready-money society. We live among bankers and city big-wigs, and be hanged to them, and every man, as he talks to you, is jingling his guineas in his pocket. There's that jackass, Fred. Bull-ock, is going to marry Maria—there's Goldmore, the East India Director, there's Dipley, in the tallow trade—*our* trade," George said, with an uneasy laugh and a blush. "Curse the whole pack of money-grubbing vulgarians! I fall asleep at their great heavy dinners. I feel ashamed in my father's great stupid parties. I've been accustomed to live with gentlemen, and men of the world and fashion, Emmy, not with a parcel of turtle-fed tradesmen. Dear, little woman, you are the only person of our set who ever looked, or thought, or spoke like a lady: and you do it because you're an angel, and can't help it. Don't remonstrate. You *are* the only lady. Didn't Miss Crawley remark it, who has lived in the best company in Europe? And as for Crawley, of the Life Guards, hang it, he's a fine fellow; and I like him for marrying the girl he had chosen."

Amelia admired Mr. Crawley very much, too, for this; and trusted Rebecca would be happy with him, and hoped (with a laugh) Jos would be consoled. And so the pair went on prattling, as in quite early days. Amelia's confidence being perfectly restored to her, though she expressed a great deal of pretty jealousy about Miss Swartz, and professed to be dreadfully frightened—like a hypocrite as she was—lest George should forget her for the heiress and her money and her estates in St. Kitts. But the fact is, she was a great deal too happy to have fears, or doubts, or misgivings of any sort: and having George at her side again, was not afraid of any heiress or beauty, or, indeed, of any sort of danger.

When Captain Dobbin came back in the afternoon to these people—which he did with a great deal of sympathy for them—it did his heart good to see how Amelia had grown young again—how she laughed, and chirped, and sang familiar old songs at the piano, which were only interrupted by the bell from without proclaiming Mr. Sedley's return from the city, before whom George received a signal to retreat.

Beyond the first smile of recognition—and even that was an hypocrisy, for she thought his arrival rather provoking—Miss Sedley did not once notice Dobbin during his visit. But he was content, so that he saw her happy; and thankful to have been the means of making her so.

CHAPTER XXI.

A QUARREL ABOUT AN HEIRESS.

Love may be felt for any young lady endowed with such qualities as Miss Swartz possessed; and a great dream of ambition entered into old Mr. Osborne's soul, which she was to realize. He encouraged, with the utmost enthusiasm and friendliness, his daughters' amiable attachment to the young heiress, and protested that it gave him the sincerest pleasure, as a father, to see the love of his girls so well disposed.

"You won't find," he would say to Miss Rhoda, "that splendor and rank to which you are accustomed at the West End, my dear Miss, at our humble mansion in Russell-square. My daughters are plain, disinterested girls, but their hearts are in the right place, and they've conceived an attachment for you which does them honor—I say, which does them honor. I'm a plain, simple, humble British merchant—an honest one, as my respected friends Hulker & Bullock will vouch, who were the correspondents of your late lamented father. You'll find us a united, simple, happy, and, I think I may say, respected family—a plain table, a plain people, but a warm welcome, my dear Miss Rhoda—Rhoda, let me say, for my heart warms to you, it does really. I'm a frank man, and I like you. A glass of champagne! Hicks, champagne to Miss Swartz."

There is little doubt that old Osborne believed all he said, and that the girls were quite earnest in their protestations of affection for Miss Swartz. People in Vanity Fair fasten on to rich folks quite naturally. If the simplest people are disposed to look not a little kindly on great prosperity (for I defy any member of the British public to say that the notion of wealth has not something awful and pleasing to him; and you, if you are told that the man next you at dinner has got half a million, not to look at him with a certain interest); if the simple look benevolently on money, how much more do your old worldlings regard it! Their affections rush out to meet and welcome money. Their kind sentiments awaken spontaneously toward the interesting possessors of it. I know some respectable people who don't consider themselves at liberty to indulge in friendship for any individual who has not a certain competency, or place in society. They give aloose to their feelings on proper occasions. And the proof is, that the major part of the Osborne family, who had not, in fifteen years, been able to get up a hearty regard for Amelia Sedley, became as fond of Miss Swartz, in the course of a single evening, as the most romantic advocate of friendship at first-sight could desire.

What a match for George she'd be (the sister and Miss Wirt agreed), and how much

better than that insignificant little Amelia! Such a dashing young fellow as he is, with his good looks, rank, and accomplishments, would be the very husband for her. Visions of balls in Portland Place, presentations at court, and introductions to half the peerage, filled the minds of the young ladies; who talked of nothing but George and his grand acquaintances to their beloved new friend.

Old Osborne thought she would be a great match, too, for his son. He should leave the army; he should go into parliament; he should cut a figure in the fashion and in the state. His blood boiled with honest British exultation, as he saw the name of Osborne ennobled in the person of his son, and thought that he might be the progenitor of a glorious line of baronets. He worked in the city and on 'Change, until he knew every thing relating to the fortune of the heiress, how her money was placed, and where her estates lay. Young Fred. Bullock, one of his chief informants, would have liked to make a bid for her himself (it was so the young banker expressed it), only he was booked to Maria Osborne. But not being able to secure her as a wife, the disinterested Fred. quite approved of her as a sister-in-law. "Let George cut in directly and win her," was his advice. "Strike while the iron's hot, you know—while she's fresh to the town; in a few weeks some d— fellow from the West End will come in with a title and a rotten rent-roll and cut all us city men out, as Lord Fitzrufus did last year with Miss Grogam, who was actually engaged to Podder, of Podder & Brown's. The sooner it is done the better, Mr. Osborne; them's my sentiments," the wag said; though, when Osborne had left the bank parlor, Mr. Bullock remembered Amelia, and what a pretty girl she was, and how attached to George Osborne; and he gave up at least ten seconds of his valuable time to regretting the misfortune which had befallen that unlucky young woman.

While thus George Osborne's good feelings, and his good friend and genius, Dobbin, were carrying back the truant to Amelia's feet, George's parent and sisters were arranging this splendid match for him, which they never dreamed he would resist.

When the elder Osborne gave what he called "a hint," there was no possibility for the most obtuse to mistake his meaning. He called kicking a footman down stairs, a hint to the latter to leave his service. With his usual frankness and delicacy, he told Mrs. Haggistoun that he would give her a check for ten thousand pounds on the day his son was married to her ward; and called that proposal a hint, and considered it a very dexterous piece of diplomacy. He gave George finally such another hint regarding the heiress; and ordered him to marry her out of hand, as he would have ordered his

butler to draw a cork, or his clerk to write a letter.

This imperative hint disturbed George a good deal. He was in the very first enthusiasm and delight of his second courtship of Amelia, which was inexpressibly sweet to him. The contrast of her manners and appearance with those of the heiress, made the idea of a union with the latter appear doubly ludicrous and odious. Carriages and opera-boxes, thought he; fancy being seen in them by the side of such a mahogany charmer as that! Add to all, that the junior Osborne was quite as obstinate as the senior: when he wanted a thing, quite as firm in his resolution to get it; and quite as violent when angered, as his father in his most stern moments.

On the first day when his father formally gave him the hint that he was to place his affections at Miss Swartz's feet, George temporized with the old gentleman. "You should have thought of the matter sooner, sir," he said. "It can't be done now, when we're expecting every day to go on foreign service. Wait till my return, if I do return;" and then he represented, that the time when the regiment was daily expecting to quit England, was exceedingly ill-chosen: that the few days a week during which they were still to remain at home, must be devoted to business and not to love-making: time enough for that when he came home with his majority; "for, I promise you," said he, with a satisfied air, "that one way or other you shall read the name of George Osborne in the Gazette."

The father's reply to this was founded upon the information which he had got in the city: that the West End chaps would infallibly catch hold of the heiress if any delay took place: that if he didn't marry Miss S., he might at least have an engagement in writing, to come into effect when he returned to England; and that a man who could get ten thousand a year by staying at home, was a fool to risk his life abroad.

"So that you would have me shown up as a coward, sir, and our name dishonored for the sake of Miss Swartz's money," George interposed.

This remark staggered the old gentleman; but as he had to reply to it, and as his mind was nevertheless made up, he said, "You will dine here to-morrow, sir, and every day Miss Swartz comes, you will be here to pay your respects to her. If you want for money, call upon Mr. Chopper." Thus a new obstacle was in George's way, to interfere with his plans regarding Amelia; and about which he and Dobbin had more than one confidential consultation. His friend's opinion respecting the line of conduct which he ought to pursue, we know already. And as for Osborne, when he was once bent on a

thing, a fresh obstacle or two only rendered him the more resolute.

The dark object of the conspiracy into which the chiefs of the Osborne family had entered, was quite ignorant of all their plans regarding her (which, strange to say, her friend and chaperon did not divulge), and, taking all the young ladies' flattery for genuine sentiment, and being, as we have before had occasion to show, of a very warm and impetuous nature, responded to their affection with quite a tropical ardor. And if the truth may be told, I dare say that she too had some selfish attraction in the Russell-square house; and in a word, thought George Osborne a very nice young man. His whiskers had made an impression upon her, on the very first night she beheld them at the ball at Messrs. Hulkers; and, as we know, she was not the first woman who had been charmed by them. George had an air at once swaggering and melancholy, languid and fierce. He looked like a man who had passions, secrets, and private harrowing griefs and adventures. His voice was rich and deep. He would say it was a warm evening, or ask his partner to take an ice, with a tone as sad and confidential as if he were breaking her mother's death to her, or preluding a declaration of love. He trampled over all the young bucks of his father's circle, and was the hero among those third-rate men. Some few sneered at him and hated him. Some, like Dobbin, fanatically admired him. And his whiskers had begun to do their work, and to curl themselves round the affections of Miss Swartz.

Whenever there was a chance of meeting him in Russell-square, that simple and good-natured young woman was quite in a flurry to see her dear Miss Osbornes. She went to great expenses in new gowns, and bracelets, and bonnets, and in prodigious feathers. She adorned her person with her utmost skill to please the conqueror, and exhibited all her simple accomplishments to win his favor. The girls would ask her, with the greatest gravity, for a little music, and she would sing her three songs and play her two little pieces as often as ever they asked, and with an always increasing pleasure to herself. During these delectable entertainments, Miss Wirt and the chaperon sat by, and conned over the peerage, and talked about the nobility.

The day after George had his hint from his father, and a short time before the hour of dinner, he was lolling upon a sofa in the drawing-room in a very becoming and perfectly natural attitude of melancholy. He had been, at his father's request, to Mr. Chopper in the city (the old gentleman, though he gave great sums to his son, would never specify any fixed allowance for him, and rewarded him only as he was in hu-

mor). He had then been to pass three hours with Amelia, his dear little Amelia, at Fulham; and he came home to find his sisters spread in starched muslin in the drawing-room, the dowagers cackling in the back-ground, and honest Swartz in her favorite amber-colored satin, with turquoise-bracelets, countless rings, flowers, feathers, and all sorts of tags and gimcracks, about as elegantly decorated as a she chimney-sweep on May day.

The girls, after vain attempts to engage him in conversation, talked about fashions and the last drawing-room until he was perfectly sick of their chatter. He contrasted their behavior with little Emmy's—their shrill cracked voices with her tender ringing tones; their attitudes and their elbows and their starch, with her humble, soft movements and modest graces. Poor Swartz was seated in a place where Emmy had been accustomed to sit. Her bejeweled hands lay sprawling in her amber satin lap. Her tags and ear-rings twinkled, and her big eyes rolled about. She was doing nothing with perfect contentment, and thinking herself charming. Any thing so becoming as the satin the sisters had never seen.

"Damme," George said, to a confidential friend, "she looked like a China doll, which has nothing to do all day but to grin and wag its head. By Jove, Will., it was all I could do to prevent myself from throwing the sofa cushion at her." He restrained that exhibition of sentiment, however.

The sisters began to play the *Battle of Prague*. "Stop that d— thing," George howled out in a fury from the sofa. "It makes me mad. *You* play us something, Miss Swartz, do. Sing something, any thing but the *Battle of Prague*."

"Shall I sing *Blue Eyed Mary*, or the air from the *Cabinet*?" Miss Swartz asked.

"That sweet thing from the *Cabinet*," the sisters said.

"We've had that," replied the misanthrope on the sofa.

"I can sing *Fluvy du Tajy*," Swartz said, in a meek voice, "if I had the words." It was the last of the worthy young woman's collection.

"O, *Fleuve du Tage*," Miss Maria cried; "we have the song," and went to fetch the book in which it was.

Now it happened that this song, then in the height of the fashion, had been given to the young ladies by a young friend of theirs, whose name was on the title, and Miss Swartz, having concluded the ditty with George's applause (for he remembered that it was a favorite of Amelia's), was hoping for an encore perhaps, and fiddling with the leaves of the music, when her eye fell upon the title, and she saw "*Amelia Sedley*" written in the corner.

"Lor!" cried Miss Swartz, spinning swift-

ly round on the music-stool, "is it *my* Amelia? Amelia that was at Miss P.'s at Hammersmith? I know it is. It's her, and—tell me about her—where is she?"

"Don't mention her," Miss Maria Osborne said hastily. "Her family has disgraced itself. Her father cheated papa, and as for her, she is never to be mentioned *here*." This was Miss Maria's return for George's rudeness about the Battle of Prague.

"Are you a friend of Amelia's?" George said, bouncing up. "God bless you for it, Miss Swartz. Don't believe what the girls say. *She's* not to blame, at any rate. *She's* the best—"

"You know you're not to speak about her, George," cried Jane. "Papa forbids it."

"Who's to prevent me?" George cried out. "I *will* speak of her. I say she's the best, the kindest, the gentlest, the sweetest girl in England; and that, bankrupt or no, my sisters are not fit to hold candles to her. If you like her, go and see her, Miss Swartz; she wants friends now; and I say, God bless every body who befriends her. Any body who speaks kindly of her is my friend; any body who speaks against her is my enemy. Thank you, Miss Swartz;" and he went up and wrung her hand.

"George! George!" one of the sisters cried imploringly.

"I say," George said fiercely, "I thank every body who loves Amelia Sed—" He stopped. Old Osborne was in the room with a face livid with rage, and eyes like hot coals.

Though George had stopped in his sentence, yet, his blood being up, he was not to be cowed by all the generations of Osborne; rallying instantly, he replied to the bullying look of his father, with another so indicative of resolution and defiance, that the elder man quailed in his turn, and looked away. He felt that the tussle was coming. "Mrs. Haggistoun, let me take you down to dinner," he said. "Give your arm to Miss Swartz, George," and they marched.

"Miss Swartz, I love Amelia, and we've been engaged almost all our lives," Osborne said to his partner; and during all the dinner, George rattled on with a volubility which surprised himself, and made his father doubly nervous, for the fight which was to take place as soon as the ladies were gone.

The difference between the pair was, that while the father was violent and a bully, the son had thrice the nerve and courage of the parent, and could not merely make an attack, but resist it; and finding that the moment was now come when the contest between him and his father was to be decided, he took his dinner with perfect coolness and appetite before the engagement began. Old Osborne, on the contrary, was nervous, and

drank much. He floundered in his conversation with the ladies, his neighbors; George's coolness only rendering him more angry. It made him half mad to see the calm way in which George, flapping his napkin, and with a swaggering bow, opened the door for the ladies to leave the room; and filling himself a glass of wine, smacked it, and looked his father full in the face, as if to say, "Gentleman of the Guard, fire first." The old man also took a supply of ammunition, but his decanter clinked against the glass as he tried to fill it.

After giving a great heave, and with a purple, choking face, he then began. "How dare you, sir, mention that person's name before Miss Swartz to-day, in my drawing-room? I ask you, sir, how dare you do it?"

"Stop, sir," says George, "don't say dare, sir. Dare isn't a word to be used to a captain in the British army."

"I shall say what I like to my son, sir. I can cut him off with a shilling, if I like. I can make him a beggar, if I like. I *will* say what I like," the elder said.

"I'm a gentleman, though I *am* your son, sir," George answered, haughtily. "Any communications which you have to make to me, or any orders which you may please to give, I beg may be couched in that kind of language which I am accustomed to hear."

Whenever the lad assumed his haughty manner, it always created either great awe or great irritation in the parent. Old Osborne stood in secret terror of his son as a better gentleman than himself; and perhaps my readers may have remarked in their experience of this Vanity Fair of ours, that there is no character which a low-minded man so much mistrusts, as that of a gentleman.

"My father didn't give me the education you have had, nor the advantages you have had, nor the money you have had. If I had kept the company *some folks* have had through *my means*, perhaps my son wouldn't have any reason to brag, sir, of his *superiority* and *West End airs*" (these words were uttered in the elder Osborne's most sarcastic tones). "But it wasn't considered the part of a gentleman, in *my* time, for a man to insult his father. If I'd done any such thing, mine would have kicked me down stairs, sir."

"I never insulted you, sir. I said, I begged you to remember your son was a gentleman as well as yourself. I know very well that you give me plenty of money," said George (fingering a bundle of notes which he had got in the morning from Mr. Chopper). "You tell it me often enough, sir. There's no fear of my forgetting it."

"I wish you'd remember other things as well, sir," the sire answered. "I wish you'd remember, that in this house—so long as you choose to *honor* it with your *company*,

captain—I'm the master, and that name, and that—that—that you—that—I say—"

"That what, sir?" George asked, with scarcely a sneer, filling another glass of claret.

"——!" burst out his father, with a screaming oath—"that the name of those Sedleys never be mentioned here, sir—not one of the whole damned lot of 'em, sir."

"It wasn't I, sir, that introduced Miss Sedley's name. It was my sisters who spoke ill of her to Miss Swartz; and, by Jove, I'll defend her wherever I go. Nobody shall speak lightly of that name in my presence. Our family has done her quite enough injury already, I think, and may leave off reviling her, now she's down. I'll shoot any man but you who says a word against her."

"Go on, sir, go on," the old gentleman said, his eyes starting out of his head.

"Go on about what, sir? About the way in which we've treated that angel of a girl? Who told me to love her? It was your doing. I might have chosen elsewhere, and looked higher, perhaps, than your society: but I obeyed you. And now, that her heart's mine, you give me orders to fling it away, and punish her, kill her, perhaps—for the faults of other people. It's a shame, by Heavens," said George, working himself up into passion and enthusiasm as he proceeded, "to play at fast and loose with a young girl's affections—and with such an angel as that—one so superior to the people among whom she lived, that she might have excited envy, only she was so good and gentle, that it's a wonder any body dared to hate her. If I desert her, sir, do you suppose she forgets me?"

"I ain't going to have any of this damned sentimental nonsense and humbug here, sir," the father cried out. "There shall be no beggar-marriages in my family. If you choose to fling away eight thousand a year which you may have for the asking, you may do it: but, by Jove, you take your pack and walk out of this house, sir. Will you do as I tell you, once for all, sir, or will you not?"

"Marry that mulatto woman?" George said, pulling up his shirt-collars. "I don't like the color, sir. Ask the black that sweeps opposite Fleet Market, sir. I'm not going to marry a Hottentot Venus."

Mr. Osborne pulled frantically at the cord by which he was accustomed to summon the butler when he wanted wine—and, almost black in the face, ordered that functionary to call a coach for Captain Osborne.

"I've done it," said George, coming into the Slaughter's an hour afterward, looking very pale.

"What, my boy?" says Dobbin.

George told what had passed between his father and himself.

"I'll marry her to-morrow," he said, with an oath. "I love her more every day, Dobbin."

CHAPTER XXII.

A MARRIAGE AND PART OF A HONEYMOON.

ENEMIES the most obstinate and courageous can't hold out against starvation: so the elder Osborne felt himself pretty easy about his adversary in the encounter we have just described; and as soon as George's supplies fell short, confidently expected his unconditional submission. It was unlucky, to be sure, that the lad should have secured a stock of provisions on the very day when the first encounter took place; but this relief was only temporary, old Osborne thought, and would but delay George's surrender. No communication passed between father and son for some days. The former was sulky at this silence, but not disquieted; for, as he said, he knew where he could put the screw upon George, and only waited the result of that operation. He told the sisters the upshot of the dispute between them, but ordered them to take no notice of the matter, and welcome George on his return as if nothing had happened. His cover was laid as usual every day, and perhaps the old gentleman rather anxiously expected him; but he never came. Some one inquired at the Slaughter's regarding him, where it was said that he and his friend Captain Dobbin had left town.

One gusty, raw day at the end of April—the rain whipping the pavement of that ancient street where the old Slaughter's coffee-house was once situated—George Osborne came into the coffee-room, looking very haggard and pale; although dressed rather smartly in a blue coat and brass buttons, and a neat buff waistcoat of the fashion of those days. Here was his friend Captain Dobbin, in blue and brass too, having abandoned the military frock and French-gray trowsers, which were the usual coverings of his lanky person.

Dobbin had been in the coffee-room for an hour or more. He had tried all the papers, but could not read them. He had looked at the clock many scores of times: and at the street, where the rain was pattering down, and the people as they clinked by in pattens, left long reflections on the shining stones: he tattooed at the table: he bit his nails most completely and nearly to the quick (he was accustomed to ornament his great big hands in this way): he balanced the tea-spoon dexterously on the milk jug: upset it, &c., &c.; and in fact showed those signs of disquietude, and practiced those desperate attempts at amusement, which men are accustomed to employ when very anxious, and expectant, and perturbed in mind.

Some of his comrades, gentlemen who used the room, joked him about the splendor of his costume and his agitation of manner. One asked him if he was going to be married. Dobbin laughed, and said he would send his acquaintance (Major Wagstaff, of the Engineers) a piece of cake, when that event took place. At length Captain Osborne made his appearance, very smartly dressed, but very pale and agitated, as we have said. He wiped his pale face with a large, yellow bandanna pocket-handkerchief that was prodigiously scented. He shook hands with Dobbin, looked at the clock, and told John, the waiter, to bring him some curaçoa. Of this cordial he swallowed off a couple of glasses with nervous eagerness. His friend asked, with some interest, about his health.

"Couldn't get a wink of sleep till daylight, Dob," said he. Infernal headache and fever. Got up at nine, and went down to the Hummums for a bath. I say, Dob., I feel just as I did on the morning I went out with Rocket at Quebec."

"So do I," William responded. "I was a deuced deal more nervous than you were that morning. You made a famous breakfast, I remember. Eat something now."

"You're a good old fellow, Will. I'll drink your health, old boy, and farewell to—"

"No, no; two glasses are enough," Dobbin interrupted him. "Here, take away the liqueurs, John. Have some cayenne-pepper with your fowl. Make haste though, for it is time we were there."

It was about half-an-hour from twelve when this brief meeting and colloquy took place between the two captains. A coach, into which Captain Osborne's servant put his master's desk and dressing-case, had been in waiting for some time; and into this the two gentlemen hurried under an umbrella, and the valet mounted on the box, cursing the rain and the dampness of the coachman who was steaming beside him. "We shall find a better trap than this at the church-door," says he; "that's a comfort." And the carriage drove on, taking the road down Piccadilly, where Apsley House and St. George's Hospital wore red jackets still; where there were oil-lamps; where Achilles was not yet born; nor the Pimlico arch raised; nor the hideous equestrian monster which pervades it and the neighborhood; and so they drove down by Brompton to a certain chapel near the Fulham road there.

A chariot was in waiting with four horses; likewise a coach of the kind called glass coaches. Only a very few idlers were collected, on account of the dismal, dismal rain.

"Hang it!" said George, "I said only a pair."

"My master would have four," said Mr. Joseph Sedley's servant, who was in waiting; and he and Mr. Osborne's man agreed

as they followed George and William into the church, that it was a "reg'lar shabby turn hout; and with scarce so much as a breakfast or a wedding favor."

"Here you are," said our old friend, Jos Sedley, coming forward. "You're five minutes late, George, my boy. What a day, eh? Demme, it's like the commencement of the rainy season in Bengal. But you'll find my carriage is water-tight. Come along, my mother and Emmy are in the vestry."

Jos Sedley was splendid. He was fatter than ever. His shirt collars were higher; his face was redder; his shirt-frill flaunted gorgeously out of his variegated waistcoat. Varnished boots were not invented as yet; but the Hessians on his beautiful legs shone so, that they must have been the identical pair in which the gentleman in the old picture used to shave himself; and on his light green coat there bloomed a fine wedding favor, like a great white, spreading magnolia.

In a word, George had thrown the great cast. He was going to be married. Hence his pallor and nervousness—his sleepless night and agitation in the morning. I have heard people who have gone through the same thing own to the same emotion. After three or four ceremonies, you get accustomed to it, no doubt; but the first dip, every body allows, is awful.

The bride was dressed in a brown silk pelisse (as Captain Dobbin has since informed me), and wore a straw bonnet with a pink ribbon: over the bonnet she had a veil of white Chantilly lace, a gift from Mr. Joseph Sedley, her brother. Captain Dobbin himself had asked leave to present her with a gold chain and watch, which she sported on this occasion; and her mother gave her her diamond brooch; almost the only trinket which was left to the old lady. As the service went on, Mrs. Sedley sat and whimpered a great deal in a pew, consoled by the Irish maid-servant and Mrs. Clapp from the lodgings. Old Osborne would not be present. Jos acted for his father, giving away the bride, while Captain Dobbin stepped up as groom's-man to his friend George.

There was nobody in the church besides the officiating persons and the small marriage party and their attendants. The two valets sat aloof, superciliously. The rain came rattling down on the windows. In the intervals of the service you heard it, and the sobbing of old Mrs. Osborne in the pew. The parson's tones echoed sadly through the empty walls. Osborne's "I will" was sounded in very deep base. Emmy's response came fluttering up to her lips from her heart, but was scarcely heard by any body except Captain Dobbin.

When the service was completed, Jos Sedley came forward and kissed his sister

the bride, for the first time for many months—George's look of gloom had gone, and he seemed quite proud and radiant. "It's your turn, William," says he, putting his hand fondly upon Dobbin's shoulder; and Dobbin went up and touched Amelia on the cheek.

Then they went into the vestry and signed the register. "God bless you, old Dobbin," George said, grasping him by the hand, with something very like moisture glistening in his eyes. William replied only by nodding his head. His heart was too full to say much.

"Write directly, and come down as soon as you can, you know," Osborne said. After Mrs. Sedley had taken an hysterical adieu of her daughter, the pair went off to the carriage. "Get out of the way, you little devils," George cried to a small crowd of damp urchins, that were hanging about the chapel-door. The rain drove into the bride and bridegroom's faces as they passed to the chariot. The postillions' favors dragged on their dripping jackets. The few children made a dismal cheer, as the carriage, splashing mud, drove away.

William Dobbin stood in the church-porch, looking at it, a queer figure. The small crew of spectators jeered him. He was not thinking about them or their laughter.

"Come home and have some tiffin, Dobbin," a voice cried behind him; as a pudgy hand was laid on his shoulder, and the honest fellow's review was interrupted. But the captain had no heart to go a feasting with Jos Sedley. He put the weeping old lady and her attendants into the carriage along with Jos, and left them without any farther words passing. This carriage, too, drove away, and the urchins gave another sarcastical cheer.

"Here, you little beggars," Dobbin said, giving some sixpences among them, and then went off by himself through the rain. It was all over. They were married, and happy, he prayed God. Never, since he was a boy, had he felt so miserable and so lonely. He longed with a heart-sick yearning for the first few days to be over, that he might see her again.

Some ten days after the above ceremony, three young men of our acquaintance were enjoying that beautiful prospect of bow windows on the one side, and blue sea on the other, which Brighton affords to the traveler. Sometimes it is toward the ocean—smiling with countless dimples, speckled with white sails, with a hundred bathing-machines kissing the skirt of his blue garment—that the Londoner looks enraptured: sometimes, on the contrary, a lover of human nature rather than of prospects of any kind, it is toward the bow windows that he turns, and that swarm of human life which they exhibit.

From one issue the notes of a piano, which a young lady in ringlets practices six hours daily, to the delight of the fellow-lodgers; at another, lovely Polly, the nursemaid, may be seen dandling Master Omnium in her arms; while Jacob, his papa, is beheld eating prawns, and devouring the Times for breakfast, at the window below. Yonder are the Misses Leery, who are looking out for the young officers of the heavies, who are pretty sure to be pacing the cliff; or again, it is a city man, with a nautical turn, and a telescope, the size of a six-pounder, who has his instrument pointed seaward, so as to command every pleasure-boat, herring-boat, or bathing-machine that comes to, or quits the shore, &c., &c. But have we any leisure for a description of Brighton?—for Brighton, a clean Naples with genteel lazzaroni—for Brighton, that always looks brisk, gay, and gaudy, like a harlequin's jacket—for Brighton, which used to be seven hours' distant from London at the time of our story; which is now only a hundred minutes off; and which may approach who knows how much nearer, unless Joinville comes and untimely bombards it?

"What a monstrous fine girl that is in the lodgings over the milliner's," one of these three promenaders remarked to the other; "Gad, Crawley, did you see what a wink she gave me as I passed?"

"Don't break her heart, Jos, you rascal," said another. "Don't trifle with her affections, you Don Juan!"

"Get away," said Jos Sedley, quite pleased, and leering up at the maid-servant in question with a most killing ogle. Jos was even more splendid at Brighton than he had been at his sister's marriage. He had brilliant under-waistcoats, any one of which would have set up a moderate buck. He sported a military frock-coat, ornamented with frogs, knobs, black buttons, and meandering embroidery. He had affected a military appearance and habits of late; and he walked with his two friends, who were of that profession, clinking his boot-spurs, swaggering prodigiously, and shooting death-glances at all the servant-girls who were worthy to be slain.

"What shall we do, boys, till the ladies return?" the buck asked. The ladies were out to Rottingdean in his carriage, on a drive. "Let's have a game at billiards," one of his friends said—the tall one, with lacquered mustaches.

"No, damme; no, captain," Jos replied, rather alarmed. "No billiards to-day, Crawley, my boy; yesterday was enough."

"You play very well," said Crawley, laughing. "Don't he, Osborne? How well he made that five stroke, eh?"

"Famous," Osborne said. "Jos is a devil of a fellow at billiards, and at every thing else, too. I wish there were any tiger-

hunting about here; we might go and kill a few before dinner. (There goes a fine girl! what an angle, eh Jos?) Tell us that story about the tiger-hunt, and the way you did for him in the jungle—it's a wonderful story that, Crawley." Here George Osborne gave a yawn. "It's rather slow work," said he, "down here; what *shall* we do?"

"Shall we go and look at some horses that Snaffler's just brought from Lewes fair?" Crawley said.

"Suppose we go and have some jellies at Dutton's," said the rogue Jos, willing to kill two birds with one stone. "Devilish fine gal at Dutton's."

"Suppose we go and see the Lightning come in, it's just about time?" George said. This advice prevailing over the stables and the jelly, they turned toward the coach office to witness the Lightning's arrival.

As they passed, they met the carriage—Jos Sedley's open carriage, with its magnificent armorial bearings—that splendid conveyance in which he used to drive about at Cheltenham, majestic and solitary, with his arms folded, and his hat cocked; or, more happy, with ladies by his side.

Two were in the carriage now: one a little person, with light hair, and dressed in the height of the fashion; the other in a brown silk pelisse, and a straw bonnet with pink ribbons, with a rosy, round, happy face, that did you good to behold. She checked the carriage as it neared the three gentlemen, after which exercise of authority she looked rather nervous, and then began to blush most absurdly. "We have had a delightful drive, George," she said, "and—and we're so glad to come back; and Joseph, don't let him be late."

"Don't be leading our husbands into mischief, Mr. Sedley, you wicked, wicked man you," Rebecca said, shaking at Jos a pretty little finger covered with the neatest French kid glove. "No billiards, no smoking, no naughtiness!"

"My dear Mrs. Crawley—Ah now! upon my honor!" was all Jos could ejaculate by way of reply; but he managed to fall into a tolerable attitude, with his head lying on his shoulder, grinning upward at his victim, with one hand at his back, which he supported on his cane, and the other hand (the one with the diamond ring) fumbling in his shirt-frill and among his under-waistcoats. As the carriage drove off, he kissed the diamond hand to the fair ladies within. He wished all Cheltenham, all Chowringhee, all Calcutta, could see him in that position, waving his hand to such a beauty, and in company with such a famous buck as Rawdon Crawley of the Guards.

Our young bride and bridegroom had chosen Brighton as the place where they would pass the first few days after their marriage. And having engaged apartments

at the Ship Inn, enjoyed themselves there in great comfort and quietude, until Jos presently joined them. Nor was he the only companion they found here. As they were coming into the hotel from a sea-side walk one afternoon, on whom should they light but Rebecca and her husband? The recognition was immediate. Rebecca flew into the arms of her dearest friend. Crawley and Osborne shook hands together cordially enough: and Becky, in the course of a very few hours, found means to make the latter forget that little unpleasant passage of words which had happened between them.

"Do you remember the last time we met at Miss Crawley's, when I was so rude to you, dear Captain Osborne? I thought you seemed careless about dear Amelia. It was that made me angry: and so pert: and so unkind: and so ungrateful. Do forgive me!" Rebecca said, and she held out her hand with so frank and winning a grace, that Osborne could not but take it. By humbly and frankly acknowledging yourself to be in the wrong, there is no knowing, my son, what good you may do. I knew once a gentleman, and very worthy practitioner in Vanity Fair, who used to do little wrongs to his neighbors on purpose, and in order to apologize for them in an open and manly way afterward—and what ensued? My friend Crocky Doyle was liked every where, and deemed to be rather impetuous—but the honestest fellow. Becky's humility passed for sincerity with George Osborne.

These two young couples had plenty of tales to relate to each other. The marriages of either were discussed; and their prospects in life canvassed with the greatest frankness and interest on both sides. George's marriage was to be made known to his father by his friend Captain Dobbin; and young Osborne trembled rather for the result of that communication. Miss Crawley, on whom all Rawdon's hopes depended, still held out. Unable to make an entry into her house in Park Lane, her affectionate nephew and niece had followed her to Brighton, where they had emissaries continually planted at her door.

"I wish you could see some of Rawdon's friends who are always about *our* door," Rebecca said, laughing. "Did you ever see a dun, my dear; or a bailiff and his man? Two of the abominable wretches watched all last week at the green-grocer's opposite, and we could not get away until Sunday. If aunty does not relent, what *shall* we do?"

Rawdon, with roars of laughter, related a dozen amusing anecdotes of his duns, and Rebecca's adroit treatment of them. He vowed, with a great oath, that there was no woman in Europe who could talk a creditor over as she could. Almost immediately after their marriage, her practice had begun, and her husband found the immense

value of such a wife. They had credit in plenty, but they had bills also in abundance, and labored under a scarcity of ready money. Did these debt-difficulties affect Rawdon's good spirits? No. Every body in Vanity Fair must have remarked how well those live who are comfortably and thoroughly in debt: how they deny themselves nothing: how jolly and easy they are in their minds. Rawdon and his wife had the very best apartments at the inn at Brighton; the landlord, as he brought in the first dish, bowed before them as to his greatest customers: and Rawdon abused the dinners and wine with an audacity which no grandee in the land could surpass. Long custom, a manly appearance, faultless boots and clothes, and a happy fierceness of manner, will often help a man as much as a great balance at the banker's.

The two wedding parties met constantly in each other's apartments. After two or three nights the gentlemen, of an evening, had a little piquet, as their wives sate and chatted apart. This pastime, and the arrival of Jos Sedley, who made his appearance in his grand open carriage, and who played a few games at billiards with Captain Crawley, replenished Rawdon's purse somewhat, and gave him the benefit of that ready money for which the greatest spirits are sometimes at a stand-still.

So the three gentlemen walked down to see the Lightning coach come in. Punctual to the minute—the coach crowded inside and out, the guard blowing his accustomed tune on the horn—the Lightning came tearing down the street, and pulled up at the coach-office.

"Hullo! there's old Dobbin," George cried, quite delighted to see his old friend perched on the roof; and whose promised visit to Brighton had been delayed until now. "How are you, old fellow? Glad you're come down. Emmy'll be delighted to see you," Osborne said, shaking his comrade warmly by the hand as soon as his descent from the vehicle was effected—and then he added, in a lower and agitated voice, "What's the news? Have you been in Russell-square? What does the governor say? Tell me every thing."

Dobbin looked very pale and grave. "I've seen your father," said he. "How's Amelia—Mrs. George? I'll tell you all the news presently: but I've brought the great news of all: and that is—"

"Out with it, old fellow," George said.

"We're ordered to Belgium. All the army goes—Guards and all. Heavytop's got the gout, and is mad at not being able to move. O'Dowd goes in command, and we embark from Chatham next week."

This news of war could not but come with a shock upon our lovers, and caused all these gentlemen to look very serious.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CAPTAIN DOBBIN PROCEEDS ON HIS CANVASS.

WHAT is the secret mesmerism which friendship possesses, and under the operation of which a person ordinarily sluggish, or cold, or timid, becomes wise, active, and resolute, in another's behalf? As Alexis, after a few passes from Dr. Elliotson, despises pain, reads with the back of his head, sees miles off, looks into next week, and performs other wonders, of which, in his own private, normal condition, he is quite incapable; so you see, in the affairs of the world and under the magnetism of friendship, the modest man become bold, the shy confident, the lazy active, or the impetuous prudent and peaceful. What is it, on the other hand, that makes the lawyer eschew his own cause, and call in his learned brother as an adviser? And what causes the doctor, when ailing, to send for his rival, and not sit down and examine his own tongue in the chimney glass, or write his own prescription at his study table? I throw out these queries for intelligent readers to answer, who know, at once, how credulous we are, and how skeptical, how soft, and how obstinate, how firm for others, and how dissident about ourselves: meanwhile it is certain that our friend William Dobbin, who was personally of so complying a disposition, that if his parents had pressed him much, it is probable that he would have stepped down into the kitchen and married the cook, and who, to further his own interests, would have found the most insuperable difficulty in walking across the street, found himself as busy and eager in the conduct of George Osborne's affairs, as the most selfish tactician could be in the pursuit of his own.

While our friend George and his young wife were enjoying the first blushing days of the honeymoon at Brighton, honest William was left as George's plenipotentiary in London, to transact all the business part of the marriage. His duty it was to call upon old Sedley and his wife, and to keep the former in good humor; to draw Jos and his brother-in-law nearer together, so that Jos's position and dignity, as collector of Boggly Wollah, might compensate for his father's loss of station, and tend to reconcile old Osborne to the alliance: and finally, to communicate it to the latter in such a way as should least irritate the old gentleman.

Now, before he faced the head of the Osborne house with the news which it was his duty to tell, Dobbin bethought him that it would be politic to make friends of the rest of the family, and, if possible, have the ladies on his side. They can't be angry in their hearts, thought he. No woman ever was really angry at a romantic marriage. A little crying out, and they must come round to their brother; when the three of

us will lay siege to old Mr. Osborne. So this Machiavellian captain of infantry cast about him for some happy means or stratagem by which he could gently and gradually bring the Miss Osbornes to a knowledge of their brother's secret.

By a little inquiry regarding his mother's engagements, he was pretty soon able to find out by whom of her ladyship's friends parties were given at that season; where he would be likely to meet Osborne's sisters; and, though he had that abhorrence of routs and evening parties, which many sensible men, alas, entertain, he soon found one where the Miss Osbornes were to be present. Making his appearance at the ball, where he danced a couple of sets with both of them, and was prodigiously polite, he actually had the courage to ask Miss Osborne for a few minutes' conversation at an early hour the next day, when he had, he said, to communicate to her news of the very greatest interest.

What was it that made her start back, and gaze upon him for a moment, and then on the ground at her feet, and make as if she would faint on his arm, had he not by opportunely treading on her toes, brought the young lady back to self-control? Why was she so violently agitated at Dobbin's request? This can never be known. But when he came the next day, Maria was not in the drawing-room with her sister, and Miss Wirt went off for the purpose of fetching the latter, and the captain and Miss Osborne were left together. They were both so silent that the tick-tock of the Sacrifice of Iphigenia clock on the mantel-piece became quite rudely audible.

"What a nice party it was last night," Miss Osborne at length began, encouragingly; "and—and how you're improved in your dancing, Captain Dobbin. Surely somebody has taught you," she added, with amiable archness.

"You should see me dance a reel with Mrs. Major O'Dowd of ours; and a jig—did you ever see a jig? But I think any body could dance with *you*, Miss Osborne, who dance so well."

"Is the major's lady young and beautiful, captain?" the fair questioner continued. "Ah, what a terrible thing it must be to be a soldier's wife! I wonder they have any spirits to dance, and in these dreadful times of war too! O, Captain Dobbin, I tremble sometimes when I think of our dearest George, and the dangers of the poor soldier. Are there many married officers of the—th, Captain Dobbin?"

"Upon my word, she's playing her hand rather too openly," Miss Wirt thought; but this observation is merely parenthetical, and was not heard through the crevice of the door at which the governess uttered it.

"One of our young men is just married,"

Dobbin said, now coming to the point. "It was a very old attachment, and the young couple are as poor as church mice."

"O, how delightful! O, how romantic!" Miss Osborne cried, as the captain said "old attachment" and "poor." Her sympathy encouraged him.

"The finest young fellow in the regiment," he continued. "Not a braver or handsomer officer in the army; and such a charming wife! How you would like her; how you *will* like her when you know her, Miss Osborne." The young lady thought the actual moment had arrived, and that Dobbin's nervousness which now came on and was visible in many twitchings of his face, in his manner of beating the ground with his great feet, in the rapid buttoning and unbuttoning of his frock-coat, &c. Miss Osborne, I say, thought that when he had given himself a little air, he would unbosom himself entirely, and prepared eagerly to listen. And the clock, in the altar on which Iphigenia was situated, beginning, after a preparatory convulsion, to toll twelve, the mere tolling seemed as if it would last until one—so prolonged was the knell to the anxious spinster.

"But it's not about marriage that I came to speak—that is that marriage—that is—no, I mean—my dear Miss Osborne, it's about our dear friend George," Dobbin said.

"About George?" she said, in a tone so discomfited that Maria and Miss Wirt laughed at the other side of the door, and even that abandoned wretch of a Dobbin felt inclined to smile himself; for he was not altogether unconscious of the state of affairs; George having often bantered him gracefully and said, "Hang it, Will, why don't you take old Polly? She'll have you if you ask her. I'll bet you five to two she will."

"Yes, about George, then," he continued. "There has been a difference between him and Mr. Osborne. And I regard him so much—for you know we have been like brothers—that I hope and pray the quarrel may be settled. We must go abroad, Miss Osborne. We may be ordered off at a day's warning. Who knows what may happen in the campaign? Don't be agitated, dear Miss Osborne; and those two at least should part friends."

"There has been no quarrel, Captain Dobbin, except a little usual scene with papa," the lady said. "We are expecting George back daily. What papa wanted was only for his good. He has but to come back, and I'm sure all will be well; and dear Rhoda, who went away from here in sad anger, I know will forgive him. Women forgives but too readily, captain."

"Such an angel as *you* I am sure would," Mr. Dobbin said, with atrocious astuteness. "And no man can pardon himself for giving

a woman pain. What would you feel, if a man were faithless to you?"

"I should perish—I should throw myself out of the window—I should take poison—I should pine and die. I know I should," Miss cried, who had, nevertheless, gone through one or two affairs of the heart without any idea of suicide.

"And there are others," Dobbin continued, "as true and as kind-hearted as yourself. I'm not speaking about the West India heiress, Miss Osborne, but about a poor girl whom George once loved, and who was bred from her childhood to think of nobody but him. I've seen her in her poverty uncomplaining, broken-hearted, without a fault. It is of Miss Sedley I speak. Dear Miss Osborne, can your generous heart quarrel with your brother for being faithful to her? Could his own conscience ever forgive him if he deserted her? Be her friend—she always loved you—and—and I am come here charged by George to tell you that he holds his engagement to her as the most sacred duty he has; and to entreat *you*, at least, to be on his side."

When any strong emotion took possession of Mr. Dobbin, and after the first word or two of hesitation, he could speak with perfect fluency, and it was evident that his eloquence on this occasion made some impression upon the lady whom he addressed.

"Well," said she, "this is—most surprising—most painful—most extraordinary—what will papa say?—that George should fling away such a superb establishment as was offered to him—but at any rate he has found a very brave champion in you, Captain Dobbin. It is of no use, however," she continued, after a pause, "I feel for poor Miss Sedley, most certainly—most sincerely, you know. We never thought the match a good one, though we were always very kind to her here—very. But papa will never consent, I am sure. And a well brought up young woman you know—with a well regulated mind must—George must give her up, dear Captain Dobbin, indeed he must."

"Ought a man to give up the woman he loved, just when misfortune befell her?" Dobbin said, holding out his hand. "Dear Miss Osborne! is this the counsel I hear from *you*? My dear young lady! you must befriend her. He can't give her up. He must not give her up. Would a man, think you, give *you* up if you were poor?"

This adroit question touched the heart of Miss Jane Osborne not a little. "I don't know whether we poor girls ought to believe what you men say, captain," she said. "There is that in woman's tenderness which induces her to believe too easily. I'm afraid you are cruel, cruel deceivers," and Dobbin certainly thought he felt a pressure of the hand which Miss Osborne had extended to him.

He dropped it in some alarm. "Deceivers!" said he. "No, dear Miss Osborne, all men are not; your brother is not; George has loved Amelia Sedley ever since they were children; no wealth would make him marry any but her. Ought he to forsake her? Would you counsel him to do so?"

What could Miss Jane say to such a question, and with her own peculiar views? She could not answer it, so she parried it by saying, "Well, if you are not a deceiver, at least you are *very* romantic;" and Captain William let this observation pass without challenge.

At length when, by the help of farther polite speeches, he deemed that Miss Osborne was sufficiently prepared to receive the whole news, he poured it into her ear. "George could not give up Amelia—George was married to her"—and then he related the circumstances of the marriage, as we know them already, how the poor girl would have died had not her lover kept his faith: how Old Sedley had refused all consent to the match, and a license had been got; and Jos Sedley had come from Cheltenham to give away the bride: how they had gone to Brighton in Jos's chariot-and-four to pass the honey-moon: and how George counted on his dear kind sisters to befriend him with their father, as women—so true and tender as they were assuredly would do. And so, asking permission (readily granted) to see her again, and rightly conjecturing that the news he had brought would be told in the next five minutes to the other ladies, Captain Dobbin made his bow and took his leave.

He was scarcely out of the house, when Miss Maria and Miss Wirt rushed in to Miss Osborne, and the whole wonderful secret was imparted to them by that lady. To do them justice, neither of the sisters were very much displeased. There is something about a runaway match with which few ladies can be seriously angry, and Amelia rather rose in their estimation, from the spirit which she had displayed in consenting to the union. As they debated the story, and prattled about it, and wondered what papa would do and say, came a loud knock, as of an avenging thunder-clap, at the door, which made these conspirators start. It must be papa, they thought. But it was not he. It was only Mr. Frederick Bullock, who had come from the city according to appointment, to conduct the ladies to a flower-show.

This gentleman, as may be imagined, was not kept long in ignorance of the secret. But his face, when he heard it, showed an amazement which was very different to that look of sentimental wonder which the countenances of the sisters wore. Mr. Bullock was a man of the world, and a junior partner of a wealthy firm. He knew what money

was, and the value of it: and a delightful throb of expectation lighted up his little eyes, and caused him to smile on his Maria, as he thought that by this piece of folly of Mr. George's she might be worth thirty thousand pounds more than he had ever hoped to get with her.

"Gad! Jane," said he, surveying even the elder sister with some interest, "Eels will be sorry he cried off. You may be a fifty thousand pounder yet."

The sisters had never thought of the money question up to that moment, but Fred. Bullock bantered them with graceful gayety about it during their forenoon's excursion; and they had risen not a little in their own esteem by the time when, the morning amusement over, they drove back to dinner. And do not let my respected reader exclaim against this selfishness as unnatural. It was but this present morning, as he rode on the omnibus from Richmond; while it changed horses, this present chronicler, being on the roof, marked three little children playing in a puddle below, very dirty and friendly and happy. To these three presently came another little one. "*Polly*," says she, "*your sister's got a penny*." At which the children got up from the puddle instantly, and ran off to pay their court to Peggy. And as the omnibus drove off I saw Peggy with the infantine procession at her tail, marching with great dignity toward the stall of a neighboring lollipop-woman.

CHAPTER XXIV.

IN WHICH MR. OSBORNE TAKES DOWN THE FAMILY BIBLE.

So having prepared the sisters, Dobbin hastened away to the city to perform the rest and more difficult part of the task which he had undertaken. The idea of facing old Osborne rendered him not a little nervous, and more than once he thought of leaving the young ladies to communicate the secret, which, as he was aware, they could not long retain. But he had promised to report to George upon the manner in which the elder Osborne bore the intelligence; so going into the city to the paternal counting-house in Thames-street, he dispatched thence a note to Mr. Osborne begging for a half hour's conversation relative to the affairs of his son George. Dobbin's messenger returned from Mr. Osborne's house of business, with the compliments of the latter, who would be very happy to see the captain immediately, and away accordingly Dobbin went to confront him.

The captain, with a half-guilty secret to confess, and with the prospect of a painful and stormy interview before him, entered

Mr. Osborne's offices with a most dismal countenance and abashed gait, and, passing through the outer room where Mr. Chopper presided, was greeted by that functionary from his desk with a waggish air which farther discomfited him. Mr. Chopper winked and nodded and pointed his pen toward his patron's door, and said, "You'll find the governor all right," with the most provoking good humor.

Osborne rose too, and shook him heartily by the hand, and said, "How do, my dear boy?" with a cordiality that made poor George's ambassador feel doubly guilty. His hand lay as if dead in the old gentleman's grasp. He felt that he, Dobbin, was more or less the cause of all that had happened. It was he had brought back George to Amelia; it was he had applauded, encouraged, transacted almost the marriage which he was come to reveal to George's father: and the latter was receiving him with smiles of welcome; patting him on the shoulder, and calling him "Dobbin, my dear boy." The envoy had indeed good reason to hang his head.

Osborne fully believed that Dobbin had come to announce his son's surrender. Mr. Chopper and his principal were talking over the matter between George and his father, at the very moment when Dobbin's messenger arrived. Both agreed that George was sending in his submission. Both had been expecting it for some days—and "Lord! Chopper, what a marriage we'll have," Mr. Osborne said to his clerk, snapping his big fingers, and jingling all the guineas and shillings in his great pockets, as he eyed his subordinate with a look of triumph.

With similar operations conducted in both pockets, and a knowing, jolly air, Osborne from his chair regarded Dobbin seated blank and silent opposite to him. "What a bumpkin he is for a captain in the army," old Osborne thought. "I wonder George hasn't taught him better manners."

At last Dobbin summoned courage to begin. "Sir," said he, "I've brought you some very grave news. I have been at the Horse Guards this morning, and there's no doubt that our regiment will be ordered abroad, and on its way to Belgium before the week is over. And you know, sir, that we shan't be home again before a tussle which may be fatal to many of us."

Osborne looked grave. "My s——, the regiment will do its duty, sir, I dare say," he said.

"The French are very strong, sir," Dobbin went on. "The Russians and Austrians will be a long time before they can bring their troops down. We shall have the first of the fight, sir; and depend on it Boney will take care that it shall be a hard one."

"What are you driving at, Dobbin," his interlocutor said, uneasy and with a scowl.

"I suppose no Briton's afraid of any d— Frenchman, hey!"

I only mean, that before we go, and considering the great and certain risk that hangs over every one of us—if there are any differences between you and George—it would be as well, sir, that—that you should shake hands: wouldn't it? Should any thing happen to him, I think you would never forgive yourself if you hadn't parted in charity."

As he said this, poor William Dobbin blushed crimson, and felt and owned that he himself was a traitor. But for him, perhaps, this severance need never have taken place. Why had not George's marriage been delayed? What call was there to press it on so eagerly? He felt that George would have parted from Amelia at any rate without a mortal pang. Amelia, too, *might* have recovered the shock of losing him. It was his counsel had brought about this marriage, and all that was to ensue from it. And why was it? Because he loved her so much that he could not bear to see her unhappy: or because his own sufferings of suspense were so unendurable that he was glad to crush them at once—as we hasten a funeral after a death, or, when a separation from those we love is imminent, can not rest until the parting be over.

"You are a good fellow, William," said Mr. Osborne in a softened voice; "and me and George shouldn't part in anger, that is true. Look here. I've done for him as much as any father ever did. He's had three times as much money from me, as I warrant your father ever gave you. But I don't brag about that. How I've toiled for him, and worked and employed my talents and energy I won't say. Ask Chopper. Ask himself. Ask the city of London. Well, I propose to him such a marriage as any nobleman in the land might be proud of—the only thing in life I ever asked him—and he refuses me. Am I wrong? Is the quarrel of *my* making? What do I seek but his good, for which I've been toiling like a convict ever since he was born? Nobody can say there's any thing selfish in *me*. Let him come back. I say, here's my hand. I say, forget and forgive. As for marrying now, it's out of the question. Let him and Miss S. make it up, and make out the marriage afterward, when he comes back a colonel; for he shall be a colonel, by G—he shall, if money can do it. I'm glad you've brought him round. I know it's you Dobbin. You've took him out of many a scrape before. Let him come. I shan't be hard. Come along, and dine in Russell-square to-day: both of you. The old shop, the old hour. You'll find a neck of venison, and no questions asked."

This praise and confidence smote Dobbin's heart very keenly. Every moment the colloquy continued in this tone, he felt more

and more guilty. "Sir," said he, "I fear you deceive yourself. I am sure you do. George is much too high-minded a man ever to marry for money. A threat on your part that you would disinherit him in case of disobedience would only be followed by resistance on his."

"Why, hang it, man, you don't call offering him eight or ten thousand a year, threatening him?" Mr. Osborne said, with still provoking good humor. "Gad, if Miss S. will have me, I'm her man. I ain't particular about a shade or so of tawny." And the old gentleman gave his knowing grin, and coarse laugh.

"You forget, sir, previous engagements into which Captain Osborne had entered," the ambassador said, gravely.

"What engagements? What the devil do you mean? You don't mean," Mr. Osborne continued, gathering wrath and astonishment as the thought now first came upon him; "you don't mean that he's such a d— fool as to be still hankering after that swindling old bankrupt's daughter? You've not come here for to make me suppose that he wants to marry *her*? Marry *her*, that is a good one. My son and heir marry a beggar's girl out of a gutter. D— him, if he does, let him buy a broom and sweep a crossing. She was always dangling and ogling after him, I recollect now; and I've no doubt she was put on by her old sharper of a father."

"Mr. Sedley was your very good friend, sir," Dobbin interposed, almost pleased at finding himself growing angry. "Time was you called him better names than rogue and swindler. The match was of your own making. George had no right to play fast and loose——."

"Fast and loose!" howled out old Osborne. "Fast and loose! Why, hang me, those are the very words my gentleman used himself when he gave himself airs, last Thursday was a fortnight, and talked about the British army to his father who made him. What, it's you who have been a setting of him up—is it? and my service to you *captain*. It's you who want to introduce beggars into my family. Thank you for nothing, captain. Marry *her* indeed—he, he! why should he? I warrant you she'd go to him fast enough without."

"Sir," said Dobbin, starting up in undisguised anger; "no man shall abuse that lady in my hearing, and you least of all."

"O, you're a going to call me out, are you? Stop, let me ring the bell for pistols for two. Mr. George sent you here to insult his father, did he?" Osborne said, pulling at the bell-cord.

"Mr. Osborne," said Dobbin, with a faltering voice, "it's you who are insulting the best creature in the world. You had best spare her, sir, for she's your son's wife."

And with this, feeling that he could say no more, Dobbin went away, Osborne sinking back in his chair, and looking wildly after him. A clerk came in, obedient to the bell; and the captain was scarcely out of the court where Mr. Osborne's offices were, when Mr. Chopper, the chief clerk, came rushing hatless after him.

"For God's sake, what is it?" Mr. Chopper said, catching the captain by the skirt. "The governor's in a fit. What has Mr. George been doing?"

"He married Miss Sedley five days ago," Dobbin replied. "I was his groomsmen, Mr. Chopper, and you must stand his friend."

The old clerk shook his head. "If that's your news, captain, it's bad. The governor will never forgive him."

Dobbin begged Chopper to report progress to him at the hotel where he was stopping, and walked off moodily westward, greatly perturbed as to the past and the future.

When the Russell-square family came to dinner that evening, they found the father of the house seated in his usual place, but with that air of gloom on his face, which, whenever it appeared there, kept the whole circle silent. The ladies and Mr. Bullock, who dined with them, felt that the news had been communicated to Mr. Osborne. His dark looks affected Mr. Bullock so far as to render him still and quiet; but he was unusually bland and attentive to Miss Maria, by whom he sat, and to her sister presiding at the head of the table.

Miss Wirt, by consequence, was alone on her side of the board, a gap being left between her and Miss Jane Osborne. Now this was George's place when he dined at home; and his cover, as we said, was laid for him in expectation of that truant's return. Nothing occurred during dinner time except smiling Mr. Frederic's flagging, confidential whispers, and the clinking of plate and china, to interrupt the silence of the repast. The servants went about stealthily doing their duty. Mutes at funerals could not look more glum than the domestics of Mr. Osborne. The neck of venison of which he had invited Dobbin to partake, was carved by him in perfect silence; but his own share went away almost untasted, though he drank much, and the butler assiduously filled his glass.

At last, just at the end of the dinner, his eyes, which had been staring at every body in turn, fixed themselves for a while upon the plate laid for George. He pointed to it presently with his left hand. His daughters looked at him and did not comprehend, or choose to comprehend, the signal; nor did the servants at first understand it.

"Take that plate away," at last he said, getting up with an oath—and with this pushing his chair back, he walked into his own room.

Behind Mr. Osborne's dining-room was the usual apartment which went in his house by the name of the study; and was sacred to the master of the house. Hither Mr. Osborne would retire on a Sunday forenoon, when not minded to go to church; and here pass the morning in his crimson leather chair, reading the paper. A couple of glazed book-cases were here, containing standard works in stout gilt bindings. The "Annual Register," the "Gentleman's Magazine," "Blair's Sermons," and "Hume and Smollet." From year's end to year's end he never took one of these volumes from the shelf; but there was no member of the family that would dare for his life to touch one of the books, except upon those rare Sunday evenings when there was no dinner party, and when the great scarlet Bible and Prayer-book were taken out from the corner where they stood beside his copy of the Peerage, and the servants being rung up to the dining parlor, Osborne read the evening service to his family in a loud, grating, pompous voice. No member of the household, child or domestic, ever entered that room without a certain terror. Here he checked the housekeeper's accounts, and overhauled the butler's cellar-book. Hence he could command, across the clean, gravel courtyard, the back entrance of the stables with which one of his bells communicated, and into this yard the coachman issued from his premises as into a dock, and Osborne swore at him from the study window. Four times a year Miss Wirt entered this apartment to get her salary; and his daughters to receive their quarterly allowance. George, as a boy, had been horsewhipped in this room many times; his mother sitting sick on the stair listening to the cuts of the whip. The boy was scarcely ever known to cry under the punishment; the poor woman used to fondle and kiss him secretly, and give him money to soothe him when he came out.

There was a picture of the family over the mantel-piece, removed thither from the front room after Mrs. Osborne's death—George was on a pony, the elder sister holding him up a bunch of flowers; the younger led by her mother's hand; all with red cheeks and large, red mouths, simpering on each other in the approved family-portrait manner. The mother lay under ground now, long since forgotten—the sisters and brother had a hundred different interests of their own, and, familiar still, were utterly estranged from each other. Some few score of years afterward, when all the parties represented are grown old, what bitter satire there is in these flaunting, childish, family-portraits, with their farce of sentiment and smiling lies, and innocence so self-conscious and self-satisfied. Osborne's own stately portrait, with that of his great silver inkstand and arm-chair, had taken the

place of honor in the dining-room, vacated by the family-piece.

To this study old Osborne retired then, greatly to the relief of the small party whom he left. When the servants had withdrawn, they began to talk for a while volubly but very low; then they went up-stairs quietly, Mr. Bullock accompanying them stealthily on his creaking shoes. He had no heart to sit alone drinking wine, and so close to the terrible old gentleman in the study hard at hand.

An hour at least after dark, the butler, not having received any summons, ventured to tap at his door and take him in wax candles and tea. The master of the house sat in his chair pretending to read the paper, and when the servant, placing the lights and refreshment on the table by him, retired, Mr. Osborne got up and locked the door after him. This time there was no mistaking the matter; all the household knew that some great catastrophe was going to happen which was likely direly to afflict Master George.

In the large shining mahogany escrutoire Mr. Osborne had a drawer especially devoted to his son's affairs and papers. Here he kept all the documents relating to him ever since he had been a boy: here were his prize copy-books, and drawing-books, all bearing George's hand, and that of the master: here were his first letters in large round hand, sending his love to papa and mamma, and conveying his petitions for a cake. His dear godpapa Sedley was more than once mentioned in them. Curses quivered on old Osborne's livid lips, and horrid hatred and disappointment writhed in his heart, as looking through some of these papers he came on that name. They were all marked and docketed, and tied with red tape. It was—"From Georgy, requesting 5s., April 23, 18—; answered April 25,"—or "Georgy about a pony, October 13"—and so forth. In another packet were "Dr. S.'s accounts"—"G.'s tailor's bills and outfit, drafts on me by G. Osborne, jun.," &c.—his letters from the West Indies—his agent's letters, and the newspapers containing his commission: here was a whip he had when a boy, and in a paper a locket containing his hair, which his mother used to wear.

Turning one over after another, and musing over the memorials, the unhappy man passed many hours. His dearest vanities, ambitions, hopes, had all been here. What pride he had in his boy! He was the handsomest child ever seen. Every body said he was like a nobleman's son. A royal princess had remarked him, and kissed him, and asked his name in Kew Gardens. What city-man could show such another? Could a prince have been better cared for? Any thing that money could buy had been his son's. He used to go down on speech-days with four horses and new liveries, and scatter new shillings among the boys at the

school where George was: when he went with George to the dépôt of his regiment, before the boy embarked for Canada, he gave the officers such a dinner as the Duke of York might have sat down to. Had he ever refused a bill when George drew one? There they were—paid without a word. Many a general in the army couldn't ride the horses he had! He had the child before his eyes, on a hundred different days when he remembered George—after dinner, when he used to come in as bold as a lord and drink off his glass by his father's side, at the head of the table—on the pony at Brighton, when he cleared the hedge and kept up with the huntsman—on the day when he was presented to the Prince Regent at the levee, when all St. James's couldn't produce a finer young fellow. And this, this was the end of all!—to marry a bankrupt, and fly in the face of duty and fortune! What humiliation and fury: what pangs of sickening rage, balked ambition and love; what wounds of outraged vanity, tenderness even, had this old worldling now to suffer under!

Having examined these papers, and pondered over this one and the other, in that bitterest of all helpless woe, with which miserable men think of happy past times, George's father took the whole of the documents out of the drawer in which he had kept them so long, and locked them into a writing-box, which he tied and sealed with his seal. Then he opened the book-case, and took down the great red Bible we have spoken of—a pompous book, seldom looked at, and shining all over with gold. There was a frontispiece to the volume, representing Abraham sacrificing Isaac. Here, according to custom, Osborne had recorded on the fly-leaf, and in his large clerk-like hand, the dates of his marriage and his wife's death, and the births and Christian names of his children. Jane came first, then George Sedley Osborne, then Maria Frances, and the days of the christening of each. Taking a pen, he carefully obliterated George's name from the page; and when the leaf was quite dry, restored the volume to the place from which he had moved it. Then he took a document out of another drawer, where his own private papers were kept; and having read it, crumpled it up and lighted it at one of the candles, and saw it burn entirely away in the grate. It was his will; which having burned, he sat down and wrote off a letter, and rang for his servant, whom he charged to deliver it in the morning. It was morning already: as he went up to bed, the whole house was alight with the sunshine: and the birds were singing among the fresh green leaves in Russell-square.

Anxious to keep all Mr. Osborne's family and dependents in good humor, and to make as many friends as possible for George in his

hour of adversity, William Dobbin, who knew the effect which good dinners and good wines have upon the soul of man, wrote off immediately on his return to his inn, the most hospitable of invitations to Thomas Chopper, Esquire, begging that gentleman to dine with him, at the Slaughter's, next day. The note reached Mr. Chopper before he left the city, and the instant reply was, that "Mr. Chopper presents his respectful compliments, and will have the honor and pleasure of waiting on Captain D." The invitation and the rough draft of the answer were shown to Mrs. Chopper and her daughters, on his return to Somers' Town that evening, and they talked about military gents and West End men with great exultation as the family sate and partook of tea. When the girls had gone to rest, Mr. and Mrs. C. discoursed upon the strange events which were occurring in the governor's family. Never had the clerk seen his principal so moved. When he went in to Mr. Osborne, after Captain Dobbin's departure, Mr. Chopper found his chief black in the face, and all but in a fit: some dreadful quarrel, he was certain, had occurred between Mr. O. and the young captain. Chopper had been instructed to make out an account of all sums paid to Captain Osborne within the last three years. "And a precious lot of money he has had, too," the chief clerk said, and respected his old and young master the more, for the liberal way in which the guineas had been flung about. The dispute was something about Miss Sedley. Mrs. Chopper vowed and declared, she pitied that poor young lady to lose such a handsome young fellow as the captaining. As the daughter of an unlucky speculator, who had paid a very shabby dividend, Mr. Chopper had no great regard for Miss Sedley. He respected the house of Osborne before all others in the city of London: and his hope and wish was, that Captain George should marry a nobleman's daughter. The clerk slept a great deal sounder than his principal that night; and, cuddling his children after breakfast, of which he partook with a very hearty appetite (though his modest cup of life was only sweetened with brown sugar), he set off in his best Sunday suit and frilled shirt for business, promising his admiring wife not to punish Captain D.'s port too severely that evening.

Mr. Osborne's countenance, when he arrived in the city at his usual time, struck those dependents who were accustomed, for good reasons, to watch its expression, as peculiarly ghastly and worn. At twelve o'clock Mr. Higgs (of the firm of Higgs & Blatherwick, solicitors, Bedford Row) called by appointment, and was ushered into the governor's private room, and closeted there for more than an hour. At about one Mr.

Chopper received a note brought by Captain Dobbin's man, and containing an inclosure for Mr. Osborne, which the clerk went in and delivered. A short time afterward Mr. Chopper and Mr. Birch, the next clerk, were summoned, and requested to witness a paper. "I've been making a new will," Mr. Osborne said, to which these gentlemen appended their names accordingly. No conversation passed. Mr. Higgs looked exceedingly grave as he came into the outer rooms, and very hard in Mr. Chopper's face; but there were not any explanations. It was remarked that Mr. Osborne was particularly quiet and gentle all day, to the surprise of those who had augured ill from his darkling demeanor. He called no man names that day, and was not heard to swear once. He left business early; and before going away, summoned his chief clerk once more, and having given him general instructions, asked him, after some seeming hesitation and reluctance to speak, if he knew whether Captain Dobbin was in town?

Chopper said he believed he was. Indeed both of them knew the fact perfectly.

Osborne took a letter directed to that officer, and, giving it to the clerk, requested the latter to deliver it into Dobbin's own hands immediately.

"And now Chopper," says he, taking his hat, and with a strange look, "my mind will be easy." Exactly as the clock struck two (there was no doubt an appointment between the pair), Mr. Frederic Bullock called, and he and Mr. Osborne walked away together.

The colonel of the —th regiment, in which Messieurs Dobbin and Osborne had companies, was an old general who had made his first campaign under Wolfe at Quebec, and was long since quite too old and feeble for command; but he took some interest in the regiment of which he was the nominal head, and made certain of his young officers welcome at his table, a kind of hospitality which I believe is not altogether common among his brethren of the present day. Captain Dobbin was an especial favorite of this old general. Dobbin was versed in the literature of his profession, and could talk about the great Frederic and the empress queen and their wars, almost as well as the general himself, who was indifferent to the triumphs of the present day, and whose heart was with the tacticians of fifty years back. This officer sent a summons to Dobbin to come and breakfast with him, on the morning when Mr. Osborne altered his will and Mr. Chopper put on his best shirt frill, and then informed his young favorite, a couple of days in advance, of that which they were all expecting—a marching order to go to Belgium. The order for the regiment to hold itself in readiness would leave the Horse Guards in a day or two; and as transports were in plenty, they would get their route before

the week was over. Recruits had come in during the stay of the regiment at Chatham; and the old general hoped that the regiment which had helped to beat Montcalm in Canada, and to rout Mr. Washington on Long Island, would prove itself worthy of its historical reputation on the oft-trodden battle-grounds of the Low Countries. "And so my good friend, if you have any *affaire là*," said the old general, taking a pinch of snuff with his trembling white old hand, and then pointing to the spot of his *robe de chambre*, under which his heart was still feebly beating, "if you have any Phillis to console, or to bid farewell to papa and mamma, or any will to make, I recommend you to set about your business without delay." With which the general gave his young friend a finger to shake, and a good-natured nod of his powdered and pig-tailed head; and the door being closed upon Dobbin, sat down to pen a *poulet* (he was exceedingly vain of his French) to Mademoiselle Aménaïde, of His Majesty's Theater.

This news made Dobbin grave, and he thought of our friends at Brighton, and then he was ashamed of himself that Amelia was always the first thing in his thoughts (always before any body—before father and mother, sisters and duty—always at waking and sleeping, indeed, and all day long); and returning to his hotel, he sent off a brief note to Mr. Osborne, acquainting him with the information which he had received, and which might tend farther, he hoped, to bring about a reconciliation with George.

This note, dispatched by the same messenger who had carried the invitation to Chopper on the previous day, alarmed the worthy clerk not a little. It was inclosed to him, and as he opened the letter he trembled lest the dinner should be put off on which he was calculating. His mind was inexpressibly relieved when he found that the envelope was only a reminder for himself. ("I shall expect you at half-past five," Captain Dobbin wrote.) He was very much interested about his employer's family; but, *que voulez vous?* a grand dinner was of more concern to him than the affairs of any other mortal.

Dobbin was quite justified in repeating the general's information to any officers of the regiment whom he should see in the course of his peregrinations; accordingly he imparted it to Ensign Stubble, whom he met at the agent's, and who, such was his military ardor, went off instantly to purchase a new sword at the accouterment-maker's. Here this young fellow, who though only seventeen years of age, and about sixty-five inches high, with a constitution naturally rickety and much impaired by premature brandy and water, had an undoubted courage and a lion's heart, poised, tried, bent, and balanced a weapon such as he thought would

do execution among Frenchmen. Shouting "Ha, ha," and stamping his little feet with tremendous energy, he delivered the point twice or thrice at Captain Dobbin, who parried the thrust laughingly with his bamboo walking-stick.

Mr. Stubble, as may be supposed from his size and slenderness, was of the Light Bobs. Ensign Spooney, on the contrary, was a tall youth, and belonged to (Captain Dobbin's) the Grenadier Company, and he tried on a new bear-skin cap, under which he looked savage beyond his years. Then these two lads went off to the Slaughter's, and having ordered a famous dinner, sat down and wrote off letters to the kind, anxious parents at home—letters full of love and heartiness, and pluck and bad spelling. Ah! there were many anxious hearts beating through England at that time; and mothers' prayers and tears flowing in many homesteads.

Seeing young Stubble engaged in composition at one of the coffee-room tables at the Slaughter's, and the tears trickling down his nose upon the paper (for the youngster was thinking of his mamma, and that he might never see her again), Dobbin, who was going to write off a letter to George Osborne, relented, and locked up his desk. "Why should I?" said he. "Let her have this night happy. I'll go and see my parents early in the morning, and go down to Brighton myself to-morrow."

So he went up and laid his big hand on young Stubble's shoulder, and backed up that young champion, and told him if he would leave off brandy and water he would be a good soldier, as he always was a gentlemanly good-hearted fellow. Young Stubble's eyes brightened up at this, for Dobbin was greatly respected in the regiment, as the best officer and the cleverest man in it.

"Thank you, Dobbin," he said, rubbing his eyes with his knuckles, "I was just—just telling her I would. And O, sir, she's so *dam* kind to me." The water pumps were at work again, and I am not sure that the soft-hearted captain's eyes did not also twinkle.

The two ensigns, the captain and Mr. Chopper, dined together in the same box. Chopper brought the letter from Mr. Osborne, in which the latter briefly presented his compliments to Captain Dobbin, and requested him to forward the inclosed to Captain George Osborne. Chopper knew nothing further; he described Mr. Osborne's appearance, it is true, and his interview with his lawyer, wondered how the governor had sworn at nobody, and, especially as the wine circled round, abounded in speculations and conjectures. But these grew more vague with every glass, and at length became perfectly unintelligible. At a late hour Captain Dobbin put his guest into a hackney coach,

in a hiccuping state, and swearing that he would be the kick—the kick—captain's friend for ever and ever.

When Captain Dobbin took leave of Miss Osborne we have said that he asked leave to come and pay her another visit, and the spinster expected him for some hours the next day, when, perhaps, had he come, and had he asked her that question which she was prepared to answer, she would have declared herself as her brother's friend, and a reconciliation might have been effected between George and his angry father. But though she waited at home the captain never came. He had his own affairs to pursue; his own parents to visit and console; and at an early hour of the day to take his place on the Lightning coach, and go down to his friends at Brighton. In the course of the day Miss Osborne heard her father give orders that that meddling scoundrel, Captain Dobbin, should never be admitted within his doors again, and any hopes in which she may have indulged privately, were thus abruptly brought to an end. Mr. Frederic Bullock came, and was particularly affectionate to Maria, and attentive to the broken-spirited old gentleman. For though he said his mind would be easy, the means which he had taken to secure quiet did not seem to have succeeded as yet, and the events of the past two days had visibly shattered him.

CHAPTER XXV.

IN WHICH ALL THE PRINCIPAL PERSONAGES
THINK FIT TO LEAVE BRIGHTON.

CONDUCTED to the ladies, at the Ship Inn, Dobbin assumed a jovial and rattling manner, which proved that this young officer was becoming a more consummate hypocrite every day of his life. He was trying to hide his own private feelings, first upon seeing Mrs. George Osborne in her new condition, and secondly to mask the apprehensions he entertained as to the effect which the dismal news brought down by him would certainly have upon her.

"It is my opinion, George," he said, "that the French emperor will be upon us, horse and foot, before three weeks are over, and will give the duke such a dance as shall make the Peninsula appear mere child's play. But you need not say that to Mrs. Osborne, you know. There mayn't be any fighting on our side after all, and our business in Belgium may turn out to be a mere military occupation. Many persons think so: and Brussels is full of fine people and ladies of fashion." So it was agreed to represent the duty of the British army in Belgium in this harmless light to Amelia.

This plot being arranged, the hypocritical

Dobbin saluted Mrs. George Osborne quite gayly, tried to pay her one or two compliments relative to her new position as a bride (which compliments, it must be confessed, were exceedingly clumsy and hung fire woefully), and then fell to talking about Brighton, and the sea-air, and the gayeties of the place, and the beauties of the road and the merits of the "Lightning" coach and horses—all in a manner quite incomprehensible to Amelia, and very amusing to Rebecca, who was watching the captain, as indeed she watched every one near whom she came.

Little Amelia, it must be owned, had rather a mean opinion of her husband's friend, Captain Dobbin. He lisped—he was very plain and homely-looking: and exceedingly awkward and ungainly. She liked him for his attachment to her husband (to be sure there was very little merit in that), and she thought George was most generous and kind in extending his friendship to his brother officer. George had mimicked Dobbin's lip and queer manners many times to her, though to do him justice, he always spoke most highly of his friend's good qualities. In her little day of triumph, and not knowing him intimately as yet, she made light of honest William—and he knew her opinions of him quite well, and acquiesced in them very humbly. A time came when she knew him better, and changed her notions regarding him: but that was distant as yet.

As for Rebecca, Captain Dobbin had not been two hours in the ladies' company, before she understood his secret perfectly. She did not like him, and feared him privately; nor was he very much prepossessed in her favor. He was so honest, that her arts and cajoleries did not affect him, and he shrank from her with instinctive repulsion. And, as she was by no means so far superior to her sex as to be above jealousy, she disliked him the more for his adoration of Amelia. Nevertheless, she was very respectful and cordial in her manner toward him. A friend to the Osbornes! a friend to her dearest benefactors! She vowed she should always love him sincerely: she remembered him quite well on the Vauxhall night, as she told Amelia archly, and she made a little fun of him when the two ladies went to dress for dinner. Rawdon Crawley paid scarcely any attention to Dobbin, looking upon him as a good-natured nincompo, and under-bred city man. Jos patronized him with much dignity.

When George and Dobbin were alone in the latter's room, to which George had followed him, Dobbin took from his desk the letter which he had been charged by Mr. Osborne to deliver to his son. "It's not in my father's hand-writing," said George, looking rather alarmed; nor was it: the letter was from Mr. Osborne's lawyer, and to the following effect—

"Bedford Row, May 7, 1815.

"SIR,

"I am commissioned by Mr. Osborne to inform you, that he abides by the determination which he before expressed to you, and that in consequence of the marriage which you have been pleased to contract, he ceases to consider you henceforth as a member of his family. This determination is final and irrevocable.

"Although the moneys expended upon you in your minority, and the bills which you have drawn upon him so unsparingly of late years, far exceed in amount the sum to which you are entitled in your own right (being the third part of the fortune of your mother, the late Mrs. Osborne, and which reverted to you at her decease, and to Miss Jane Osborne and Miss Maria Frances Osborne), yet I am instructed by Mr. Osborne to say, that he waives all claim upon your estate, and that the sum of £2000, 4 per cent. annuities, at the value of the day (being your one-third share of the sum of £6000), shall be paid over to yourself or your agents upon your receipt for the same, by

"Your obedient Servt.,

"S. HIGGS.

"P.S.—Mr. Osborne desires me to say, once for all, that he declines to receive any messages, letters, or communications from you on this or any other subject."

"A pretty way you have managed the affair," said George, looking savagely at William Dobbin. "Look there, Dobbin," and he flung over to the latter his parent's letter. "A beggar, by Jove, and all in consequence of my d—d sentimentality. Why couldn't we have waited? A ball might have done for me in the course of the war, and may still, and how will Emmy be bettered by being left a beggar's widow? It was all your doing. You were never easy until you had got me married and ruined. What the deuce am I to do with twot thousand pounds? Such a sum won't last two years. I've lost a hundred and forty to Crawley at cards and billiards since I've been down here. A pretty manager of a man's matters *you* are, forsooth."

"There's no denying that the position is a hard one," Dobbin replied, after reading over the letter with a blank countenance; "and, as you say, it is partly of my making. There are some men that wouldn't mind changing with you," he added with a bitter smile. "How many captains in the regiment have two thousand pounds to the fore, think you? You must live on your pay till your father relents, and if you die, you leave your wife a hundred a year."

"Do you suppose a man of my habits can live on his pay and a hundred a year?" George cried out in great anger. "You

must be a fool to talk so, Dobbin. How the deuce am I to keep up my position in the world upon such a pitiful pittance? I can't change my habits. I *must* have my comforts. I wasn't brought up on porridge like MacWhirter, or on potatoes, like old O'Dowd. Do you expect my wife to take in soldiers' washing, or ride after the regiment in a baggage wagon?"

"Well, well," said Dobbin, still good-naturedly, "we'll get her a better conveyance. But try and remember that you are only a dethroned prince now, George, my boy; and be quiet while the tempest lasts. It won't be for long. Let your name be mentioned in the Gazette, and I'll engage the old father relents toward you."

"Mentioned in the Gazette!" George answered. "And in what part of it? Among the killed and wounded returns, and at the top of the list, very likely."

"Psha! It will be time enough to cry out when we are hurt," Dobbin said. "And if any thing happens, you know, George, I have got a little, and I am not a marrying man, and I shall not forget my godson in my will," he added, with a smile. Whereupon the dispute ended—as many scores of such conversations between Osborne and his friend had concluded previously—by the former declaring there was no possibility of being angry with Dobbin long, and forgiving him very generously after abusing him without cause.

"I say, Becky," cried Rawdon Crawley out of his dressing-room, to his lady, who was attiring herself for dinner in her own chamber.

"What?" said Becky's shrill voice. She was looking over her shoulder in the glass. She had put on the neatest and freshest white frock imaginable, and with bare shoulders and a little necklace, and a light blue sash, she looked the image of youthful innocence and girlish happiness.

"I say, what'll Mrs. O. do, when O. goes out with the regiment?" Crawley said coming into the room, performing a duet on his head with two huge hair-brushes, and looking out from under his hair with admiration on his pretty little wife.

"I suppose she'll cry her eyes out," Becky answered. "She has been whimpering half-a-dozen of times at the very notion of it, already to me."

"You don't care, I suppose," Rawdon said, half angry at his wife's want of feeling.

"You wretch! don't you know that I intend to go with you," Becky replied. "Besides, you're different. You go as General Tufto's aid-de-camp. *We* don't belong to the line," Mrs. Crawley said, throwing up her head with an air that so enchanted her husband that he stooped down and kissed it.

"Rawdon, dear—don't you think—you'd better get that—money from Cupid, before he goes?" Becky continued, fixing on a kill-

ing bow. She called George Osborne, Cupid. She had flattered him about his good looks a score of times already. She watched over him kindly at *écarté* of a night when he would drop in to Rawdon's quarters for a half-hour before bed-time.

She had often called him a horrid dissipated wretch, and threatened to tell Emmy of his wicked ways and naughty extravagant habits. She brought his cigar and lighted it for him; she knew the effect of that manoeuvre, having practiced it in former days upon Rawdon Crawley. He thought her gay, brisk, arch, distinguée, delightful. In their little drives and dinners Becky, of course, quite outshone poor Emmy, who remained very mute and timid while Mrs. Crawley and her husband rattled away together, and Captain Crawley (and Jos after he joined the young married people) gobbled in silence.

Emmy's mind somehow misgave her about her friend. Rebecca's wit, spirits, and accomplishments troubled her with a rueful disquiet. They were only a week married, and here was George already suffering ennui, and eager for others' society! She trembled for the future. How shall I be a companion for him, she thought—so clever and so brilliant, and I such a humble, foolish creature? How noble it was of him to marry me—to give up every thing and stoop down to me. I ought to have refused him, only I had not the heart. I ought to have stopped at home, and taken care of poor papa. And her neglect of her parents (and indeed, there was some foundation for this charge, which the poor child's uneasy conscience brought against her) was now remembered for the first time, and caused her to blush with humiliation. Oh! thought she, I have been very wicked and selfish—selfish in forgetting them in their sorrows—selfish in forcing George to marry me. I know I'm not worthy of him—I know he would have been happy without me—and yet—I tried, I tried to give him up.

It is hard when, before seven days of marriage are over, such thoughts and confessions as these force themselves on a little bride's mind. But so it was, and the night before Dobbin came to join these young people—on a fine, brilliant moonlight night of May—so warm and balmy that the windows were flung open to the balcony, from which George and Mrs. Crawley were gazing upon the calm ocean spread shining before them, while Rawdon and Jos were engaged at back-gammon within—Amelia couched in a great chair quite neglected, and watching both these parties, felt a despair and remorse such as were bitter companions for that tender, lonely soul. Scarce a week was past, and it was come to this! The future, had she regarded it, offered a dismal prospect; but Emmy was too shy, so to speak, to look to that and

embark alone on that wide sea, and unfit to navigate it without a guide and protector. I know Miss Smith has a mean opinion of her. But how many, my dear madam, are endowed with your prodigious strength of mind?

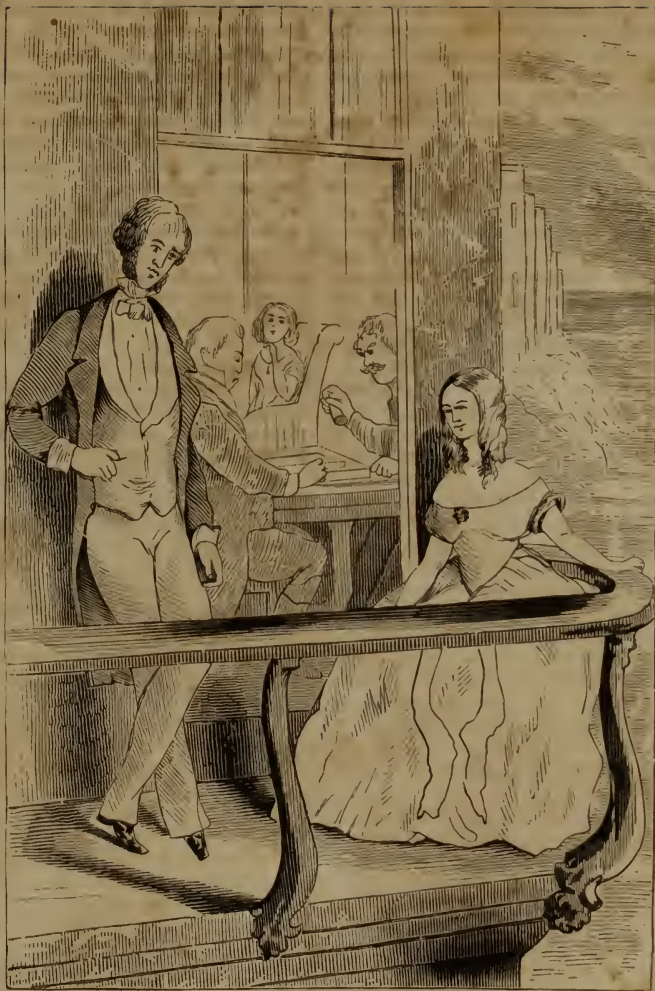
"Gad, what a fine night, and how bright the moon is!" George said, with a puff of his cigar, which went soaring up skyward.

"How delicious they smell in the open air! I adore them. Who'd think the moon was two hundred and thirty-six thousand eight hundred and forty-seven miles off?" she added, gazing at that orb with a smile. "Isn't it clever of me to remember that? Pooh! we learned it all at Miss Pinkerton's! How calm the sea is, and how clear every thing. I declare, I can almost see the coast of France!" and her bright green eyes streamed out, and shot into the night as if they *could* see through it.

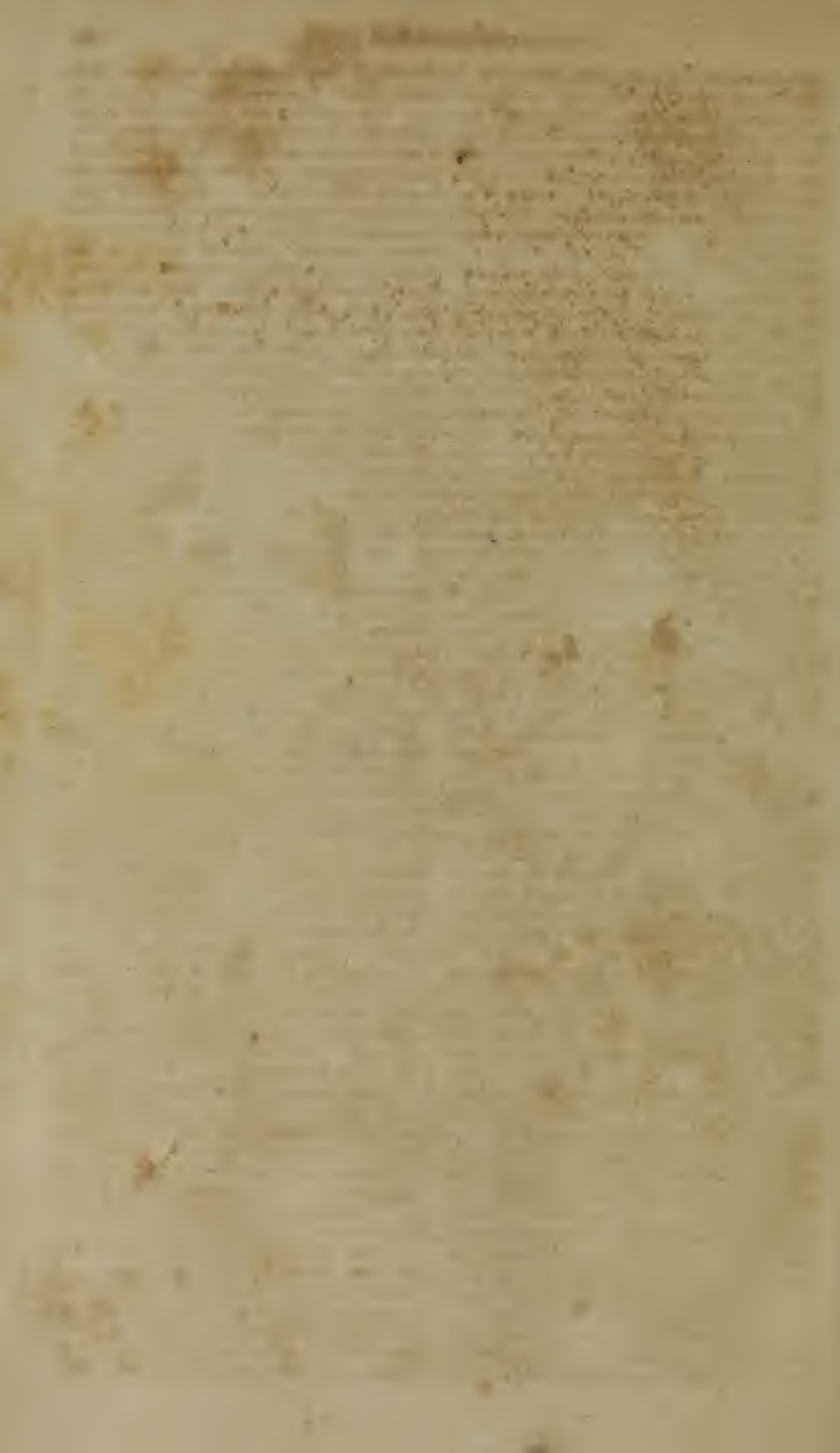
"Do you know what I intend to do to-morrow?" she said; "I find I can swim beautifully, and some day, when my Aunt Crawley's companion—old Briggs, you know—you remember her—that hook-nosed woman, with the long wisps of hair—when Briggs goes out to bathe, I intend to dive under her awning, and insist on a reconciliation in the water. Isn't that a stratagem?"

George burst out laughing at the idea of this aquatic meeting. "What's the row there, you two?" Rawdon shouted out, rattling the box. Amelia was making a fool of herself in an absurd, hysterical manner, and retired to her own room to whimper in private.

Our history is destined in this chapter to go backward and forward in a very irresolute manner, seemingly, and having conducted our story to to-morrow presently, we shall immediately again have occasion to step back to yesterday, so that the whole of the tale may get a hearing. As you behold at her Majesty's drawing-room, the ambassadors' and high dignitaries' carriages whisk off from a private door, while Captain Jones's ladies are waiting for their fly; as you see in the Secretary of the Treasury's ante-chamber, a half-dozen of petitioners waiting patiently for their audience, and called out one by one, when suddenly an Irish member or some eminent person enters the apartment, and instantly walks into Mr. Under-Secretary over the heads of all the people present: so in the conduct of a tale, the romancer is obliged to exercise this most partial sort of justice. Although all the little incidents must be heard, yet they must be put off when the great events make their appearance; and surely, such a circumstance as that which brought Dobbin to Brighton, viz., the ordering out of the Guards and the line to Belgium, and the mustering of the allied armies in that country under the command of his Grace the Duke of Wellington—such



A FAMILY PARTY AT BRIGHTON. (p. 118.)



a dignified circumstance as that I say—was entitled to the *pas* over all minor occurrences whereof this history is composed mainly, and hence a little trifling disarrangement and disorder was excusable and becoming. We have only now advanced in time so far beyond Chapter XXII. as to have got our various characters up into their dressing-rooms before the dinner, which took place as usual on the day of Dobbin's arrival.

George was too humane or too much occupied with the tie of his neckcloth to convey at once all the news to Amelia which his comrade had brought with him from London. He came into her room, however, holding the attorney's letter in his hand, and with so solemn and important an air that his wife, always ingeniously on the watch for calamity, thought the worst was about to befall, and running up to her husband, besought her dearest George to tell her every thing—he was ordered abroad; there would be a battle next week—she knew there would.

Dearest George parried the question about foreign service, and with a melancholy shake of his head, said, "No, Emmy; it isn't that: it's not myself I care about: it's you. I have had bad news from my father. He refuses any communication with me; he has flung us off; and leaves us to poverty. I can rough it well enough; but you, my dear, how will you bear it? read here. And he handed her over the letter.

Amelia, with a look of tender alarm in her eyes, listened to her noble hero as he uttered the above generous sentiments, and sitting down on the bed, read the letter which George gave her with such a pompous, martyr-like air. Her face cleared up as she read the document, however. The idea of sharing poverty and privation in company with the beloved object, is, as we have before said, far from being disagreeable to a warm-hearted woman. The notion was actually pleasant to little Amelia. Then, as usual, she was ashamed of herself for feeling happy at such an indecorous moment, and checked her pleasure, saying demurely, "O, George, how your poor heart must bleed at the idea of being separated from your papa."

"It does," said George, with an agonized countenance.

"But he can't be angry with you long," she continued. "Nobody could, I'm sure. He must forgive you, my dearest, kindest husband. O, I shall never forgive myself if he does not."

"What vexes me, my poor Emmy, is not my misfortune, but yours," George said. "I don't care for a little poverty; and I think, without vanity, I've talents enough to make my own way."

"That you have," interposed his wife, who thought that war should cease, and her husband should be made a general instantly.

"Yes, I shall make my way as well as another," Osborne went on; "but you, my dear girl, how can I bear your being deprived of the comforts and station in society which my wife had a right to expect? My dearest girl in barracks; the wife of a soldier in a marching regiment; subject to all sorts of annoyance and privation! It makes me miserable."

Emmy, quite at ease, as this was her husband's only cause of disquiet, took his hand, and with a radiant face and smile began to warble that stanza from the favorite song of "Wapping Old Stairs," in which the heroine, after rebuking her Tom for inattention, promises "his trowsers to mend, and his grog too to make," if he will be constant and kind, and not forsake her. "Besides," she said, after a pause, during which she looked as pretty and happy as any young woman need, "isn't two thousand pounds an immense deal of money, George?"

George laughed at her naïveté; and finally they went down to dinner, Amelia clinging on George's arm, still warbling the tune of "Wapping Old Stairs," and more pleased and light of mind than she had been for some days past.

Thus the repast, which at length came off, instead of being dismal, was an exceedingly brisk and merry one. The excitement of the campaign counteracted in George's mind the depression occasioned by the disinheriting letter. Dobbin still kept up his character of rattle. He amused the company with accounts of the army in Belgium, where nothing but fêtes and gaiety and fashion were going on. Then, having a particular end in view, this dexterous captain proceeded to describe Mrs. Major O'Dowd, packing her own and her major's wardrobe, and how his best epaulets had been stowed into a tea canister, while her own famous yellow turban, with the bird of paradise, wrapped in brown paper, was locked up in the major's tin cocked-hat case, and wondered what effect it would have at the French king's court at Ghent, or the great military balls at Brussels.

"Ghent! Brussels!" cried out Amelia with a sudden shock and start. "Is the regiment ordered away, George—is it ordered away?" A look of terror came over the sweet smiling face, and she clung to George as by an instinct.

"Don't be afraid, dear," he said good-naturedly; "it is but a twelve hour's passage. It won't hurt you. You shall go, too, Emmy."

"I intend to go," said Becky, "I'm on the staff. General Tufto is a great flirt of mine. Isn't he, Rawdon?"

Rawdon laughed out with his usual roar. William Dobbin flushed up quite red. "She can't go," he said; "think of the—of the danger," he was going to add; but had not

all his conversation during dinner-time tended to prove there was none! He became very confused and silent.

"I must and will go," Amelia cried with the greatest spirit; and George, applauding her resolution, patted her under the chin, and asked all the persons present if they ever saw such a termagant of a wife, and agreed that the lady should bear him company. "We'll have Mrs. O'Dowd to chaperon you," he said. What cared she so long as her husband was near her? Thus somehow the bitterness of a parting was juggled away. Though war and danger were in store, war and danger might not befall for months to come. There was a respite at any rate, which made the timid little Amelia almost as happy as a full reprieve would have done, and which even Dobbin owned in his heart was very welcome. For, to be permitted to see her was now the greatest privilege and hope of his life, and he thought with himself secretly how he would watch and protect her. I wouldn't have let her go if I had been married to her, he thought. But George was the master, and his friend did not think fit to remonstrate.

Putting her arm round her friend's waist, Rebecca at length carried Amelia off from the dinner-table where so much business of importance had been discussed, and left the gentlemen in a highly exhilarated state, drinking and talking very gayly.

In the course of the evening Rawdon got a little family-note from his wife, which, although he crumpled it up and burned it instantly in the candle, we had the good luck to read over Rebecca's shoulder. "Great news," she wrote. "Mrs. Bute is gone. Get the money from Cupid to-night, as he'll be off to-morrow most likely. Mind this.—R." So when the little company was about adjourning to coffee in the women's apartment, Rawdon touched Osborne on the elbow, and said gracefully, "I say, Osborne, my boy, if quite convenient, I'll trouble you for that 'ere small trifle." It was not quite convenient, but nevertheless George gave him a considerable present installment in bank notes from his pocket-book, and a bill on his agents at a week's date, for the remaining sum.

This matter arranged, George, and Jos, and Dobbin, held a council of war over their cigars, and agreed that a general move should be made for London in Jos's open carriage the next day. Jos, I think, would have preferred staying until Rawdon Crawley quitted Brighton, but Dobbin and George overruled him, and he agreed to carry the party to town, and ordered four horses, as became his dignity. With these they set off in state, after breakfast, the next day. Amelia had risen very early in the morning, and packed her little trunks with the greatest

alacrity, while Osborne lay in bed deploring that she had not a maid to help her. She was only too glad, however, to perform this office for herself. A dim uneasy sentiment about Rebecca filled her mind already; and although they kissed each other most tenderly at parting, yet we know what jealousy is; and Mrs. Amelia possessed that among other virtues of her sex.

Besides these characters who are coming and going away, we must remember that there were some other old friends of ours at Brighton; Miss Crawley, namely, and the suite in attendance upon her. Now, although Rebecca and her husband were but at a few stones' throw of the lodgings which the invalid Miss Crawley occupied, the old lady's door remained as piteously closed to them as it had been heretofore in London. As long as she remained by the side of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Bute Crawley took care that her beloved Matilda should not be agitated by a meeting with her nephew. When the spinster took her drive, the faithful Mrs. Bute sat beside her in the carriage. When Miss Crawley took the air in a chair, Mrs. Bute marched on one side of the vehicle, while honest Briggs occupied the other wing. And if they met Rawdon and his wife by chance—although the former constantly and obsequiously took off his hat, the Miss Crawley party passed him by with such a frigid and killing indifference, that Rawdon began to despair.

"We might as well be in London as here," Captain Rawdon often said, with a downcast air.

"A comfortable inn in Brighton is better than a spunging-house in Chancery-lane," his wife answered, who was of a more cheerful temperament. "Think of those two aids-de-camp of Mr. Moses, the sheriff's officer, who watched our lodging for a week. Our friends here are very stupid, but Mr. Jos and Captain Cupid are better companions than Mr. Moses's men, Rawdon, my love."

"I wonder the writs haven't followed me down here," Rawdon continued, still desponding.

"When they do, we'll find means to give them the slip," said dauntless little Becky, and further pointed out to her husband the great comfort and advantage of meeting Jos and Osborne, whose acquaintance had brought to Rawdon Crawley a most timely little supply of ready money.

"It will hardly be enough to pay the inn bill," grumbled the guardsman.

"Why need we pay it?" said the lady, who had an answer for every thing.

Through Rawdon's valet, who still kept up a trifling acquaintance with the male inhabitants of Miss Crawley's servants' hall, and was instructed to treat the coachman to

drink whenever they met, old Miss Crawley's movements were pretty well known by our young couple; and Rebecca luckily be-
 thought herself of being unwell, and of calling in the same apothecary who was in attendance upon the spinster, so that their information was on the whole tolerably complete. Nor was Miss Briggs, although forced to adopt a hostile attitude, secretly inimical to Rawdon and his wife. She was naturally of a kindly and forgiving disposition. Now that the cause of jealousy was removed, her dislike for Rebecca disappeared also, and she remembered the latter's invariable good words and good humor. And, indeed, she and Mrs. Firkin, the lady's-maid, and the whole of Miss Crawley's household, secretly groaned under the tyranny of the triumphant Mrs. Bute.

As often will be the case, that good but imperious woman pushed her advantages too far, and her successes quite unmercifully. She had in the course of a few weeks brought the invalid to such a state of helpless docility, that the poor soul yielded herself entirely to her sister's orders, and did not even dare to complain of her slavery to Briggs or Firkin. Mrs. Bute measured out the glasses of wine which Miss Crawley was daily allowed to take with irresistible accuracy, greatly to the annoyance of Firkin and the butler, who found themselves deprived of control over even the sherry-bottle. She apportioned the sweet-breads, jellies, chickens; the quantity and order. Night and noon and morning she brought the abominable drinks ordained by the doctor, and made her patient swallow them with so affecting an obedience, that Firkin said "my poor *missus* du take her physic like a lamb." She prescribed the drive in the carriage or the ride in the chair, and, in a word, ground down the old lady in her convalescence in such a way as only belongs to your proper-managing, motherly, moral, woman. If ever the patient faintly resisted, and pleaded for a little bit more dinner or a little drop less medicine, the nurse threatened her with instantaneous death, when Miss Crawley instantly gave in. "She's no spirit left in her," Firkin remarked to Briggs; "she ain't ave called me a fool these three weeks." Finally, Mrs. Bute had made up her mind to dismiss the aforesaid honest lady's-maid, Mr. Bowls, the large confidential man, and Briggs herself, and to send for her daughters from the Rectory, previous to removing the dear invalid bodily to Queen's Crawley, when an odious accident happened which called her away from duties so pleasing. The Reverend Bute Crawley her husband, riding home one night, fell with his horse, and broke his collar-bone. Fever and inflammatory symptoms set in, and Mrs. Bute was forced to leave Sussex for Hampshire. As soon as ever Bute was restored she

promised to return to her dearest friend, and departed, leaving the strongest injunctions with the household regarding their behavior to their mistress; and as soon as she got into the Southampton coach, there was such a jubilee and sense of relief in all Miss Crawley's house, as the company of persons assembled there had not experienced for many a week before. That very day Miss Crawley left off her afternoon dose of medicine: that afternoon Bowls opened an independent bottle of Sherry for himself and Mrs. Firkin; that night Miss Crawley and Miss Briggs indulged in a game of piquet instead of one of Porteus's sermons. It was as in the old nursery-story, when the stick forgot to beat the dog, and the whole course of events underwent a peaceful and happy revolution.

At a very early hour in the morning, twice or thrice a week, Miss Briggs used to betake herself to a bathing-machine, and disport in the water in a flannel gown, and an oilskin cap. Rebecca, as we have seen, was aware of this circumstance, and though she did not attempt to storm Briggs as she had threatened, and actually dive into the lady's presence and surprise her under the sacredness of the awning, Mrs. Rawdon determined to attack Briggs as she came away from her bath, refreshed and invigorated by her dip, and likely to be in good humor.

So, getting up very early the next morning, Becky brought the telescope in their sitting-room, which faced the sea, to bear upon the bathing-machines on the beach; saw Briggs arrive, enter her box, and put out to sea; and was on the shore just as the nymph of whom she came in quest stepped out of the little caravan on to the shingles. It was a pretty picture: the beach; the bathing-women's faces; the long line of rocks and building were blushing and bright in the sunshine. Rebecca wore a kind, tender smile on her face, and was holding out her pretty white hand as Briggs emerged from the box. What could Briggs do but accept the salutation?

"Miss Sh—, Mrs. Crawley," she said.

Mrs. Crawley seized her hand, pressed it to her heart, and with a sudden impulse, flinging her arms round Briggs, kissed her affectionately. "Dear, dear friend!" she said, with a touch of such natural feeling, that Miss Briggs, of course, at once began to melt, and even the bathing-woman was mollified.

Rebecca found no difficulty in engaging Briggs in a long, intimate, and delightful conversation. Every thing that had passed since the morning of Becky's sudden departure from Miss Crawley's house in Park Lane up to the present day, and Mrs. Bute's happy retreat, was discussed and described by Briggs. All Miss Crawley's symptoms, and the particulars of her illness and medical treatment, were narrated by the confi-

dante with that fullness and accuracy which women delight in. About their complaints and their doctors do ladies ever tire of talking to each other? Briggs did not on this occasion; nor did Rebecca weary of listening. She was thankful, truly thankful, that the dear kind Briggs, that the faithful, the invaluable Firkin, had been permitted to remain with their benefactress through her illness. Heaven bless her! though she, Rebecca, had seemed to act undutifully toward Miss Crawley; yet, was not her fault a natural and excusable one? Could she help giving her hand to the man who had won her heart? Briggs, the sentimental, could only turn up her eyes to heaven at this appeal, and heave a sympathetic sigh, and think that she, too, had given away her affections long years ago, and own that Rebecca was no very great criminal.

"Can I ever forget her who so befriended the friendless orphan? No, though she has cast me off," the latter said, "I shall never cease to love her, and I would devote my life to her service. As my own benefactress, as my beloved Rawdon's adored relative, I love and admire Miss Crawley, dear Miss Briggs, beyond any woman in the world, and next to her I love all those who are faithful to her. I would never have treated Miss Crawley's faithful friends as that odious, designing Mrs. Bute had done. Rawdon, who was all heart," Rebecca continued, "although his outward manners might seem rough and careless, had said a hundred times, with tears in his eyes, that he blessed heaven for sending his dearest aunt two such admirable nurses as her attached Firkin and her admirable Miss Briggs. Should the machinations of the horrible Mrs. Bute end, as she too much feared they would, in banishing every body that Miss Crawley loved from her side, and leaving that poor lady a victim to those harpies at the Rectory, Rebecca besought her (Miss Briggs) to remember, that her own home, humble as it was, was always open to receive Briggs. "Dear friend," she exclaimed, in a transport of enthusiasm, "*some* hearts can *never* forget benefits; *all* women are not Bute Crawleys! Though why should I complain of her," Rebecca added, "though I have been her tool and the victim to her arts, do I not owe my dearest Rawdon to her?" And Rebecca unfolded to Briggs all Mrs. Bute's conduct at Queen's Crawley, which, though unintelligible to her then, was clearly enough explained by the events now—now that the attachment had sprung up which Mrs. Bute had encouraged by a thousand artifices—now that two innocent people had fallen into the snares which she had laid for them, and loved, and married, and been ruined, through her schemes.

It was all very true. Briggs saw the stratagems as clearly as possible. Mrs. Bute

had made the match between Rawdon and Rebecca. Yet, though the latter was a perfectly innocent victim, Miss Briggs could not disguise from her friend her fear that Miss Crawley's affections were hopelessly estranged from Rebecca, and that the old lady would never forgive her nephew for making so imprudent a marriage.

On this point Rebecca had her own opinion, and still kept up a good heart. If Miss Crawley did not forgive them at present, she might at least relent on a future day. Even now, there was only that puling, sickly Pitt Crawley between Rawdon and a baronetcy; and, should any thing happen to the former, all would be well. At all events, to have Mrs. Bute's designs exposed, and herself well abused, was a satisfaction, and might be advantageous to Rawdon's interest; and Rebecca, after an hour's chat with her recovered friend, left her with the most tender demonstrations of regard, and quite assured that the conversation they had had together would be reported to Miss Crawley before many hours were over.

This interview ended, it became full time for Rebecca to return to her inn, where all the party of the previous day were assembled at a farewell breakfast. Rebecca took such a tender leave of Amelia as became two women who loved each other as sisters; and having used her handkerchief plentifully, and hung on her friend's neck as if they were parting forever, and waved the handkerchief (which was quite dry, by the way) out of window, as the carriage drove off; she came back to the breakfast-table, and ate some prawns with a good deal of appetite, considering her emotion; and while she was munching these delicacies, explained to Rawdon what had occurred in her morning walk between herself and Briggs. Her hopes were very high: she made her husband share them. She generally succeeded in making her husband share all her opinions, whether melancholy or cheerful.

"You will now, if you please, my dear, sit down at the writing-table and pen me a pretty little letter to Miss Crawley, in which you'll say that you are a good boy, and that sort of thing." So Rawdon sat down, and wrote off, "Brighton, Thursday," and "My dear Aunt," with great rapidity: but there the gallant officer's imagination failed him. He mumbled the end of his pen, and looked up in his wife's face. She could not help laughing at his rueful countenance, and, marching up and down the room with her hands behind her, the little woman began to dictate a letter, which he took down.

"Before quitting the country and commencing a campaign, which very possibly may be fatal,"

"What?" said Rawdon, rather surprised, but took the humor of the phrase, and presently wrote it down with a grin.

"Which very possibly may be fatal, I have come hither—"

"Why not say come here, Becky; come here's grammar," the dragoon interposed.

"I have come hither," Rebecca insisted, with a stamp of her foot, "to say farewell to my dearest and earliest friend. I beseech you before I go, not perhaps to return, once more to let me press the hand from which I have received nothing but kindnesses all my life."

"Kindnesses all my life," echoed Rawdon, scratching down the words, and quite amazed at his own facility of composition.

"I ask nothing from you but that we should part not in anger. I have the pride of my family on some points, though not on all. I married a painter's daughter, and am not ashamed of the union."

"No, run me through the body if I am!" Rawdon ejaculated.

"You old booby," Rebecca said, pinching his ear and looking over to see that he made no mistakes in spelling—"beseech is not spelt with an *a*, and earliest is." So he altered these words, bowing to the superior knowledge of his little missis.

"I thought that you were aware of the progress of my attachment," Rebecca continued: "I knew that Mrs. Bute Crawley confirmed and encouraged it. But I make no reproaches. I married a poor woman, and am content to abide by what I have done. Leave your property, dear aunt, as you will. I shall never complain of the way in which you dispose of it. I would have you believe that I love you for yourself, and not for money's sake. I want to be reconciled to you ere I leave England. Let me, let me see you before I go. A few weeks or months hence it may be too late, and I can not bear the notion of quitting the country without a kind word of farewell from you."

"She won't recognize my style in *that*," said Becky. "I made the sentences short and brisk on purpose." And this authentic missive was dispatched under cover to Miss Briggs.

Old Miss Crawley laughed when Briggs with great mystery handed her over this candid and simple statement. "We may read it now Mrs. Bute is away," she said. "Read it to me, Briggs."

When Briggs had read the epistle out, her patroness laughed more. "Don't you see, you goose," she said to Briggs, who professed to be much touched by the honest affection which pervaded the composition, "Don't you see that Rawdon never wrote a word of it. He never wrote to me without asking for money in his life, and all his letters are full of bad spelling, and dashes, and bad grammar. It is that little serpent of a governess who rules him." They are all alike, Miss Crawley thought in her heart.

They all want me dead, and are hankering for my money.

"I don't mind seeing Rawdon," she added, after a pause, and in a tone of perfect indifference. "I had just as soon shake hands with him as not. Provided there is no scene, why shouldn't we meet? I don't mind. But human patience has its limits; and mind, my dear, I respectfully decline to receive Mrs. Rawdon—I can't support *that* quite"—and Miss Briggs was fain to be content with this half-message of conciliation; and thought that the best method of bringing the old lady and her nephew together, was to warn Rawdon to be in waiting on the Cliff, when Miss Crawley went out for her air in her chair.

There they met. I don't know whether Miss Crawley had any private feeling of regard, or emotion upon seeing her old favorite; but she held out a couple of fingers to him with as smiling and good-humored an air, as if they had met only the day before. And as for Rawdon, he turned as red as scarlet, and wrung off Briggs's hand, so great was his rapture and his confusion at the meeting. Perhaps it was interest that moved him: or perhaps affection: perhaps he was touched by the change which the illness of the last weeks had wrought in his aunt.

"The old girl has always acted like a trump to me," he said to his wife, as he narrated the interview, "and I felt, you know, rather queer, and that sort of thing. I walked by the side of the what-d'yecall-'em, you know, and to her own door, where Bowls came to help her in. And I wanted to go in very much, only—"

"You *didn't* go in, Rawdon!" screamed his wife.

"No, my dear, I'm hanged if I wasn't afraid when it came to the point."

"You fool! you ought to have gone in, and never come out again," Rebecca said.

"Don't call me names," said the big guardsman, sulkily. "Perhaps I *was* a fool, Becky, but you shouldn't say so;" and he gave his wife a look, such as his countenance could wear when angered, and such as was not pleasant to face.

"Well, dearest, to-morrow you must be on the look-out, and go and see her, mind, whether she asks you or no," Rebecca said, trying to soothe her angry yoke-mate. On which he replied, that he would do exactly as he liked, and would just thank her to keep a civil tongue in her head—and the wounded husband went away, and passed the forenoon at the billiard-room, sulky, silent, and suspicious.

But before the night was over he was compelled to give in, and own, as usual, to his wife's superior prudence and foresight, by the most melancholy confirmation of the

presentiments which she had regarding the consequences of the mistake which he had made. Miss Crawley *must* have had some emotion upon seeing him and shaking hands with him after so long a rupture. She mused upon the meeting a considerable time. "Rawdon is getting very fat and old, Briggs," she said to her companion. "His nose has become red, and he is exceedingly coarse in appearance. His marriage to that woman has hopelessly vulgarized him. Mrs. Bute always said they drank together; and I have no doubt they do. Yes; he smelt of gin abominably. I remarked it. Didn't you?"

In vain Briggs interposed, that Mrs. Bute spoke ill of every body: and, as far as a person in *her* humble position could judge, was an—

"An artful designing woman? Yes, so she is, and she does speak ill of every one,—but I am certain that woman has made Rawdon drink. All those low people do—"

"He was very much affected at seeing you, ma'am," the companion said; and I am sure, when you remember that he is going to the field of danger—"

"How much money has he promised you, Briggs?" the old spinster cried out, working herself into a nervous rage—"there now, of course you begin to cry. I hate scenes. Why am I always to be worried? Go and cry up in your own room, and send Firkin to me—no, stop, sit down and blow your nose, and leave off crying, and write a letter to Captain Crawley." Poor Briggs went and placed herself obediently at the writing-book. Its leaves were blotted all over with relics of the firm, strong, rapid hand-writing of the spinster's late amanuensis, Mrs. Bute Crawley.

"Begin 'My dear sir,' or 'Dear sir,' that will be better, and say you are desired by Miss Crawley—no, by Miss Crawley's medical man, by Mr. Creamer, to state, that my health is such that all strong emotions would be dangerous in my present delicate condition—and that I must decline any family discussions or interviews whatever. And thank him for coming to Brighton, and so forth, and beg him not to stay any longer on my account. 'And, Miss Briggs, you may add that I wish him a *bon voyage*, and that if he will take the trouble to call upon my lawyers in Gray's Inn Square, he will find there a communication for him. Yes, that will do; and that will make him leave Brighton.' The benevolent Briggs penned this sentence with the utmost satisfaction.

"To seize upon me the very day after Mrs. Bute was gone," the old lady prattled on; "it was too indecent. Briggs, my dear, write to Mrs. Crawley, and say *she* needn't come back. No—she needn't—and she shan't—and I won't be a slave in my own house—and I won't be starved and choked with poison. They all want to kill me—all

—all"—and with this the lonely old woman burst into a scream of hysterical tears.

The last scene of her dismal Vanity Fair comedy was fast approaching; the tawdry lamps were going out one by one; and the dark curtain was almost ready to descend.

That final paragraph, which referred Rawdon to Miss Crawley's solicitor in London, and which Briggs had written so good-naturedly, consoled the dragoon and his wife somewhat, after their first blank disappointment, on reading the spinster's refusal of a reconciliation. And it effected the purpose for which the old lady had caused it to be written, by making Rawdon very eager to get to London.

Out of Jos's losings and George Osborne's bank-notes, he paid his bill at the inn, the landlord whereof does not probably know to this day how doubtfully his account once stood. For, as a general sends his baggage to the rear before an action, Rebecca had wisely packed up all their chief valuables and sent them off under care of George's servant, who went in charge of the trunks on the coach back to London. Rawdon and his wife returned by the same conveyance next day.

"I should have liked to see the old girl before we went," Rawdon said. "She looks so cut up and altered that I'm sure she can't last long. I wonder what sort of a check I shall have at Waxy's. Two hundred—it can't be less than two hundred—hey, Becky?"

In consequence of the repeated visits of the gentlemen of whose attentions we have spoken in a preceding page, Rawdon and his wife did not go back to their lodgings at Brompton, but put up at an inn. Early the next morning, Rebecca had an opportunity of seeing them as she skirted that suburb on her road to old Mrs. Sedley's house at Fulham, whither she went to look for her dear Amelia and her Brighton friends. They were all off to Chatham, thence to Harwich, to take shipping for Belgium with the regiment—kind old Mrs. Sedley very much depressed and tearful, solitary. Returning from this visit, Rebecca found her husband, who had been off to Gray's Inn, and learned his fate. He came back furious.

"By Jove, Becky," says he, "she's only given me twenty pounds!"

Though it told against themselves, the joke was too good, and Becky burst out laughing at Rawdon's discomfiture.

CHAPTER XXVI.

BETWEEN LONDON AND CHATHAM.

ON quitting Brighton, our friend George, as became a person of rank and fashion, traveling in a barouche with four horses,

drove in state to a fine hotel in Cavendish-square, where a suite of splendid rooms, and a table magnificently furnished with plate and surrounded by a half-dozen of black and silent waiters, was ready to receive the young gentleman and his bride. George did the honors of the place with a princely air to Jos and Dobbin; and Amelia, for the first time, and with exceeding shyness and timidity, presided at what George called her own table.

George pooh-poohed the wine and bullied the waiters royally, and Jos gobbled the turtle with immense satisfaction. Dobbin helped him to it; for the lady of the house, before whom the tureen was placed, was so ignorant of the contents, that she was going to help Mr. Sedley without bestowing upon him either calipash or calipee.

The splendor of the entertainment, and the apartments in which it was given, alarmed Mr. Dobbin, who remonstrated after dinner, when Jos was asleep in the great chair. But, in vain he cried out against the enormity of turtle and champagne that was fit for an archbishop. "I've always been accustomed to travel like a gentleman," George said, "and, damme, my wife shall travel like a lady. As long as there's a shot in the locker, *she* shall want nothing," said the generous fellow, quite pleased with himself for his magnificence of spirit. Nor did Dobbin try to convince him, that Amelia's happiness was not centered in turtle-soup.

A while after dinner, Amelia timidly expressed a wish to go and see her mamma, at Fulham; which permission George granted her with some grumbling. And she tripped away to her enormous bed-room, in the center of which stood the enormous funeral bed, 'that the Emperor Halixander's sister slept in when the allied sufferings was here,' and put on her little bonnet and shawl with the utmost eagerness and pleasure. George was still drinking claret when she returned to the dining-room, and made no signs of moving. "Ar'n't you coming with me, dearest?" she asked him. No; the 'dearest' had 'business' that night. His man should get her a coach and go with her. And the coach being at the door of the hotel, Amelia made George a little disappointed courtesy, after looking vainly into his face once or twice, and went sadly down the great staircase, Captain Dobbin after, who handed her into the vehicle, and saw it drive away to its destination. The very valet was ashamed of mentioning the address to the hackney-coachman before the hotel-waiters, and promised to instruct him when they got further on.

Dobbin walked home to his old quarters at the Slaughter's, thinking, very likely, that it would be delightful to be in that hackney-coach, along with Mrs. Osborne. George was evidently of quite a different taste; for

when he had taken wine enough, he went off to half-price at the play, to see Mr. Kean perform in Shylock. Captain Osborne was a great lover of the drama, and had himself performed high-comedy characters with great distinction in several garrison theatrical entertainments. Jos slept on till long after dark, when he woke up with a start at the motions of his servant, who was removing and emptying the decanters on the table; and the hackney-coach stand was again put into requisition for a carriage to convey this stout hero to his lodgings and bed.

Mrs. Sedley, you may be sure, clasped her daughter to her heart with all maternal eagerness and affection, running out of the door as the carriage drew up before the little garden-gate, to welcome the weeping, trembling young bride. Old Mr. Clapp, who was in his shirt-sleeves, trimming the garden-plot, shrank back alarmed. The Irish servant-lass rushed up from the kitchen and smiled a 'God bless you.' Amelia could hardly walk along the flags and up the steps into the parlor.

How the floodgates were opened, and mother and daughter wept, when they were together embracing each other in this sanctuary, may readily be imagined by every reader who possesses the least sentimental turn. When don't ladies weep? At what occasion of joy, sorrow, or other business of life? and, after such an event as a marriage, mother and daughter were surely at liberty to give way to a sensibility which is as tender as it is refreshing. About a question of marriage I have seen women who hate each other kiss and cry together quite fondly. How much more do they feel when they love! Good mothers are married over again at their daughters' weddings: and as for subsequent events, who does not know how ultra-maternal grandmothers are? in fact a woman, until she is a grandmother, does not often really know what to be a mother is. Let us respect Amelia and her mamma whispering and whimpering and laughing and crying in the parlor and the twilight. Old Mr. Sedley did. *He* had not divined who was in the carriage when it drove up. He had not flown out to meet his daughter, though he kissed her very warmly when she entered the room (where he was occupied, as usual, with his papers and tapes and statements of accounts), and after sitting with the mother and daughter for a short time, he very wisely left the little apartment in their possession.

George's valet was looking on in a very supercilious manner at Mr. Clapp in his shirt-sleeves, watering his rose-bushes. He took off his hat, however, with much condescension to Mr. Sedley, who asked news about his son-in-law, and about Jos's carriage, and whether his horses had been down

to Brighton, and about that infernal traitor Bonaparty, and the war; until the Irish maid-servant came with a plate and a bottle of wine, from which the old gentleman insisted upon helping the valet. He gave him a half-guinea too, which the servant pocketed with a mixture of wonder and contempt. "To the health of your master and mistress, Trotter," Mr. Sedley said, "and here's something to drink your health when you get home, Trotter."

There were but nine days past since Amelia had left that little cottage and home—and yet how far off the time seemed since she had bidden it farewell. What a gulf lay between her and that past life. She could look back to it from her present standing-place, and contemplate, almost as another being, the young unmarried girl absorbed in her love, having no eyes but for one special object, receiving parental affection if not ungratefully, at least indifferently, and as if it were her due—her whole heart and thoughts bent on the accomplishment of one desire. The review of those days, so lately gone yet so far away, touched her with shame; and the aspect of the kind mother filled her with tender remorse. Was the prize gained—the heaven of life—and the winner still doubtful and unsatisfied? As his hero and heroine pass the matrimonial barrier, the novelist generally drops the curtain, as if the drama were over then: the doubts and struggles of life ended: as if, once landed in the marriage country, all were green and pleasant there: and wife and husband had nothing but to link each other's arms together, and wander gently downward toward old age in happy and perfect fruition. But our little Amelia was just on the bank of her new country, and was already looking anxiously back toward the sad, friendly figures waving farewell to her across the stream, from the other distant shore.

In honor of the young bride's arrival, her mother thought it necessary to prepare. I don't know what festive entertainment, and after the first ebullition of talk, took leave of Mrs. George Osborne for a while, and dived down to the lower regions of the house to a sort of kitchen-parlor (occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Clapp, and in the evening, when her dishes were washed and her curl-papers removed, by Miss Flannigan the Irish servant), there to take measures for the preparing of a magnificent ornamented tea. All people have their ways of expressing kindness, and it seemed to Mrs. Sedley that a muffin and a quantity of orange marmalade spread out in a little cut-glass saucer would be peculiarly agreeable refreshments to Amelia in her most interesting situation.

While these delicacies were being transacted below, Amelia, leaving the drawing-room, walked up stairs and found herself, she scarce knew how, in the little room she

had occupied before her marriage, and in that very chair in which she had passed so many bitter hours. She sank back in its arms as if it were an old friend; and fell to thinking over the past week, and the life beyond it. Already to be looking sadly and vaguely back—always to be pining for something which, when obtained, brought doubt and sadness rather than pleasure: here was the lot of our poor little creature, and harmless lost wanderer in the great struggling crowds of Vanity Fair.

Here she sate, and recalled to herself fondly that image of George to which she had knelt before marriage. Did she own to herself how different the real man was from that superb young hero whom she had worshipped? It requires many, many years—and a man must be very bad indeed; before a woman's pride and vanity will let her own to such a confession. Then Rebecca's twinkling green eyes and baleful smile lighted upon her, and filled her with dismay. And so she sate for a while indulging in her usual mood of selfish brooding, in that very listless melancholy attitude in which the honest maid-servant had found her, on the day when she brought up the letter in which George renewed his offer of marriage.

She looked at the little white bed, which had been hers a few days before, and thought she would like to sleep in it that night, and wake, as formerly, with her mother smiling over her in the morning. Then she thought with terror of the great funereal damask pavilion in the vast and dingy state bed-room, which was awaiting her at the grand hotel in Cavendish-square. Dear, little white bed! how many a long night had she wept on its pillow! How she had despaired and hoped to die there; and now were not all her wishes accomplished, and the lover of whom she had despaired her own forever? Kind mother! how patiently and tenderly she had watched round that bed! She went and knelt down by the bed-side; and there this wounded and timorous, but gentle and loving soul, sought for consolation, where as yet, it must be owned, our little girl had but seldom looked for it. Love had been her faith hitherto; and the sad, bleeding, disappointed heart, began to feel the want of another consoler.

Have we a right to repeat or to overhear her prayers? These, brother, are secrets, and out of the domain of Vanity Fair, in which our story lies.

But this may be said, that when the tea was finally announced, our young lady came down stairs a great deal more cheerful; that she did not despond, or deplore her fate, or think about George's coldness, or Rebecca's eyes, as she had been wont to do of late. She went down stairs, and kissed her father and mother, and talked to the

old gentleman, and made him more merry than he had been for many a day. She sate down at the piano which Dobbin had bought for her, and sang over all her father's favorite old songs. She pronounced the tea to be excellent, and praised the exquisite taste in which the marmalade was arranged in the saucers. And in determining to make every body else happy, she found herself so; and was sound asleep in the great funeral pavilion, and only woke up with a smile when George arrived from the theater.

For the next day, George had more important "business" to transact than that which took him to see Mr. Kean in Shylock. Immediately on his arrival in London he had written off to his father's solicitors, signifying his royal pleasure that an interview should take place between them on the morrow. His hotel losses at billiards and cards to Captain Crawley had almost drained the young man's purse, which wanted replenishing before he set out on his travels, and he had no resource but to infringe upon the two thousand pounds which the attorneys were commissioned to pay over to him. He had a perfect belief in his own mind that his father would relent before very long. How could any parent be obdurate for a length of time against such a paragon as he was? If his mere past and personal merits did not succeed in mollifying the father, George determined that he would distinguish himself so prodigiously in the ensuing campaign that the old gentleman must give in to him. And if not? Bah! the world was before him. His luck might change at cards, and there was a deal of spending in two thousand pounds.

So he sent off Amelia once more in a carriage to her mamma, with strict orders and *carte blanche* to the two ladies to purchase every thing requisite for a lady of Mrs. George Osborne's fashion, who was going on a foreign tour. They had but one day to complete the outfit, and it may be imagined that their business therefore occupied them pretty fully. In a carriage once more, bustling about from milliner to linendraper, escorted back to the carriage by obsequious shopmen or polite owners, Mrs. Sedley was herself again almost, and sincerely happy for the first time since their misfortunes. Nor was Mrs. Amelia at all above the pleasure of shopping, and bargaining, and seeing and buying pretty things. (Would any man, the most philosophic, give two-pence for a woman who was?) She gave herself a little treat, obedient to her husband's orders, and purchased a quantity of lady's gear, showing a great deal of taste and elegant discernment, as all the shop-folks said.

And about the war that was ensuing, Mrs. Osborne was not much alarmed; Bonaparty was to be crushed almost without a strug-

gle. Margate packets were sailing every day, filled with men of fashion and ladies of note, on their way to Brussels and Ghent. People were going not so much to a war as to a fashionable tour. The newspapers laughed the wretched upstart and swindler to scorn. Such a Corsican wretch as that withstand the armies of Europe and the genius of the immortal Wellington! Amelia held him in utter contempt; for it needs not to be said that this soft and gentle creature took her opinions from those people who surrounded her, such fidelity being much too humble-minded to think for itself. Well, in a word, she and her mother performed a great day's shopping, and she acquitted herself with considerable liveliness and credit on this her first appearance in the genteel world of London.

George meanwhile, with his hat on one side, his elbows squared, and his swaggering martial air, made for Bedford-row, and stalked into the attorney's offices as if he was lord of every pale-faced clerk who was scribbling there. He ordered somebody to inform Mr. Higgs that Captain Osborne was waiting, in a fierce and patronizing way, as if the *pékin* of an attorney, who had thrice his brains, fifty times his money, and a thousand times his experience, was a wretched underling who should instantly leave all his business in life to attend on the captain's pleasure. He did not see the sneer of contempt which passed all round the room, from the first clerk to the articleed gents, from the articleed gents to the ragged writers and white-faced runners, in clothes too tight for them, as he sate there tapping his boot with his cane, and thinking what a parcel of miserable poor devils these were. The miserable poor devils knew all about his affairs. They talked about them over their pints of beer at their public-house clubs to other clerks of a night. Ye Gods, what do not attorneys and attorneys' clerks know in London! Nothing is hidden from their inquisition, and their familiars mutely rule our city.

Perhaps George expected, when he entered Mr. Higgs's apartment, to find that gentleman commissioned to give him some message of compromise or conciliation from his father; perhaps his haughty and cold demeanor was adopted as a sign of his spirit and resolution; but if so, his fierceness was met by a chilling coolness and indifference on the attorney's part, that rendered swaggering absurd. He pretended to be writing at a paper, when the captain entered. "Pray, sit down, sir," said he, "and I will attend to your little affair in a moment. Mr. Poe, get the release papers, if you please;" and then he fell to writing again.

Poe having produced those papers, his chief calculated the amount of two thousand pounds stock at the rate of the day; and

asked Captain Osborne whether he would take the sum in a check upon the bankers, or whether he should direct the latter to purchase stock to that amount. "One of the late Mrs. Osborne's trustees is out of town," he said indifferently, "but my client wishes to meet your wishes, and have done with the business as quick as possible."

"Give me a check, sir," said the captain very surlily. "Damn the shillings and halfpence, sir," he added, as the lawyer was making out the amount of the draft; and, flattering himself that by this stroke of magnanimity he had put the old quiz to the blush, he stalked out of his office with the paper in his pocket.

"That chap will be in jail in two years," Mr. Higgs said to Mr. Poe.

"Won't O. come round, sir, don't you think?"

"Won't the monument come round," Mr. Higgs replied.

"He's going it pretty fast," said the clerk. "He's only married a week, and I saw him and some other military chaps handing Mrs. Highflyer to her carriage after the play." And then another case was called, and Mr. George Osborne thenceforth dismissed from these worthy gentlemen's memory.

The draft was upon our friends Hulker and Bullock of Lombard-street, to whose house, still thinking he was doing business, George bent his way, and from whom he received his money. Frederick Bullock, Esq., whose yellow face was over a ledger, at which sat a demure clerk, happened to be in the banking-room when George entered. His yellow face turned to a more deadly color when he saw the captain, and he slunk back guiltily into the inmost parlor. George was too busy gloating over the money (for he had never had such a sum before), to mark the countenance or flight of the cadaverous suitor of his sister.

Fred. Bullock told old Osborne of his son's appearance and conduct. "He came in as bold as brass," said Frederick. "He has drawn out every shilling. How long will a few hundred pounds last such a chap as that?" Osborne swore with a great oath that he little cared when or how soon he spent it. Fred. dined every day in Russell-square now. But altogether, George was highly pleased with his day's business. All his own baggage and outfit was put into a state of speedy preparation, and he paid Amelia's purchases with checks on his agents, and with the splendor of a lord.

CHAPTER XXVII.

IN WHICH AMELIA JOINS HER REGIMENT.

WHEN Jos's fine carriage drove up to the inn door at Chatham, the first face which Amelia recognized was the friendly counte-

nance of Captain Dobbin, who had been pacing the street for an hour past in expectation of his friends' arrival. The captain, with shells on his frock-coat, and a crimson sash and saber, presented a military appearance, which made Jos quite proud to be able to claim such an acquaintance, and the stout civilian hailed him with a cordiality very different from the reception which Jos vouchsafed to his friends in Brighton and Bond-street.

Along with the captain was Ensign Stubble; who, as the barouche neared the inn, burst out with an exclamation of "By Jove! what a pretty girl!" highly applauding Osborne's choice. Indeed, Amelia dressed in her wedding-pelisse and pink ribbons, with a flush in her face, occasioned by rapid travel through the open air, looked so fresh and pretty, as fully to justify the ensign's compliment. Dobbin liked him for making it. As he stepped forward to help the lady out of the carriage, Stubble saw what a pretty little hand she gave him, and what a sweet pretty little foot came tripping down the step. He blushed profusely, and made the very best bow of which he was capable; to which Amelia, seeing the number of the —th regiment embroidered on the ensign's cap, replied with a blushing smile, and a courtesy on her part; which finished the young ensign on the spot. Dobbin took most kindly to Mr. Stubble from that day, and encouraged him to talk about Amelia in their private walks, and at each other's quarters. It became the fashion indeed among all the honest young fellows of the —th to adore and admire Mrs. Osborne. Her simple, artless behavior, and modest kindness of demeanor, won all their unsophisticated hearts; all which simplicity and sweetness are quite impossible to describe in print. But who has not beheld these among women, and recognized the presence of all sorts of qualities in them, even though they say no more to you than that they are engaged to dance the next quadrille, or that it is very hot weather? George, always the champion of his regiment, rose immensely in the opinion of the youth of the corps, by his gallantry in marrying this portionless young creature, and by his choice of such a pretty, kind partner.

In the sitting-room which was awaiting the travelers, Amelia, to her surprise, found a letter addressed to Mrs. Captain Osborne. It was a triangular billet, on pink paper, and sealed with a dove and an olive branch, and a profusion of light-blue sealing wax, and it was written in a very large, though undecided female hand.

"It's Peggy O'Dowd's fist," said George, laughing. "I know it by the kisses on the seal." And in fact, it was a note from Mrs. Major O'Dowd, requesting the pleasure of Mrs. Osborne's company that very evening

to a small friendly party. "You must go," George said. "You will make acquaintance with the regiment there. O'Dowd goes in command of the regiment, and Peggy goes in command of O'Dowd."

But they had not been for many minutes in the enjoyment of Mrs. O'Dowd's letter, when the door was flung open, and a stout jolly lady, in a riding-habit, followed by a couple of officers of Ours, entered the room. "Sure, I couldn't stop till tay-time. Present me, Garge, my dear fellow, to your lady. Madam, I'm delighted to see ye; and to present to you me husband, Meejor O'Dowd," and with this, the jolly lady in the riding-habit grasped Amelia's hand very warmly, and the latter knew at once that the lady was before her whom her husband had so often laughed at. "You've often heard of me from that husband of yours," said the lady with great vivacity.

"You've often heard of her," echoed her husband, the major.

Amelia answered, smiling, that she certainly had.

"And small good he's told you of me," Mrs. O'Dowd replied; adding that "George was a wicked divvle."

"That I'll go bail for," said the major, trying to look knowing, at which George laughed; and Mrs. O'Dowd, with a tap of her whip, told the major to be "quite;" and then requested to be presented in form to Mrs. Captain Osborne.

"This, my dear," said George with great gravity, "is my very good, kind, and excellent friend, Auralia Margaretta, otherwise called Peggy."

"Faith, you're right," interposed the major.

"Otherwise called Peggy, lady of Major Michael O'Dowd of our regiment, and daughter of Fitzjurd Ber'sford de Burgo Malony of Glenmalony, County Kildare."

"And Muryan-squeer, Doblin," said the lady with calm superiority.

"And Muryan-square, sure enough," the major whispered.

"'Twas there ye courted me, meejor, dear," the lady said; and the major assented to this as to every other proposition which was made generally in company.

Major O'Dowd, who had served his sovereign in every quarter of the world, and had paid for every step in his profession by some more than equivalent act of daring and gallantry, was the most modest, silent, sheep-faced and meek of little men, and as obedient to his wife as if he had been her tay-boy. At the mess-table he sate silently, and drank a great deal. When full of liquor, he reeled silently home. When he spoke it was to agree with every body on every conceivable point; and he passed through life in perfect ease and good humor. The hottest suns of India never heated his temper; and the

Walcheren ague never shook it. He walked up to a battery with just as much indifference as to a dinner-table; had dined on horse-flesh and turtle with equal relish and appetite; and had an old mother, Mrs. O'Dowd of Dowdstown, indeed, whom he had never disobeyed but when he ran away and enlisted, and when he persisted in marrying that odious Peggy Malony.

Peggy was one of five sisters, and eleven children of the noble house of Glenmalony; but her husband, though her own cousin, was of the mother's side, and so had not the inestimable advantage of being allied to the Maloneys, whom she believed to be the most famous family in the world. Having tried nine seasons at Dublin, and two at Bath and Cheltenham, and not finding a partner for life, Miss Maloney ordered her cousin Mick to marry her when she was about thirty-three years of age; and the honest fellow obeying, carried her off to the West Indies to preside over the ladies of the —th regiment, into which he had just exchanged.

Before Mrs. O'Dowd was half an hour in Amelia's (or indeed in any body else's) company, this amiable lady told all her birth and pedigree to her new friend. "My dear," said she, good-naturedly, "it was my intention that Garge should be a brother of my own, and my sister Glorvina would have suited him entirely. But as bygoness are bygoness, and he was engaged to yourself, why, I'm determined to take you as a sister instead, and to look upon you as such, and to love you as one of the family. Faith, you've got such a nice good-natured face and way widg you, that I'm sure we'll agree; and that you'll be an addition to our family any way."

"Deed and she will," said O'Dowd with an approving air, and Amelia felt herself not a little amused and grateful to be thus suddenly introduced to so large a party of relations.

"We're all good fellows here," the major's lady continued. "There's not a regiment in the service where you'll find a more united society nor a more agreeable mess-room. There's no quarreling, bickering, slandering, nor small talk among us. We all love each other."

"Especially Mrs. Mageniz," said George, laughing.

"Mrs. Captain Mageniz and me has made up, though her treatment of me would bring me gray hairs with sorrow to the grave."

"And you with such a beautiful front of black, Peggy my dear," the major cried.

"Hould your tongue, Mick, you booby. Them husbands are always in the way, Mrs. Osborne, my dear; and as for my Mick, I often tell him he should never open his mouth but to give the word of command, or to put meat and drink into it. I'll tell you

about the regiment, and warn you when we're alone. Introduce me to your brother now; sure he's a mighty fine man, and reminds me of me cousin Dan Malony (Malony of Ballymalony, my dear, you know, who married Ophalia Scully, of Oysterstown, own cousin to Lord Poldoddy). Mr. Sedley, sir, I'm delighted to be made known to ye. I suppose you'll dine at the mess to-day. (Mind that divvle of a doether, Mick, and whatever ye du, keep yourself sober for me party this evening!)"

"It's the 150th gives us a farewell dinner, my love," interposed the major, "but we'll easy get a card for Mr. Sedley."

"Run Simple (Ensign Simple, of Ours, my dear Amelia. I forgot to introjuce him to ye). Run in a hurry, with Mrs. Major O'Dowd's compliments to Colonel Tavish, and Captain Osborne has brought his brother-law down, and will bring him to the 150th mess at five o'clock—sharp—when you and I, my dear, will take a snack here, if you like." Before Mrs. O'Dowd's speech was concluded, the young ensign was trotting down stairs on his commission.

"Obedience is the soul of the army. We will go to our duty while Mrs. O'Dowd will stay and enlighten you, Emmy," Captain Osborne said; and the two captains, taking each a wing of the major, walked out with that officer, grinning at each other over his head.

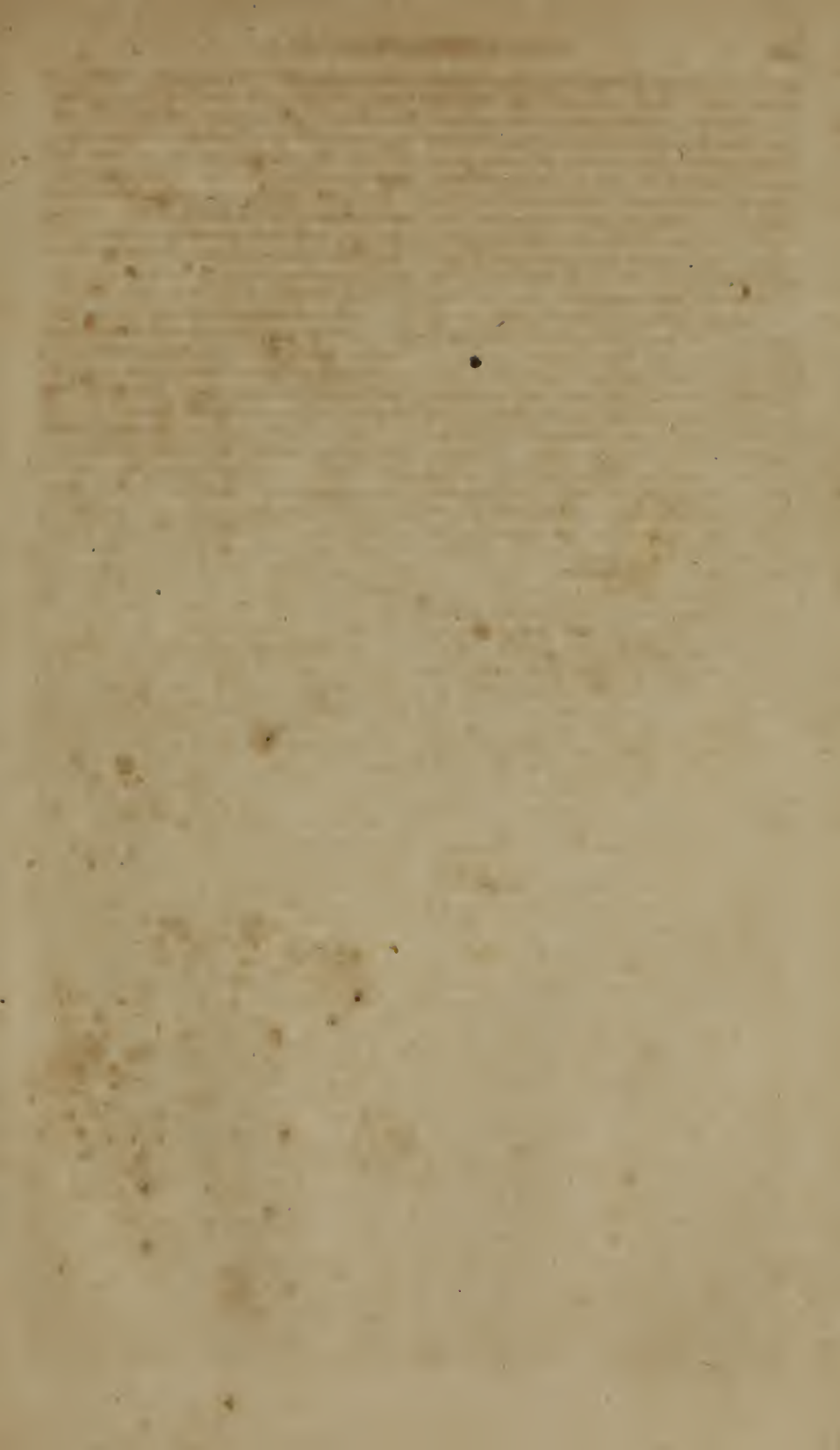
And, now having her new friend to herself, the impetuous Mrs. O'Dowd proceeded to pour out such a quantity of information as no poor little woman's memory could ever tax itself to bear. She told Amelia a thousand particulars relative to the very numerous family of which the amazed young lady found herself a member. "Mrs. Heavytop, the colonel's wife, died in Jamaica of the yellow fever and a broken heart combined, for the horrid old colonel, with a head as bald as a cannon-ball, was making sheep's eyes at a half-caste girl there. Mrs. Magenis, though without education, was a good woman, but she had the divvle's tongue, and would cheat her own mother at whist. Mrs. Captain Kirk must turn up her lobster eyes forsooth at the idea of an honest round game (wherein me fawther, as pious a man as ever went to church, me uncle Dane Malony, and our cousin the bishop, took a hand at loo, or whist, every night of their lives). Nayther of 'em's goin with the regiment this time," Mrs. O'Dowd added. "Fanny Magenis stops with her mother, who sells small coal and potatoes, most likely, in Islington-town, hard by London, though she's always bragging of her father's ships, and pointing them out to us as they go up the river: and Mrs. Kirk and her children will stop here in Bethesda Place, to be nigh to her favorite preacher, Dr. Ramshorn. Mrs. Bunny's in an interesting situation—faith, and she al-

ways is, then—and has given the lieutenant seven already. And Ensign Posky's wife, who joined two months before you, my dear, has quarl'd with Tom Posky a score of times, till you can hear 'em all over the bar'ck (they say they're come to broken pleets, and Tom never accounted for his black oi), and she'll go back to her mother, who keeps a ladies' seminary at Richmond—bad luck to her for running away from it! Where did ye get your finishing, my dear? I had moine, and no expince spared, at Madame Flanagan's, at Ilyssus Grove, Booterstown, near Dublin, wid a marchionness to teach us the true Parisian pronunciation, and a retired major-general of the French service to put us through the exercise."

Of this incongruous family our astonished Amelia found herself all of a sudden a member: with Mrs. O'Dowd as an elder sister. She was presented to her other female relations at tea-time, on whom, as she was quiet, good-natured, and not too handsome, she made rather an agreeable impression until the arrival of the gentlemen from the mess of the 150th, who all admired her so, that her sisters began, of course, to find fault with her.

"I hope Osborne has sown his wild oats," said Mrs. Magenis to Mrs. Bunny. "If a reformed rake makes a good husband, sure it's she will have the fine chance with Garge," Mrs. O'Dowd, remarked to Posky, who had lost her position as bride in the regiment, and was quite angry with the usurper. And, as for Mrs. Kirk, the disciple of Dr. Ramshorn put one or two leading professional questions to Amelia, to see whether she was awakened, whether she was a professing Christian and so forth, and finding from the simplicity of Mrs. Osborne's replies that she was yet in utter darkness, put into her hands three little penny books with pictures, viz., the "Howling Wilderness," the "Washerwoman of Wandsworth Common," and the "British Soldier's best Bayonet," which, bent upon awakening her before she slept, Mrs. Kirk begged Amelia to read that night ere she went to bed.

But all the men, like good fellows as they were, rallied round their comrade's pretty wife, and paid her their court with soldierly gallantry. She had a little triumph, which flushed her spirits and made her eyes sparkle. George was proud of her popularity, and pleased with the manner (which was very gay and graceful though naïve and a little timid) with which she received the gentlemen's attentions, and answered their compliments. And he in his uniform—how much handsomer he was than any man in the room! She felt that he was affectionately watching her, and glowed with pleasure at his kindness. "I will make all his friends welcome," she resolved in her heart; "and





Mrs. OSBORNE'S CARRIAGE STOPPING THE WAY. (p. 131.)

try and be gay and good-humored and make his home happy."

The regiment indeed adopted her with acclamation. The captains approved, the lieutenants applauded, the ensigns admired. Old Cutler the doctor, made one or two jokes, which, being professional, need not be repeated; and Cackle, the assistant M. D. of Edinburgh, condescended to examine her upon leetereature, and tried her with his three best French quotations. Young Stubble went about from man to man whispering, "Jove, isn't she a pretty gal?" and never took his eyes off her except when the *negus* came in.

As for Captain Dobbin, he never so much as spoke to her during the whole evening. But he and Captain Porter of the 150th took home Jos to the hotel, who was in a very maudlin state, and had told his tiger-hunt story with great effect, both at the mess-table; and at the *soirée* to Mrs. O'Dowd in her turban and bird of paradise. Having put the collector into the hands of his servant, Dobbin loitered about, smoking his cigar before the inn door. George had meanwhile very carefully shawled his wife, and brought her away from Mrs. O'Dowd's, after a general hand-shaking from the young officers, who accompanied her to the fly, and cheered that vehicle as it drove off. So Amelia gave Dobbin her little hand as she got out of the carriage, and rebuked him sinilingly for not having taken any notice of her all night.

The captain continued that deleterious amusement of smoking, long after the inn and the street were gone to bed. He watched the lights vanish from George's sitting-room windows, and shine out in the bed-room close at hand. It was almost morning when he returned to his own quarters. He could hear the cheering from the ships in the river, where the transports were already taking in their cargoes preparatory to dropping down the Thames.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

IN WHICH AMELIA INVADDES THE LOW COUNTRIES.

THE regiment with its officers was to be transported in ships provided by His Majesty's government for the occasion; and in two days after the festive assembly at Mrs. O'Dowd's apartments, in the midst of cheering from all the East India ships in the river, and the military on shore, the band playing "God save the king," the officers waving their hats, and the crews hurrahing gallantly, the transports went down the river and proceeded under convoy to Ostend. Meanwhile the gallant Jos had agreed to escort

his sister and the major's wife, the bulk of whose goods and chattels, including the famous bird of paradise and turban, were with the regimental baggage: so that our two heroines drove pretty much unincumbered to Ramsgate, where there were plenty of packets plying, in one of which they had a speedy passage to Ostend.

That period of Jos's life which now ensued was so full of incident, that it served him for conversation for many years after, and even the tiger-hunt story was put aside for more stirring narratives which he had to tell about the great campaign of Waterloo. As soon as he had agreed to escort his sister abroad, it was remarked that he ceased shaving his upper lip. At Chatham he followed the parades and drills with great assiduity. He listened with the utmost attention to the conversation of his brother officers (as he called them in after days sometimes), and learned as many military names as he could. In these studies the excellent Mrs. O'Dowd was of great assistance to him; and on the day finally when they embarked on board the *Lovely Rose* which was to carry them to their destination, he made his appearance in a braided frock-coat and duck trousers, with a foraging cap ornamented with a smart gold band. Having his carriage with him, and informing every body on board confidentially that he was going to join the Duke of Wellington's army, folks mistook him for a great personage, a commissary-general, or a government courier at the very least.

He suffered hugely on the voyage, during which the ladies were likewise prostrate: but Amelia was brought to life again as the packet made Ostend, by the sight of the transports conveying her regiment, which entered the harbor almost at the same time with the *Lovely Rose*. Jos went in a collapsed state to an inn, while Captain Dobbin escorted the ladies, and then busied himself in freeing Jos's carriage and luggage from the ship and the custom house, for Mr. Jos was at present without a servant, Osborne's man and his own pampered menial having conspired together at Chatham, and refused point blank to cross the water. This revolt, which came very suddenly, and on the last day, so alarmed Mr. Sedley, junior, that he was on the point of giving up the expedition, but Captain Dobbin (who made himself immensely officious in the business, Jos said), rated him and laughed at him soundly: the mustachoes were grown in advance, and Jos finally was persuaded to embark. In place of the well-bred and well-English London domestics, who could only speak English, Dobbin procured for Jos's party a swarthy little Belgian servant who could speak no language at all; but who by his bustling behavior, and by invariably addressing Mr. Sedley as "My lord," speedily ac-

quired that gentleman's favor. Times are altered at Ostend now; of the Britons who go thither, very few look like lords, or act like those members of our hereditary aristocracy. They seem for the most part shabby in attire, dingy of linen, lovers of billiards and brandy, and cigars and greasy ordinaries.

But it may be said as a rule, that every Englishman in the Duke of Wellington's army paid his way. The remembrance of such a fact surely becomes a nation of shopkeepers. It was a blessing for a commerce-loving country to be overrun by such an army of customers: and to have such creditable warriors to feed. And the country which they came to protect is not military. For a long period of history they have let other people fight there. When the present writer went to survey with eagle glance the field of Waterloo, we asked the conductor of the diligence, a portly warlike-looking veteran, whether he had been at the battle. "*Pas si bête*"—such an answer and sentiment as no Frenchman would own to—was his reply. But on the other hand, the postillion who drove us was a *viscount*, a son of some bankrupt imperial general, who accepted a pennyworth of beer on the road. The moral is surely a good one.

This flat, flourishing, easy country never could have looked more rich and prosperous, than in that opening summer of 1815, when its green fields and quiet cities were enlivened by multiplied red-coats: when its wide *chaussées* swarmed with brilliant English equipages: when its great canal-boats, gliding by rich pastures and pleasant quaint old villages, by old châteaux lying among old trees, were all crowded with well-to-do English travelers: when the soldier who drank at the village inn, not only drank, but paid his score: and Donald the Highlander,* billeted in the Flemish farm-house, rocked the baby's cradle, while Jean and Jeannette were out getting in the hay. As our painters are bent on military subjects just now, I throw out this as a good subject for the pencil, to illustrate the principle of an honest English war. All looked as brilliant and harmless as a Hyde Park review. Meanwhile, Napoleon, screened behind his curtain of frontier-fortresses, was preparing for the outbreak which was to drive all these orderly people into fury and blood; and lay so many of them low.

Every body had such a perfect feeling of confidence in the leader (for the resolute faith which the Duke of Wellington had inspired in the whole English nation was as intense, as that more frantic enthusiasm with which at one time the French regarded Napoleon), the country seemed in so perfect a state of orderly defense, and the help at hand in case of need so near and overwhelm-

ing, that alarm was unknown, and that our travelers, among whom two were naturally of a very timid sort, were, like all the other multiplied English tourists, entirely at ease. The famous regiment, with so many of whose officers we have made acquaintance, was drafted in canal-boats to Bruges and Ghent, thence to march to Brussels. Jos accompanied the ladies in the public boats: the which all old travelers in Flanders must remember for the luxury and accommodation they afforded. So prodigiously good was the eating and drinking on board these sluggish but most comfortable vessels, that there are legends extant of an English traveler who coming to Belgium for a week, and traveling in one of these boats, was so delighted with the fare there that he went backward and forward from Ghent to Bruges perpetually until the railroads were invented, when he drowned himself on the last trip of the passage-boat. Jos's death was not to be of this sort, but his comfort was exceeding, and Mrs. O'Dowd insisted that he only wanted her sister Glorvina to make his happiness complete. He sat on the roof of the cabin all day drinking Flemish beer, shouting for Isidor his servant, and talking gallantly to the ladies.

His courage was prodigious. "Boney attack us!" he cried. "My dear creature, my poor Emmy, don't be frightened. There's no danger. The allies will be in Paris in two months, I tell you: when I'll take you to dine in the Palais Royal, by Jove! There are three hundred thousand Rooshians, I tell you, now entering France by Mayence and the Rhine—three hundred thousand under Wittgenstein and Barclay de Tolly, my poor love. You don't know military affairs, my dear. I do, and I tell you there's no infantry in France can stand against Rooshian infantry, and no general of Boney's that's fit to hold a candle to Wittgenstein. Then there are the Austrians, they are five hundred thousand if a man, and they are within ten marches of the frontier by this time, under Schwartzenberg and Prince Charles. Then there are the Prooshians under the gallant Prince Marshal. Show me a cavalry chief like him, now that Murat is gone. Hey, Mrs. O'Dowd? Do you think our little girl here need be afraid. Is there any cause for fear, Isidor? Hey, sir? Get some more beer."

Mrs. O'Dowd said that "her Glorvina was not afraid of any man alive let alone a Frenchman," and tossed off a glass of beer with a wink which expressed her liking for the beverage.

Having frequently been in presence of the enemy, or, in other words, faced the ladies at Cheltenham and Bath, our friend, the collector, had lost a great deal of his pristine timidity, and was now, especially when forti-

* This incident is mentioned in Mr. Gleig's recently published "Story of the Battle of Waterloo."

fied with liquor, as talkative as might be. He was rather a favorite with the regiment, treating the young officers with sumptuousness, and amusing them by his military airs. And as there is one well-known regiment of the army which travels with a goat heading the column, while another is led by a deer, George said with respect to his brother-in-law, that his regiment marched with an elephant.

Since Amelia's introduction to the regiment, George began to be rather ashamed of some of the company to which he had been forced to present her; and determined, as he told Dobbin (with what satisfaction to the latter it need not be said), to exchange into some better regiment soon, and to get his wife away from these damned vulgar women. But this vulgarity of being ashamed of one's society is much more common among men than women (except very great ladies of fashion, who, to be sure, indulge in it); and Mrs. Amelia, a natural and unaffected person, had none of that artificial shamefacedness which her husband mistook for delicacy on his own part. Thus Mrs. O'Dowd had a cock's plume in her hat, and a very large "repayther" on her stomach, which she used to ring on all occasions, narrating how it had been presented to her by her fawther, as she stipt into the car'ge after her mar'ge; and these ornaments, with other outward peculiarities of the major's wife, gave excruciating agonies to Captain Osborne, when his wife and the major's came in contact; whereas Amelia was only amused by the honest lady's eccentricities, and not in the least ashamed of her company.

As they made that well-known journey, which almost every Englishman of middle rank has traveled since, there might have been more instructive, but few more entertaining companions than Mrs. Major O'Dowd. "Talk about kenal boats, my dear. Ye should see the kenal boats between Dublin and Ballinasloe. It's there the rapid traveling is; and the beautiful cattle. Sure me fawther got a goold medal (and his excellency himself eat a slice of it, and said never was finer mate in his loif) for a four-year-old heifer, the like of which ye never saw in *this* country any day." And Jos owned with a sigh, "that for good streaky beef, really mingled with fat and lean, there was no country like England."

"Except Ireland, where all your best mate comes from," said the major's lady; proceeding, as is not unusual with patriots of her nation, to make comparisons greatly in favor of her own country. This idea of comparing the market at Bruges with those of Dublin, although she had suggested it herself, caused immense scorn and derision on her part. "I'll thank ye to tell me what they mean by that old gazabo on the top of the market-place," said she, in a burst of

ridicule fit to have brought the old tower down. The place was full of English soldiery as they passed. English bugles woke them in the morning: at nightfall they went to bed to the note of the British fife and drum: all the country and Europe was in arms, and the greatest event of history pending; and honest Peggy O'Dowd, whom it concerned as well as another, went on prattling about Ballinafad, and the horses in the stables at Glenmalony, and the clart drunk there; and Jos Sedley interposed about curry and rice at Dumdum; and Amelia thought about her husband, and how best she should show her love for him; as if these were the great topics of the world.

Those who like to lay down the history-book, and to speculate upon what *might* have happened in the world, but for the fatal occurrence of what actually did take place (a most puzzling, amusing, ingenious, and profitable kind of meditation), have no doubt often thought to themselves what a specially bad time Napoleon took to come back from Elba, and to let loose his eagle from Gulf San Juan to Nôtre Dame. The historians on our side tell us that the armies of the allied powers were all providentially on a war-footing, and ready to bear down at a moment's notice upon the Elban Emperor. The august jobbers assembled at Vienna, and carving out the kingdoms of Europe according to their wisdom, had such causes of quarrel among themselves as might have set the armies which had overcome Napoleon to fight against each other, but for the return of the object of unanimous hatred and fear. This monarch had an army in full force because he had jobbed to himself Poland, and was determined to keep it: another had robbed half Saxony, and was bent upon maintaining his acquisition: Italy was the object of a third's solicitude. Each was protesting against the rapacity of the other; and could the Corsican but have waited in his prison until all these parties were by the ears, he might have returned and reigned unmolested. But what would have become of our story and all our friends, then? If all the drops in it were dried up, what would become of the sea?

In the mean while the business of life and living and the pursuits of pleasure, especially, went on as if no end were to be expected to them, and no enemy in front. When our travelers arrived at Brussels, in which their regiment was quartered, a great piece of good fortune, as all said, they found themselves in one of the gayest and most brilliant little capitals in Europe, and where all the Vanity Fair booths were laid out with the most tempting liveliness and splendor. Gambling was here in profusion, and dancing in plenty: feasting was there to fill with delight that great gourmand of a Jos: there was a

theater where a miraculous Catalani was delighting all hearers; beautiful rides, all enlivened with martial splendor; a rare old city, with strange costumes and wonderful architecture, to delight the eyes of little Amelia, who had never before seen a foreign country, and fill her with charming surprises: so that now and for a few weeks' space, in a fine handsome lodging, whereof the expenses were borne by Jos and Osborne, who was flush of money and full of kind attentions to his wife—for about a fortnight I say, during which her honeymoon ended, Mrs. Amelia was as pleased and happy as any little bride out of England.

Every day during this happy time there was novelty and amusement for all parties. There was a church to see, or a picture gallery—there was a ride, or an opera. The bands of the regiments were making music at all hours. The greatest folks of England walked in the park—there was a perpetual military festival. George taking out his wife to a new jaunt or junket every night, was quite pleased with himself as usual, and swore he was becoming quite a domestic character. And a jaunt or a junket with *him*! Was it not enough to set this little heart beating with joy? Her letters home to her mother were filled with delight and gratitude at this season. Her husband bade her buy laces, millinery, jewels, and gimcracks of all sorts. Oh, he was the kindest, best, and most generous of men!

The sight of the very great company of lords and ladies and fashionable persons who thronged the town and appeared in every public place, filled George's truly British soul with intense delight. They flung off that happy frigidity and insolence of demeanor which occasionally characterizes the great at home, and appearing in numberless public places, condescended to mingle with the rest of the company whom they met there. One night at a party given by the general of the division to which George's regiment belonged, he had the honor of dancing with Lady Blanche Thistlewood, Lord Bareacres' daughter; he bustled for ices and refreshments for the two noble ladies; he pushed and squeezed for Lady Bareacres' carriage; he bragged about the countess when he got home, in a way which his own father could not have surpassed. He called upon the ladies the next day; he rode by their side in the park; he asked their party to a great dinner at a restaurateur's, and was quite wild with exultation when they agreed to come. Old Bareacres, who had not much pride and a large appetite, would go for a dinner any where.

"I hope there will be no women besides our own party," Lady Bareacres said, after reflecting upon the invitation which had been made, and accepted with too much precipitancy.

"Gracious heaven, mamma—you don't suppose the man would bring his wife," shrieked Lady Blanche, who had been languishing in George's arms in the newly-imported waltz for hours the night before. "The men are bearable, but their women—"

"Wife, just married, dev'lish pretty woman, I hear," the old earl said.

"Well, my dear Blanche," said the mother, "I suppose as papa wants to go, we must go: but we needn't know them in England, you know." And so, determined to cut their new acquaintance in Bond-street, these great folks went to eat his dinner at Brussels, and condescending to make him pay for their pleasure, showed their dignity by making his wife uncomfortable, and carefully excluding her from the conversation. This is a species of dignity in which the high-bred British female reigns supreme. To watch the behavior of a fine lady to other and humbler women is a very good sport for a philosophical frequenter of Vanity Fair.

This festival, on which honest George spent a great deal of money, was the very dismallest of all the entertainments which Amelia had in her honey-moon. She wrote the most piteous accounts of the feast home to her mamma: how the Countess of Bareacres would not answer when spoken to; how Lady Blanche stared at her with her eye-glass; and what a rage Captain Dobbin was in at their behavior; and how my lord as they came away from the feast, asked to see the bill, and pronounced it a d— bad dinner, and d— dear. But though Amelia told all these stories, and wrote home regarding her guests' rudeness, and her own discomfort; old Mrs. Sedley was mightily pleased nevertheless, and talked about Emmy's friend, the Countess of Bareacres, with such assiduity that the news how his son was entertaining peers and peeresses actually came to Osborne's ears in the city.

Those who know the present Lieutenant-general Sir George Tufto, K.C.B., and have seen him, as they may on most days in the season, padded and in stays, strutting down Pall-Mall with a rickety swagger, on his high-heeled lacquered boots, leering under the bonnets of passers by, or riding a showy chestnut, and ogling Broughams in the parks—those who know the present Sir George Tufto would hardly recognize the daring Peninsula and Waterloo officer. He has thick curling brown hair and black eyebrows now, and his whiskers are of the deepest purple. He was light-haired and bald in 1815, and stouter in the person and in the limbs, which especially have shrunk very much of late. When he was about seventy years of age (he is now nearly eighty), his hair, which was very scarce and quite white, suddenly grew thick, and brown, and curly, and his whiskers and eyebrows took their





MRS. O'DOWD AT THE FLOWER-MARKET. (p. 135.)

present color. Ill-natured people say that his chest is all wool, and that his hair, because it never grows, is a wig. Tom Tufto, with whose father he quarreled ever so many years ago, declares that Mademoiselle de Jaisey, of the French theater, pulled his grandpapa's hair off in the green-room; but Tom is notoriously spiteful and jealous; and the general's wig has nothing to do with our story.

One day, as some of our friends of the —th were sauntering in the flower-market of Brussels, having been to see the Hotel de Ville, which Mrs. Major O'Dowd declared was not near so large or handsome as her father's mansion of Glenmalony, an officer of rank with a soldier behind him, rode up to the market, and descending from his horse, came among the flowers, and selected the very finest bouquet which money could buy. The beautiful bundle being tied up in a paper, the officer remounted, giving the nosegay into the charge of his military groom, who carried it with a grin, following his chief who rode away in great state and self-satisfaction.

"You should see the flowers at Glenmalony," Mrs. O'Dowd was remarking. "My father has three Scotch gardeners with nine helpers. We have an acre of hot-houses, and pines as common as pays in the sayson. Our greeps weighs six pounds every bunch of 'em, and upon me honor and conscience I think our magnolias is as big as taykettles."

Dobbin, who never used to 'draw out' Mrs. O'Dowd as that wicked Osborne delighted in doing (much to Amelia's terror, who implored him to spare her), fell back in the crowd, crowing and sputtering until he reached a safe distance, when he exploded among the astonished market-people with shrieks of yelling laughter.

"What's that gawky guggling about?" said Mrs. O'Dowd. "Is it his nose bleedn? He always used to say 'twas his nose bleedn, till he must have pumped all the blood out of um. An't the magnolias at Glenmalony as big as taykettles, O'Dowd?"

"Deed then they are, and bigger, Peggy," the major said. When the conversation was interrupted in the manner stated, by the arrival of the officer who purchased the bouquet."

"Devilish fine horse—who is it?" George asked.

"You should see me brother Molloy Maloney's horse, Molasses, that won the cup at the Curragh," the major's wife was exclaiming, and was continuing the family history, when her husband interrupted her by saying—

"It's General Tufto, who commands the — cavalry division;" adding quietly, "he and I were both shot in the same leg at Talavera."

"Where you got your step," said George

with a laugh. "General Tufto! Then, my dear, the Crawleys are come."

Amelia's heart fell—she knew not why. The sun did not seem to shine so bright. The tall old roofs and gables looked less picturesque all of a sudden, though it was a brilliant sunset, and one of the brightest and most beautiful days at the end of May.

CHAPTER XXIX.

BRUSSELS.

Mr. Jos had hired a pair of horses for his open carriage, with which cattle, and the smart London vehicle, he made a very tolerable figure in the drives about Brussels. George purchased a horse for his private riding, and he and Captain Dobbin would often accompany the carriage in which Jos and his sister took daily excursions of pleasure. They went out that day in the park for their accustomed diversion, and there, sure enough, George's remark with regard to the arrival of Rawdon Crawley and his wife proved to be correct. In the midst of a little troop of horsemen, consisting of some of the very greatest persons in Brussels, Rebecca was seen in the prettiest and tightest of riding-habits, mounted on a beautiful little Arab, which she rode to perfection (having acquired the art at Queen's Crawley, where the baronet, Mr. Pitt, and Rawdon himself had given her many lessons), and by the side of the gallant General Tufto.

"Sure, it's the Juke himself," cried Mrs. Major O'Dowd to Jos, who began to blush violently; "and that's Lord Uxbridge on the bay. How elegant he looks! Me brother, Molloy Maloney, is as like him as two peas."

Rebecca did not make for the carriage; but as soon as she perceived her old acquaintance Amelia seated in it, acknowledged her presence by a gracious word and smile, and by kissing and shaking her fingers playfully in the direction of the vehicle. Then she resumed her conversation with General Tufto, who asked "who the fat officer was in the gold-laced cap?" on which Becky replied, "that he was an officer in the East Indian service." But Rawdon Crawley rode out of the ranks of his company, and came up and shook hands heartily with Amelia, and said to Jos, "Well, old boy, how are you?" and stared in Mrs. O'Dowd's face and black cock's feathers until she began to think she had made a conquest of him.

George, who had been delayed behind, rode up almost immediately with Dobbin, and they touched their caps to the august personages, among whom Osborne at once perceived Mrs. Crawley. He was delighted to see Rawdon leaning over his carriage familiarly and talking to Amelia, and met

the aid-de-camp's cordial greeting with more than corresponding warmth. The nods between Rawdon and Dobbin were of the very faintest specimens of politeness.

Crawley told George where they were stopping with General Tufto at the Hotel du Parc, and George made his friend promise to come speedily to Osborne's own residence. "Sorry I hadn't seen you three days ago," George said. "Had a dinner at the Restaurateur's—rather a nice thing. Lord Bareacres, and the countess, and Lady Blanche, were good enough to dine with us—wish we'd had you." Having thus let his friend know his claims to be a man of fashion, Osborne parted from Rawdon, who followed the august squadron down an alley into which they cantered, while George and Dobbin resumed their places, one on each side of Amelia's carriage.

"How well the Juke looked," Mrs. O'Dowd remarked. "The Wellesleys and Maloneys are related; but, of course, poor I would never dream of introjucing myself unless his grace thought proper to remember our family-tie."

"He's a great soldier," Jos said, much more at ease now the great man was gone. "Was there ever a battle won like Salamanca? Hey, Dobbin? But where was it he learned his art? In India, my boy! The jungle's the school for a general, mark me that. I knew him myself, too, Mrs. O'Dowd: we both of us danced the same evening with Miss Cutler, daughter of Cutler of the artillery, and a devilish fine girl, at Dundum."

The apparition of the great personages held them all in talk during the drive; and at dinner; and until the hour came when they were all to go to the opera.

It was almost like Old England. The house was filled with familiar British faces, and those toilets for which the British female has long been celebrated. Mrs. O'Dowd's was not the least splendid among these, and she had a curl on her forehead, and a set of Irish diamonds and Cairngorms, which outshone all the decorations in the house, in her notion. Her presence used to excruciate Osborne; but go she would upon all parties of pleasure on which she heard her young friends were bent. It never entered into her thought but that they must be charmed of her company.

"She's been useful to you, my dear," George said to his wife, whom he could leave alone with less scruple when she had this company. "But what a comfort it is that Rebecca's come: you will have her for a friend, and we may get rid now of this damn'd Irishwoman." To this Amelia did not answer, yes or no: and how do we know what her thoughts were?

The *coup d'œil* of the Brussels opera-house did not strike Mrs. O'Dowd as being so fine

as the theater in Fishamble-street, Dublin, nor was French music at all equal in her opinion to the melodies of her native country. She favored her friends with these and other opinions in a very loud tone of voice, and tossed about a great clattering fan she sported with the most splendid complacency.

"Who is that wonderful woman with Amelia, Rawdon, love?" said a lady in an opposite box (who, almost always civil to her husband in private, was more fond than ever of him in company). "Don't you see that creature with a yellow thing in her turban, and a red satin gown, and a great watch?"

"Near the pretty little woman in white?" asked a middle-aged gentleman seated by the querist's side, with orders in his button, and several under-waistcoats, and a great, choky, white stock.

"That pretty woman in white is Amelia, general: you are remarking all the pretty women, you naughty man."

"Only one, begad, in the world!" said the general, delighted, and the lady gave him a tap with a large bouquet which she had.

"Bedad it's him," said Mrs. O'Dowd; "and that's the very bokay he bought in the Marshy aux Flures!" and when Rebecca, having caught her friend's eye, performed the little hand-kissing operation once more, Mrs. Major O'D., taking the compliment to herself, returned the salute with a gracious smile, which sent that unfortunate Dobbin shrieking out of the box again.

At the end of the act, George was out of the box in a moment, and he was even going to pay his respects to Rebecca in her *loge*. He met Crawley in the lobby, however, where they exchanged a few sentences upon the occurrences of the last fortnight.

"You found my check all right at the agent's?" George said, with a knowing air.

"All right, my boy," Rawdon answered. "Happy to give you your revenge. Governor come round?"

"Not yet," said George, "but he will; and you know I've some private fortune through my mother. Has Auntie relented?"

"Sent me twenty pounds, damned old screw. When shall we have a meet? The general dines out on Tuesday. Can't you come Tuesday? I say, make Sedley cut off his mustache. What the devil does a civilian mean with a mustache and those infernal frogs to his coat. By-bye. Try and come on Tuesday;" and Rawdon was going off with two brilliant young gentlemen of fashion, who were, like himself, on the staff of a general officer.

George was only half pleased to be asked to dinner on that particular day when the general was *not* to dine. "I will go in and pay my respects to your wife," said he; at which Rawdon said, "Hm, as you please"

looking very glum, and at which the two young officers exchanged knowing glances. George parted from them, and strutted down the lobby to the general's box, the number of which he had carefully counted.

"*Entrez*," said a clear little voice, and our friend found himself in Rebecca's presence; who jumped up, clapped her hands together, and held out both of them to George, so charmed was she to see him. The general, with the orders in his button, stared at the new comer with a sulky scowl, as much as to say, "Who the devil are you?"

"My dear Captain George!" cried little Rebecca in an ecstasy. "How good of you to come. The general and I were moping together *tête-à-tête*. General, this is my Captain George, of whom you heard me talk."

"Indeed," said the general, with a very small bow, "of what regiment is Captain George?"

George mentioned the —th: how he wished he could have said it was a crack cavalry corps.

"Come home lately from the West Indies, I believe. Not seen much service in the late war. Quartered here, Captain George?"—the general went on with killing haughtiness.

"Not Captain George, you stupid man; Captain Osborne," Rebecca said. The general all the while was looking savagely from one to the other.

"Captain Osborne, indeed! Any relation to the L— Osbornes?"

"We bear the same arms," George said, as indeed was the fact; Mr. Osborne having consulted with a herald in Long Acre, and picked the L— arms out of the peerage, when he set up his carriage fifteen years before. The general made no reply to this announcement; but took up his opera-glass—the double-barreled lorgnon was not invented in those days—and pretended to examine the house; but Rebecca saw that his disengaged eye was working round in her direction, and shooting out blood-shot glances at her and George.

She redoubled in cordiality. "How is dearest Amelia? But I needn't ask: how pretty she looks! And who is that nice good-natured looking creature with her—a flame of yours? O, you wicked men! And there is Mr. Sedley eating ices, I declare: how he seems to enjoy it! General, why have we not had any ices?"

"Shall I go and fetch you some?" said the general, bursting with wrath.

"Let me go, I entreat you," George said.

"No, I will go to Amelia's box. Dear, sweet girl! Give me your arm, Captain George;" and so saying, and with a nod to the general, she tripped into the lobby. She gave George the queerest, knowingest look, when they were together, a look which

might have been interpreted, "Don't you see the state of affairs, and what a fool I'm making of him?" But he did not perceive it. He was thinking of his own plans, and lost in pompous admiration of his own irresistible powers of pleasing.

The curses to which the general gave a low utterance, as soon as Rebecca and her conqueror had quitted him, were so deep, that I am sure no compositor would venture to print them were they written down. They came from the general's heart; and a wonderful thing it is to think that the human heart is capable of generating such produce, and can throw out, as occasion demands, such a supply of lust and fury, rage and hatred.

Amelia's gentle eyes, too, had been fixed anxiously on the pair, whose conduct had so chafed the jealous general; but when Rebecca entered her box, she flew to her friend with an affectionate rapture which showed itself, in spite of the publicity of the place, for she embraced her dearest friend in the presence of the whole house, at least in full view of the general's glass, now brought to bear upon the Osborne party. Mrs. Rawdon saluted Jos, too, with the kindest greeting: she admired Mrs. O'Dowd's large Cairngorm brooch and superb Irish diamonds, and wouldn't believe that they were not from Golconda direct. She bustled, she chattered, she turned and twisted, and smiled upon one, and smirked on another, all in full view of the jealous opera-glass opposite. And when the time for the ballet came (in which there was no dancer that went through her grimaces or performed her comedy of action better), she skipped back to her own box, leaning on Captain Dobbin's arm this time. No, she would not have George's: he must stay and talk to his dearest, best, little Amelia.

"What a humbug that woman is," honest old Dobbin mumbled to George, when he came back from Rebecca's box, whither he had conducted her in perfect silence, and with a countenance as glum as an undertaker's. "She writhes and twists about like a snake. All the time she was here, didn't you see, George, how she was acting at the general over the way?"

"Humbug—acting? Hang it, she's the nicest little woman in England," George replied, showing his white teeth, and giving his ambrosial whiskers a twirl. "You ain't a man of the world, Dobbin. Damme, look at her now, she's talked over Tufto in no time. Look how he's laughing! Gad, what a shoulder she has! Emmy, why didn't you have a bouquet? Every body has a bouquet."

"Faith, then, why didn't you *boy* one?" Mrs. O'Dowd said; and both Amelia and William Dobbin thanked her for this timely observation. But beyond this neither of the

ladies rallied. Amelia was overpowered by the flash and the dazzle and the fashionable talk of her worldly rival. Even the O'Dowd was silent and subdued after Becky's brilliant apparition, and scarcely said a word more about Glenmalony all the evening.

"When do you intend to give up play, George, as you have promised me any time these hundred years?" Dobbin said to his friend a few days after the night at the Opera. "When do you intend to give up sermonizing?" was the other's reply. "What the deuce, man, are you alarmed about? We play low; I won last night. You don't suppose Crawley cheats? With fair play it comes to pretty much the same thing at the year's end."

"But I don't think he could pay if he lost," Dobbin said; and his advice met with the success which advice usually commands. Osborne and Crawley were repeatedly together now. General Tufto dined abroad almost constantly. George was always welcome in the apartments (very close indeed to those of the general), which the aid-de-camp and his wife occupied in the hotel.

Amelia's manners were such when she and George visited Crawley and his wife at these quarters, that they had very nearly come to their first quarrel; that is, George scolded his wife violently for her evident unwillingness to go, and the high and mighty manner in which she comported herself toward Mrs. Crawley, her old friend; and Amelia did not say one single word in reply; but with her husband's eye upon her, and Rebecca scanning her, as she felt, was, if possible, more bashful and awkward on the second visit which she paid to Mrs. Rawdon, than on her first call.

Rebecca was doubly affectionate, of course, and would not take notice, in the least, of her friend's coolness. "I think Emmy has become prouder since her father's name was in the —, since Mr. Sedley's *misfortunes*," Rebecca said, softening the phrase charitably for George's ear.

"Upon my word, I thought when we were at Brighton she was doing me the honor to be jealous of me; and now I suppose she is scandalized because Rawdon, and I, and the general live together. Why, my dear creature, how could we, with our means, live at all, but for a friend to share expenses? And do you suppose that Rawdon is not big enough to take care of my honor? But I'm very much obliged to Emmy, very," Mrs. Rawdon said.

"Pooh, jealousy!" answered George, "all women are jealous."

"And all men, too. Weren't you jealous of General Tufto, and the general of you, on the night of the Opera? Why, he was ready to eat me for going with you to visit that foolish little wife of your's; as if I care

a pin for either of you," Crawley's wife said, with a pert toss of her head. "Will you dine here? The dragon dines with the commander-in-chief. Great news is stirring. They say the French have crossed the frontier. We shall have a quiet dinner."

George accepted the invitation, although his wife was a little ailing. They were now not quite six weeks married. Another woman was laughing or sneering at her expense, and he not angry. He was not even angry with himself, this good-natured fellow. It is a shame, he owned to himself; but, hang it, if a pretty woman *will* throw herself into your way, why, what can a fellow do, you know? I *am* rather free about women, he had often said, smiling and nodding knowingly to Stubble and Spooney, and other comrades of the mess-table; and they rather respected him than otherwise for this prowess. Next to conquering in war, conquering in love has been a source of pride, time out of mind, among men in Vanity Fair, or how should school-boys brag of their amours, or Don Juan be popular?

So Mr. Osborne, having a firm conviction in his own mind that he was a woman-killer and destined to conquer, did not run counter to his fate, but yielded himself up to it quite complacently. And as Emmy did not say much or plague him with her jealousy, but merely became unhappy and pined over it miserably in secret, he chose to fancy that she was not suspicious of what all his acquaintances were perfectly aware—namely, that he was carrying on a desperate flirtation with Mrs. Crawley. He rode with her whenever she was free. He pretended regimental business to Amelia (by which falsehood she was not in the least deceived), and consigning his wife to solitude or her brother's society, passed his evenings in the Crawleys' company; losing money to the husband and flattering himself that the wife was dying in love for him. It is very likely that this worthy couple never absolutely conspired, and agreed together in so many words: the one to cajole the young gentleman, while the other won his money at cards: but they understood each other perfectly well, and Rawdon let Osborne come and go with entire good humor.

George was so occupied with his new acquaintances that he and William Dobbin were by no means so much together as formerly. George avoided him in public and in the regiment, and, as we see, did not like those sermons which his senior was disposed to inflict upon him. If some parts of his conduct made Captain Dobbin exceedingly grave and cool; of what use was it to tell George that though his whiskers were large, and his own opinion of his knowingness great, he was as green as a schoolboy? that Rawdon was making a victim of him as he had done of many before, and as soon as he had

used him would fling him off with scorn? He would not listen: and so, as Dobbin upon those days when he visited the Osborne house, seldom had the advantage of meeting his old friend, much painful and unavailing talk between them was spared. Our friend George was in the full career of the pleasures of Vanity Fair.

There never was, since the days of Darius, such a brilliant train of camp-followers as hung round the train of the Duke of Wellington's army in the Low Countries, in 1815; and led it dancing and feasting, as it were, up to the very brink of battle. A certain ball which a noble duchess gave at Brussels on the 15th of June in the above-named year is historical. All Brussels had been in a state of excitement about it, and I have heard from ladies who were in that town at the period, that the talk and interest of persons of their own sex regarding the ball was much greater even than in respect to the enemy in their front. The struggles, intrigues, and prayers to get tickets were such as only English ladies will employ, in order to gain admission to the society of the great of their own nation.

Jos and Mrs. O'Dowd, who were panting to be asked, strove in vain to procure tickets; but others of our friends were more lucky. For instance, through the interest of my Lord Bareacres, and as a set-off for the dinner at the restaurateur's, George got a card for Captain and Mrs. Osborne; which circumstance greatly elated him. Dobbin, who was a friend of the general commanding the division in which their regiment was, came laughing one day to Mrs. Osborne, and displayed a similar invitation, which made Jos envious, and George wonder how the deuce *he* should be getting into society. Mr. and Mrs. Rawdon, finally, were of course invited; as became the friends of a general commanding a cavalry brigade.

On the appointed night, George, having commanded new dresses and ornaments of all sorts for Amelia, drove to the famous ball, where his wife did not know a single soul. After looking about for Lady Bareacres, who cut him, thinking the card was quite enough—and after placing Amelia on a bench, he left her to her own cogitations there, thinking, on his own part, that he had behaved very handsomely in getting her new clothes, and bringing her to the ball, where she was free to amuse herself as she liked. Her thoughts were not of the pleasantest, and nobody except honest Dobbin came to disturb them.

While her appearance was an utter failure (as her husband felt with a sort of rage), Mrs. Rawdon Crawley's *début* was, on the contrary, very brilliant. She arrived very late. Her face was radiant; her dress perfection. In the midst of the great persons assembled, and the eye-glasses directed to

her, Rebecca seemed to be as cool and collected as when she used to marshal Miss Pinkerton's little girls to church. Numbers of the men she knew already, and the dandies thronged round her. As for the ladies, it was whispered among them that Rawdon had run away with her from out of a convent, and that she was a relation of the Montmorency family. She spoke French so perfectly that there might be some truth in this report, and it was agreed that her manners were fine, and her air *distingué*. Fifty would-be partners thronged round her at once, and pressed to have the honor to dance with her. But she said she was engaged, and only going to dance very little; and made her way at once to the place where Emmy sate quite unnoticed, and dismally unhappy. And so, to finish the poor child at once, Mrs. Rawdon ran and greeted affectionately her dearest Amelia, and began forthwith to patronize her. She found fault with her friend's dress, and her hair-dresser, and wondered how she could be so *chaussée*, and vowed that she must send her *corsetière* the next morning. She vowed that it was a delightful ball; that there was every body that every one knew, and only a *very* few nobodies in the whole room. It is a fact, that in a fortnight, and after three dinners in general society, this young woman had got up the genteel jargon so well, that a native could not speak it better; and it was only from her French being so good, that you could know she was not a born woman of fashion.

George, who had left Emmy on her bench on entering the ball-room, very soon found his way back when Rebecca was by her dear friend's side. Becky was just lecturing Mrs. Osborne upon the follies which her husband was committing. "For God's sake, stop him from gambling, my dear," she said, "or he will ruin himself. He and Rawdon are playing at cards every night, and you know he is very poor, and Rawdon will win every shilling from him if he does not take care. Why don't you prevent him, you little careless creature? Why don't you come to us of an evening, instead of moping at home with that Captain Dobbin? I dare say he is *très-aimable*; but how could one love a man with feet of such size? Your husband's feet are darlings. Here he comes. Where have you been, wretch? Here is Emmy crying her eyes out for you. Are you coming to fetch me for the quadrille?" And she left her bouquet and shawl by Amelia's side, and tripped off with George to dance. Women only know how to wound so. There is a poison on the tips of their little shafts, which stings a thousand times more than a man's blunter weapon. Our poor Emmy, who had never hated, never sneered all her life, was powerless in the hands of her remorseless little enemy.

George danced with Rebecca twice or thrice—how many times Amelia scarcely knew. She sate quite unnoticed in her corner, except when Rawdon came up with some words of clumsy conversation: and later in the evening, when Captain Dobbin made so bold as to bring her refreshments and sit beside her. He did not like to ask her why she was so sad; but as a pretext for the tears which were filling in her eyes, she told him that Mrs. Crawley had alarmed her by telling her that George would go on playing.

"It is curious, when a man is bent upon play, by what clumsy rogues he will allow himself to be cheated," Dobbin said; and Emmy said, "indeed." She was thinking of something else. It was not the loss of the money that grieved her.

At last George came back for Rebecca's shawl and flowers. She was going away. She did not even condescend to come back and say good-by to Amelia. The poor girl let her husband come and go without saying a word, and her head fell on her breast. Dobbin had been called away, and was whispering deep in conversation with the general of the division, his friend, and had not seen this last parting. George went away then with the bouquet; but when he gave it to the owner, there lay a note, coiled like a snake among the flowers. Rebecca's eye caught it at once. She had been used to deal with notes in early life. She put out her hand and took the nosegay. He saw by her eyes as they met, that she was aware what she should find there. Her husband hurried her away, still too intent upon his own thoughts, seemingly, to take note of any marks of recognition which might pass between his friend and his wife. These were, however, but trifling. Rebecca gave George her hand with one of her usual quick knowing glances, and made a courtesy and walked away. George bowed over the hand, said nothing in reply to a remark of Crawley's, did not hear it even, his brain was so throbbing with triumph and excitement, and allowed them to go away without a word.

His wife saw the one part at least of the bouquet-scene. It was quite natural that George should come at Rebecca's request to get her her scarf and flowers: it was no more than he had done twenty times before in the course of the last few days; but now it was too much for her. "William," she said, suddenly clinging to Dobbin, who was near her, "you've always been very kind to me—I'm—I'm not well. Take me home." She did not know she called him by his Christian name, as George was accustomed to do. He went away with her quickly. Her lodgings were hard by; and they threaded through the crowd without, where every thing seemed to be more astir than even in the ball-room within.

George had been angry twice or thrice at finding his wife up on his return from the parties which he frequented: so she went straight to bed now; but although she did not sleep, and although the din and clatter, and the galloping of horsemen were incessant, she never heard any of these noises, having quite other disturbances to keep her awake.

Osborne meanwhile, wild with elation, went off to a play-table, and began to bet frantically. He won repeatedly. "Every thing succeeds with me to-night," he said. But his luck at play even did not cure him of his restlessness, and he started up after awhile, pocketing his winnings, and went to a buffet, where he drank off many bumpers of wine.

Here, as he was rattling away to the people around, laughing loudly and wild with spirits, Dobbin found him. He had been to the card-tables to look there for his friend. Dobbin looked as pale and grave as his comrade was flushed and jovial.

"Hullo, Dob! Come and drink, old Dob! The duke's wine is famous. Give me some more, you sir;" and he held out a trembling glass for the liquor.

"Come out, George," said Dobbin, still gravely; "don't drink."

"Drink! there's nothing like it. Drink yourself, and light up your lantern jaws, old boy. Here's to you."

Dobbin went up and whispered something to him, at which George, giving a start and a wild hurra, tossed off his glass, clapped it on the table, and walked away speedily on his friend's arm. "The enemy has passed the Sambre," William said, "and our left is already engaged. Come away. We are to march in three hours."

Away went George, his nerves quivering with excitement at the news so long looked for, so sudden when it came. What were love and intrigue now? He thought about a thousand things but these in his rapid walk to his quarters—his past life and future chances—the fate which might be before him—the wife, the child perhaps, from whom unseen he might be about to part. Oh, how he wished that night's work undone! and that with a clear conscience at least he might say farewell to the tender and guileless being by whose love he had set such little store!

He thought over his brief married life. In those few weeks he had frightfully dissipated his little capital. How wild and reckless he had been! Should any mischance befall him: what was then left for her? How unworthy he was of her. Why had he married her? He was not fit for marriage. Why had he disobeyed his father, who had been always so generous to him? Hope, remorse, ambition, tenderness, and





VENUS PREPARING THE ARMOR OF MARS. (p. 141.)

selfish regret filled his heart. He sat down and wrote to his father, remembering what he had said once before, when he was engaged to fight a duel. Dawn faintly streaked the sky as he closed this farewell letter. He sealed it, and kissed the superscription. He thought how he had deserted that generous father, and of the thousand kindnesses which the stern old man had done him.

He had looked into Amelia's bed-room when he entered; she lay quiet, and her eyes seemed closed, and he was glad that she was asleep. On arriving at his quarters from the ball, he had found his regimental servant already making preparations for his departure: the man had understood his signal to be still, and these arrangements were very quickly and silently made. Should he go in and wake Amelia, he thought, or leave a note for her brother to break the news of departure to her? He went in to look at her once again.

She had been awake when he first entered her room, but had kept her eyes closed, so that even her wakefulness should not seem to reproach him. But when he had returned, so soon after herself, too, this timid little heart had felt more at ease and turning toward him as he stepped softly out of the room, she had fallen into a light sleep. George came in and looked at her again, entering still more softly. By the pale night-lamp he could see her sweet, pale face—the purple eyelids were fringed and closed, and one round arm, smooth and white, lay outside of the coverlid. Good God! how pure she was; how gentle, how tender, and how friendless! and he, how selfish, brutal, and black with crime! Heart-stained, and shame-stricken, he stood at the bed's foot, and looked at the sleeping girl. How dared he—who was he, to pray for one so spotless! God bless her! God bless her! He came to the bed-side, and looked at the hand, the little soft hand, lying asleep; and he bent over the pillow noiselessly toward the gentle pale face.

Two fair arms closed tenderly round his neck as he stooped down. "I am awake, George," the poor child said, with a sob fit to break the little heart that nestled so closely by his own. She was awake, poor soul, and to what? At that moment a bugle from the Place of Arms began sounding clearly, and was taken up through the town; and amidst the drums of the infantry, and the shrill pipes of the Scotch, the whole city awoke.

CHAPTER XXX.

"THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME."

WE do not claim to rank among the military novelists. Our place is with the non-combatants. When the decks are cleared

for action we go below and wait meekly. We should only be in the way of the manœuvres that the gallant fellows are performing over head. We shall go no farther with the —th than to the city gate: and leaving Major O'Dowd to his duty, come back to the major's wife, and the ladies and the baggage.

Now, the major and his lady, who had not been invited to the ball at which in our last chapter others of our friends figured, had much more time to take their wholesome natural rest in bed, than was accorded to people who wished to enjoy pleasure as well as to do duty. "It's my belief, Peggy, my dear," said he, as he placidly pulled his night-cap over his ears, "that there will be such a ball danced in a day or two as some of 'em has never heard the chune of;" and he was much more happy to retire to rest after partaking of a quiet tumbler, than to figure at any other sort of amusement. Peggy, for her part, would have liked to have shown her turban and bird of paradise at the ball, but for the information which her husband had given her, and which made her very grave.

"I'd like ye wake me about half an hour before the assembly beats," the major said to his lady. "Call me at half-past one, Peggy dear, and see me things is ready. May be I'll not come back to breakfast, Mrs. O'D." With which words, which signified his opinion that the regiment would march the next morning, the major ceased talking, and fell asleep.

Mrs. O'Dowd, the good housewife, arrayed in curl-papers and a camisole, felt that her duty was to act, and not to sleep, at this juncture. "Time enough for that," she said, "when Mick's gone;" and so she packed his traveling-valise ready for the march, brushed his cloak, his cap, and other warlike habiliments, set them out in order for him; and stowed away in the cloak-pockets a light package of portable refreshments, and a wicker-covered flask or pocket-pistol, containing near a pint of a remarkably sound Cognac brandy, of which she and the major approved very much, and as soon as the hands of the "repayther" pointed to half-past one, and its interior arrangements (it had a tone quite aequal to a cathaydril, its fair owner considered) knelled forth that fatal hour, Mrs. O'Dowd woke up her major, and had as comfortable a cup of coffee prepared for him as any made that morning in Brussels. And who is there will deny that this worthy lady's preparations betokened affection as much as the fits of tears and hysterics by which more sensitive females exhibited their love, and that their partaking of this coffee, which they drank together while the bugles were sounding the turn-out and the drums beating in the various quarters of the town, was not more useful and to the

purpose than the outpouring of any mere sentiment could be? The consequence was, that the major appeared on parade quite trim, fresh, and alert, his well-shaved rosy countenance, as he sat on horseback, giving cheerfulness and confidence to the whole corps. All the officers saluted her when the regiment marched by the balcony on which this brave woman stood, and waved them a cheer as they passed; and I dare say it was not from want of courage, but from a sense of female delicacy and propriety, that she refrained from leading the gallant —th personally into action.

On Sundays and at periods of a solemn nature, Mrs. O'Dowd used to read with great gravity out of a large volume of her uncle the dean's sermons. It had been of great comfort to her on board the transport as they were coming home, and were very nearly wrecked on their return from the West Indies. After the regiment's departure she betook herself to the volume for meditation; perhaps she did not understand much of what she was reading, and her thoughts were elsewhere: but the sleep project, with poor Mick's nightcap there on the pillow, was quite a vain one. So it is in the world. Jack or Donald marches away to glory with his knapsack on his shoulder, stepping out briskly to the tune of "The Girl I left behind me." It is she who remains and suffers—and has the leisure to think, and brood, and remember.

Knowing how useless regrets are, and how the indulgence of sentiment only serves to make people more miserable, Mrs. Rebecca wisely determined to give way to no vain feelings of sorrow, and bore the parting from her husband with quite a Spartan equanimity. Indeed, Captain Rawdon himself was much more affected at the leave-taking than the resolute little woman to whom he bade farewell. She had mastered this rude, coarse nature; and he loved and worshiped her with all his faculties of regard and admiration. In all his life he had never been so happy, as, during the past few months, his wife had made him. All former delights of turf, mess, hunting-field, and gambling-table; all previous loves and courtships of milliners, opera-dancers, and the like easy triumphs of the clumsy military Adonis, were quite insipid when compared to the lawful matrimonial pleasures which of late he had enjoyed. She had known perpetually how to divert him; and he had found his house and her society a thousand times more pleasant than any place or company which he had ever frequented from his childhood until now. And he cursed his past follies and extravagances, and bemoaned his vast outlying debts, above all, which must remain forever as obstacles to prevent his wife's advancement in the world. He had often groaned over these in midnight conver-

sations with Rebecca, although as a bachelor they had never given him any disquiet. He himself was struck with this phenomenon. "Hang it," he would say (or perhaps use a still stronger expression out of his simple vocabulary), "before I was married I didn't care what bills I put my name to, and so long as Moses would wait or Levy would renew for three months, I kept on never minding. But since I'm married, except renewing, of course, I give you my honor I've not touched a bit of stamped paper."

Rebecca always knew how to conjure away these moods of melancholy. "Why, my stupid love," she would say, "we have not done with your aunt yet. If she fails us, isn't there what you call the Gazette? or, stop, when your uncle Bute's life drops, I have another scheme. The living has always belonged to the younger brother, and why shouldn't you sell out and go into the church?" The idea of this conversion set Rawdon into roars of laughter: you might have heard the explosion through the hotel at midnight, and the haw-haws of the great dragoon's voice. General Tufto heard him from his quarters on the first floor below them; and Rebecca acted the scene with great spirit, and preached Rawdon's first sermon, to the immense delight of the general at breakfast.

But these were mere by-gone days and talk. When the final news arrived that the campaign was opened, and the troops were to march, Rawdon's gravity became such that Becky rallied him about it in a manner which rather hurt the feelings of the guardsman. "You don't suppose I'm afraid, Becky, I should think," he said, with a tremor in his voice. "But I'm a pretty good mark for a shot, and you see if it brings me down, why I leave one and perhaps two behind me whom I should wish to provide for, as I brought 'em into the scrape. It is no laughing matter *that*, Mrs. C., anyways."

Rebecca by a hundred caresses and kind words tried to soothe the feelings of the wounded lover. It was only when her vivacity and sense of humor got the better of this sprightly creature (as they would do under most circumstances of life indeed), that she would break out with her satire, but she could soon put on a demure face. "Dearest love," she said, "do you suppose I feel nothing?" and, hastily dashing something from her eyes, she looked up in her husband's face with a smile.

"Look here," said he. "If I drop, let us see what there is for you. I have had a pretty good run of luck here, and here's two hundred and thirty pounds. I have got ten Napoleons in my pocket. That is as much as I shall want; for the general pays every thing like a prince; and if I'm hit, why you know I cost nothing. Don't cry, little woman; I may live to vex you yet. Well,

I shan't take either of my horses, but shall ride the general's gray charger: it's cheaper, and I told him mine was lame. If I'm done, those two ought to fetch you something. Grigg offered ninety for the mare yesterday, before this confounded news came, and like a fool I wouldn't let her go under the two 0's. Bulfinch will fetch his price any day, only you'd better sell him in this country, because the dealers have so many bills of mine, and so I'd rather he shouldn't go back to England. Your little mare the general gave you will fetch something, and there's no d—d livery stable bills here as there are in London," Rawdon added, with a laugh. "There's that dressing-case cost me two hundred—that is, I owe two for it; and the gold tops and bottles must be worth thirty or forty. Please to put *that* up the spout, ma'am, with my pins, and rings, and watch and chain, and things. They cost a precious lot of money. Miss Crawley, I know, paid a hundred down for the chain and ticker. Gold tops and bottles, indeed! damme, I'm sorry I didn't take more now. Edwards pressed on me a silver-gilt boot-jack, and I might have had a dressing-case fitted up with a silver warming-pan, and a service of plate. But we must make the best of what we've got, Becky, you know."

And so, making his last dispositions, Captain Crawley, who had seldom thought about any thing but himself, until the last few months of his life, when love had obtained the mastery over the dragoon, went through the various items of his little catalogue of effects, striving to see how they might be turned into money for his wife's benefit, in case any accident should befall him. He pleased himself by noting down with a pencil, in his big school-boy handwriting, the various items of his portable property which might be sold for his widow's advantage—as for example, "My double-barrel by Manton, say 40 guineas; my driving cloak, lined with sable fur, £50; my dueling pistols in rosewood case (same which I shot Captain Marker), £20; my regulation saddle-holsters and housings; my Laurie ditto," and so forth, over all of which articles he made Rebecca the mistress.

Faithful to his plan of economy, the captain dressed himself in his oldest and shabbiest uniform and epaulets, leaving the newest behind, under his wife's (or it might be his widow's) guardianship. And this famous dandy of Windsor and Hyde Park went off on his campaign with a kit as modest as that of a sergeant, and with something like a prayer on his lips for the woman he was leaving. He took her up from the ground, and held her in his arms for a minute, tight pressed against his strong-beating heart. His face was purple and his eyes dim, as he put her down and left her. He rode by his general's side, and smoked his cigar in

silence as they hastened after the troops of the general's brigade, which preceded them; and it was not until they were some miles on their way that he left off twirling his mustache and broke silence.

And Rebecca, as we have said, wisely determined not to give way to unavailing sentimentality on her husband's departure. She waved him an adieu from the window, and stood there for a moment looking out after he was gone. The cathedral towers and the full gables of the quaint old houses were just beginning to blush in the sunrise. There had been no rest for her that night. She was still in her pretty ball-dress, her fair hair hanging somewhat out of curl on her neck, and the circles round her eyes dark with watching. "What a fright I seem," she said, examining herself in the glass, "and how pale this pink makes one look!" So she divested herself of this pink raiment; in doing which a note fell out from her corsage, which she picked up with a smile, and locked into her dressing-box. And then she put her bouquet of the ball into a glass of water, and went to bed, and slept very comfortably.

The town was quite quiet when she woke up at ten o'clock, and partook of coffee, very requisite and comfortable after the exhaustion and grief of the morning's occurrences.

This meal over, she resumed honest Rawdon's calculations of the night previous, and surveyed her position. Should the worst befall, all things considered, she was pretty well to do. There were her own trinkets and trousseau, in addition to those which her husband had left behind. Rawdon's generosity when they were first married, has already been described and lauded. Besides these, and the little mare, the general, her slave and worshiper, had made her many very handsome presents in the shape of cashmere shawls bought at the auction of a bankrupt French general's lady, and numerous tributes from the jewelers' shops, all of which betokened her admirer's taste and wealth. As for "tickers," as poor Rawdon called watches, her apartments were alive with their clicking. For happening to mention one night that hers, which Rawdon had given to her, was of English workmanship, and went ill, on the very next morning there came to her a little bijou marked Leroy, with a chain and cover charmingly set with turquoises, and another signed Breguet, which was covered with pearls, and yet scarcely bigger than a half-crown. General Tufto had bought one, and Captain Osborne had gallantly presented the other. Mrs. Osborne had no watch, though, to do George justice, she might have had one for the asking, and the Honorable Mrs. Tufto in England had an old instrument of her mother's that might have served for the plate warming-pan which Rawdon talked

about. If Messrs. Howell and James were to publish a list of the purchasers of all the trinkets which they sell, how surprised would some families be; and if all these ornaments went to gentlemen's lawful wives and daughters, what a profusion of jewelry there would be exhibited in the genteelst homes of Vanity Fair!

Every calculation made of these valuables Mrs. Rebecca found, not without a pungent feeling of triumph and self-satisfaction, that should circumstances occur, she might reckon on six or seven hundred pounds at the least, to begin the world with: and she passed the morning disposing, ordering, looking out, and locking up her properties in the most agreeable manner. Among the notes in Rawdon's pocket-book was a draft for twenty pounds on Osborne's banker. This made her think about Mrs. Osborne. "I will go and get the draft cashed," she said, "and pay a visit afterward to poor little Emmy." If this is a novel without a hero, at least let us lay claim to a heroine. No man in the British army which has marched away, not the great duke himself, could be more cool or collected in the presence of doubts and difficulties, than the indomitable little aide-de-camp's wife.

And there was another of our acquaintances who was also to be left behind, a non-combatant, and whose emotions and behavior we have therefore a right to know. This was our friend the ex-collector of Boggle Wollah, whose rest was broken, like other people's, by the sounding of the bugles in the early morning. Being a great sleeper, and fond of his bed, it is possible he would have snoozed on until his usual hour of rising in the forenoon, in spite of all the drums, bugles, and bagpipes in the British army, but for an interruption, which did not come from George Osborne, who shared Jos's quarters with him, and was as usual occupied too much with his own affairs, or with grief at parting with his wife, to think of taking leave of his slumbering brother-in-law—it was not George, we say, who interposed between Jos Sedley and sleep, but Captain Dobbin, who came and roused him up, insisting on shaking hands with him before his departure.

"Very kind of you," said Jos, yawning, and wishing the captain at the deuce.

"I—I didn't like to go off without saying good by, you know," Dobbin said in a very incoherent manner; "because you know some of us mayn't come back again, and I like to see you all well and—and that sort of thing, you know."

"What do you mean?" Jos asked, rubbing his eyes. The captain did not in the least hear him or look at the stout gentleman in the night-cap, about whom he professed to have such a tender interest. The hypocrite was looking and listening with all

his might in the direction of George's apartments, striding about the room, upsetting the chairs, beating the tattoo, biting his nails, and showing other signs of great inward emotion.

Jos had always had rather a mean opinion of the captain, and now began to think his courage was somewhat equivocal. "What is it I can do for you, Dobbin?" he said in a sarcastic tone.

"I tell you what you can do," the captain replied, coming up to the bed; "we march in a quarter of an hour, Sedley, and neither George nor I may ever come back. Mind you, you are not to stir from this town until you ascertain how things go. You are to stay here and watch over your sister, and comfort her, and see that no harm comes to her. If any thing happens to George, remember she has no one but you in the world to look to. If it goes wrong with the army, you'll see her safe back to England; and you will promise me on your word that you will never desert her. I know you won't as far as money goes: you were always free enough with that. Do you want any? I mean, have you enough gold to take you back to England in case of a misfortune?"

"Sir," said Jos, majestically, "when I want money, I know where to ask for it. And as for my sister, *you* needn't tell me how I ought to behave to her."

"You speak like a man of spirit, Jos," the other answered, good-naturedly, "and I am glad that George can leave her in such good hands. So I may give him your word of honor, may I, that in case of extremity you will stand by her?"

"Of course, of course?" answered Mr. Jos, whose generosity in money matters Dobbin estimated quite correctly.

"And you'll see her safe out of Brussels in the event of a defeat?"

"A defeat! D— it, sir, it's impossible. Don't try and frighten *me*," the hero cried from his bed; and Dobbin's mind was thus perfectly set at ease now that Jos had spoken out so resolutely respecting his conduct to his sister. "At least," thought the captain, "there will be a retreat secured for her in case the worst should ensue."

If Captain Dobbin expected to get any personal comfort and satisfaction from having one more view of Amelia before the regiment marched away, his selfishness was punished just as such odious egotism deserved to be. The door of Jos's bedroom opened into the sitting-room which was common to the family party, and opposite this door was that of Amelia's chamber. The bugles had wakened every body: there was no use in concealment now. George's servant was packing in this room: Osborne coming in and out of the contiguous bedroom, flinging to the man such articles as he thought

fit to carry on the campaign. And presently Dobbin had the opportunity which his heart coveted, and he got sight of Amelia's face once more. But what a face it was! So white, so wild and despair-stricken, that the remembrance of it haunted him afterward like a crime, and the sight smote him with inexpressible pangs of longing and pity.

She was wrapped in a white morning dress, her hair falling on her shoulders, and her large eyes fixed and without light. By way of helping on the preparations for the departure, and showing that she, too, could be useful at a moment so critical, this poor soul had taken up a sash of George's from the drawers whereon it lay, and followed him to and fro with the sash in her hand, looking on mutely as his packing proceeded. She came out and stood, leaning at the wall, holding this sash against her bosom, from which the heavy net of crimson dropped like a large stain of blood. Our gentle-hearted captain felt a guilty shock as he looked at her. "Good God," thought he, "and is it grief like this I dared to pry into?" And there was no help: no means to soothe and comfort this helpless, speechless misery. He stood for a moment and looked at her, powerless and torn with pity, as a parent regards an infant in pain.

At last, George took Emmy's hand, and led her back into the bed-room, from whence he came out alone. The parting had taken place in that moment, and he was gone.

"Thank Heaven that is over," George thought, bounding down the stair, his sword under his arm, and as he ran swiftly to the alarm-ground, where the regiment was mustered, and whither trooped men and officers hurrying from their billets, his pulse was throbbing and his cheeks flushed: the great game of war was going to be played, and he one of the players. What a fierce excitement of doubt, hope, and pleasure! What tremendous hazards of loss or gain! What were all the games of chance he had ever played compared to this one? Into all contests requiring athletic skill and courage, the young man, from his boyhood upward, had flung himself with all his might. The champion of his school and his regiment, the bravos of his companions had followed him every where; from the boys' cricket-match to the garrison-races, he had won a hundred of triumphs; and wherever he went, women and men had admired and envied him. What qualities are there for which a man gets so speedy a return of applause, as those of bodily superiority, activity, and valor? Time out of mind strength and courage have been the theme of bards and romances; and from the story of Troy down to to-day, poetry has always chosen a soldier for a hero. I wonder is it because men are cowards in heart that they admire bravery so much,

and place military valor so far beyond every other quality for reward and worship?

So, at the sound of that stirring call to battle, George jumped away from the gentle arms in which he had been dallying; not without a feeling of shame (although his wife's hold on him had been but feeble), that he should have been detained there so long. The same feeling of eagerness and excitement was among all those friends of his of whom we have had occasional glimpses, from the stout senior major, who led the regiment into action, to little Stubble, the ensign, who was to bear its colors on that day.

The sun was just rising as the march began—it was a gallant sight—the band led the column, playing the regimental march—then came the major in command, riding upon Pyramus, his stout charger—then marched the grenadiers, their captain at their head; in the center were the colors, borne by the senior and junior ensigns—then George came marching at the head of his company. He looked up and smiled at Amelia, and passed on; and even the sound of the music died away.

CHAPTER XXXI.

IN WHICH JOS SEDLEY TAKES CARE OF HIS SISTER.

THUS all the superior officers being summoned on duty elsewhere, Jos Sedley was left in command of the little *compagnie* at Brussels, with Amelia invalid, Isia his Belgian servant, and the *bonne*, who was maid-of-all-work for the establishment, a garrison under him. Though he was disturbed in spirit, and his rest destroyed by Dobbin's interruption and the occurrences of the morning, Jos nevertheless remained for many hours in bed, wakeful and rolling about there until his usual hour of rising had arrived. The sun was high in the heavens, and our gallant friends of the —th miles on their march, before the civilian appeared in his flowered dressing-gown at breakfast.

About George's absence, his brother-in-law was very easy in mind. Perhaps Jos was rather pleased in his heart that Osborne was gone, for during George's presence, the other had played but a very secondary part in the household, and Osborne did not scruple to show his contempt for the stout civilian. But Emmy had always been good and attentive to him. It was she who ministered to his comforts, who superintended the dishes that he liked, who walked or rode with him (as she had many, too many, opportunities of doing, for where was George?) and who interposed her sweet, kind face between his anger and her husband's scorn. Many timid remonstrances had she uttered to George in behalf of her brother. But the latter in his trenchant way cut these en-

treaties short. "I'm an honest man," he said, "and if I have a feeling I show it, as an honest man will. How the deuce, my dear, would you have me behave respectfully to such a fool as your brother?" So Jos was pleased with George's absence. His plain hat, and gloves on a sideboard, and the idea that the owner was away, caused Jos I don't know what secret thrill of pleasure. "*He* won't be troubling me this morning," Jos thought, "with his dandified airs and his impudence."

"Put the captain's hat into the ante-room," he said, to Isidor, the servant.

"Perhaps he won't want it again," replied the lackey, looking knowingly at his master. He hated George, too, whose insolence toward him was quite of the English sort.

"And ask if madam is coming to breakfast," Mr. Sedley said with great majesty, ashamed to enter with a servant upon the subject of his dislike for George. The truth is, he had abused his brother to the valet a score of times before.

Alas! madam could not come to breakfast, and cut the *tartines* that Mr. Jos liked. Madam was a great deal too ill, and had been in a frightful state ever since her husband's departure, so her *bonne* said. Jos showed his sympathy, by pouring her out a large cup of tea. It was his way of exhibiting kindness: and he improved on this; he not only sent her breakfast, but he bethought him what delicacies she would most like for dinner.

Isidor, the valet, had looked on very sulkily, while Osborne's servant was disposing of his master's baggage previous to the captain's departure: for in the first place he hated Mr. Osborne, whose conduct to him, and to all inferiors, was generally overbearing (nor does the continental domestic like to be treated with insolence as our own better-tempered servants do); and secondly, he was angry that so many valuables should be removed from under his hands, to fall into other people's possession when the English discomfiture should arrive. Of this defeat he and a vast number of other persons in Brussels and Belgium did not make the slightest doubt. The almost universal belief was, that the emperor would divide the Prussian and English armies, annihilate one after the other, and march into Brussels before three days were over; when all the movables of his present masters, who would be killed, or fugitives, or prisoners, would lawfully become the property of Monsieur Isidor.

As he helped Jos through his toilsome and complicated daily toilet, this faithful servant would calculate what he should do with the very articles with which he was decorating his master's person. He would make a present of the silver essence-bottles

and toilet knickknacks to a young lady of whom he was fond; and keep the English cutlery and the large ruby pin for himself. It would look very smart upon one of the fine frilled shirts, which, with the gold-laced cap and the frogged frock coat, that might easily be cut down to suit his shape, and the captain's gold-headed cane, and the great double ring with the rubies, which he would have made into a pair of beautiful ear-rings, he calculated would make a perfect Adonis of himself, and render Mademoiselle Reine an easy prey. "How those sleeve-buttons will suit me," thought he, as he fixed a pair on the fat, pudgy wrist of Mr. Sedley. "I long for sleeve-buttons; and the captain's boots with brass spurs, in the next room, *corbleu* what an effect they will make in the Allée-Verté!" So while Monsieur Isidor with bodily fingers was holding on to his master's nose, and shaving the lower part of Jos's face, his imagination was rambling along the Green Avenue, dressed out in a frogged coat and lace, and in company with Mademoiselle Reine; he was loitering in spirit on the banks, and examining the barges sailing slowly under the cool shadows of the trees by the canal, or refreshing himself with a mug of Faro at the bench of a beer-house on the road to Laeken.

But Mr. Joseph Sedley, luckily for his own peace, no more knew what was passing in his domestic's mind than the respected reader and I suspect what John or Mary, whose wages we pay, think of ourselves. What our servants think of us! Did we know what our intimates and dear relations thought of us, we should live in a world that we should be glad to quit, and in a frame of mind and a constant terror, that would be perfectly unbearable. So Jos's man was marking his victim down, as you see one of Mr. Paynter's assistants in Leadenhall-street ornament an unconscious turtle with a placard on which is written, "Soup tomorrow."

Amelia's attendant was much less selfishly disposed. Few dependents could come near that kind and gentle creature without paying their usual tribute of loyalty and affection to her sweet and affectionate nature. And it is a fact that Pauline, the cook, consoled her mistress more than any body whom she saw on this wretched morning; for when she found how Amelia remained for hours, silent, motionless, and haggard, by the windows in which she had placed herself to watch the last bayonets of the column as it marched away, the honest girl took the lady's hand, and said, *Tenez, Madame, est-ce qu'il ne'st pas aussi à l'armée, mon homme à moi?* with which she burst into tears, and Amelia falling into her arms, did likewise, and so each pitied and soothed the other.

Several times during the forenoon Mr. Jos's Isidor went from his lodgings into the town, and to the gates of the hotels and lodging-houses round about the Parc, where the English were congregated, and there mingling with other valets, couriers, and lackeys, gathered such news as was abroad, and brought back bulletins for his master's information. Almost all these gentlemen were in heart partisans of the emperor, and had their opinions about the speedy end of the campaign. The emperor's proclamation from Avesnes had been distributed every where plentifully in Brussels. "Soldiers," it said, "this is the anniversary of Marengo and Friedland, by which the destinies of Europe were twice decided. Then, as after Austerlitz, as after Wagram, we were too generous. We believed in the oaths and promises of princes whom we suffered to remain upon their thrones. Let us march once more to meet them. We and they, are we not still the same men? Soldiers! these same Prussians who are so arrogant to-day, were three to one against you at Jena, and six to one at Montmirail. Those among you who were prisoners in England can tell their comrades what frightful torments they suffered on board the English hulks. Madmen! a moment of prosperity has blinded them, and if they enter into France it will be to find a grave there!" But the partisans of the French prophesied a more speedy extermination of the emperor's enemies than this; and it was agreed on all hands that Prussians and British would never return except as prisoners in the rear of the conquering army.

These opinions in the course of the day were brought to operate upon Mr. Sedley. He was told that the Duke of Wellington had gone to try and rally his army, the advance of which had been utterly crushed the night before.

"Crushed, psha!" said Jos, whose heart was pretty stout at breakfast-time. "The duke has gone to beat the emperor, as he has beaten all his generals before."

"His papers are burned, his effects are removed, and his quarters are being got ready for the Duke of Dalmatia," Jos's informant replied. "I had it from his own *maitre d'hôtel*. Milor Duc de Richemont's people are packing up every thing. His grace has fled already, and the duchess is only waiting to see the plate packed to join the King of France at Ostend."

"The King of France is at Ghent, fellow," replied Jos, affecting incredulity.

"He fled last night to Bruges, and embarks to-day from Ostend. The Duke de Berri is taken prisoner. Those who wish to be safe had better go soon, for the dykes will be open to-morrow, and who can fly when the whole country is under water?"

"Nonsense, sir, we are three to one, sir,

against any force Bony can bring in the field," Mr. Sedley objected; "the Austrians and the Russians are on their march. He must, he shall be crushed," Jos said, slapping his hand on the table.

"The Prussians were three to one at Jena, and he took their army and kingdom in a week. They were six to one at Montmirail, and he scattered them like sheep. The Austrian army is coming, but with the empress and the King of Rome at its head; and the Russians, bah! the Russians will withdraw. No quarter is to be given to the English, on account of their cruelty to our braves on board the infamous pontoons. Look here, here it is in black and white. Here's the proclamation of his majesty the emperor and king," said the now declared partisan of Napoleon, and taking the document from his pocket, Isidor sternly thrust it into his master's face, and already looked upon the frogged coat and valuables as his own spoil.

Jos was, if not seriously alarmed as yet, at least considerably disturbed in mind. "Give me my coat and cap, sir," said he, "and follow me. I will go myself and learn the truth of these reports." Isidor was furious as Jos put on the braided frock. "Milor had better not wear that military coat," said he; "the Frenchmen have sworn not to give quarter to a single British soldier."

"Silence, sirrah!" said Jos, with a resolute countenance still, and thrust his arm into the sleeve with indomitable resolution, in the performance of which heroic act he was found by Mrs. Rawdon Crawley, who at this juncture came up to visit Amelia, and entered without ringing at the ante-chamber door.

Rebecca was dressed very neatly and smartly, as usual; her quiet sleep after Rawdon's departure had refreshed her, and her pink smiling cheeks were quite pleasant to look at, in a town and on a day when every body else's countenance wore the appearance of the deepest anxiety and gloom. She laughed at the attitude in which Jos was discovered, and the struggles and convulsions with which the stout gentleman thrust himself into the braided coat.

"Are you preparing to join the army, Mr. Joseph?" she said. "Is there to be nobody left in Brussels to protect us poor women?" Jos succeeded in plunging into the coat, and came forward blushing and stuttering out excuses to his fair visitor. "How was she after the events of the morning—after the fatigues of the ball the night before?" Monsieur Isidor disappeared into his master's adjacent bed-room, bearing off the flowered dressing-gown.

"How good of you to ask," said she, pressing one of his hands in both her own. "How cool and collected you look when

every body else is frightened ! How is our dear little Emmy ? It must have been an awful, awful parting."

"Tremendous," Jos said.

"You men can bear any thing," replied the lady. "Parting or danger are nothing to you. Own now that you were going to join the army, and leave us to our fate. I know you were—something tells me you were. I was so frightened, when the thought came into my head (for I do sometimes think of you when I am alone, Mr. Joseph !) that I ran off immediately to beg and entreat you not to fly from us."

This speech might be interpreted, "My dear sir, should an accident befall the army, and a retreat be necessary, you have a very comfortable carriage, in which I propose to take a seat." I don't know whether Jos understood the words in this sense. But he was profoundly mortified by the lady's inattention to him during their stay at Brussels. He had never been presented to any of Rawdon Crawley's great acquaintances ; he had scarcely been invited to Rebecca's parties ; for he was too timid to play much, and his presence bored George and Rawdon equally, who neither of them, perhaps, liked to have a witness of the amusements in which the pair chose to indulge. "Ah !" thought Jos, "now she wants me she comes to me. When there is nobody else in the way she can think about old Joseph Sedley !" But besides these doubts he felt flattered at the idea Rebecca expressed of his courage.

He blushed a good deal, and put on an air of importance. "I should like to see the action," he said. "Every man of any spirit would, you know. I've seen a little service in India, but nothing on this grand scale."

"You men would sacrifice any thing for a pleasure," Rebecca answered. "Captain Crawley left me this morning as gay as if he was going to a hunting party. What does he care ! What do any of you care for the agonies and tortures of a poor forsaken woman ? (I wonder whether he *could* really have been going to the troops, this great lazy gourmand ?) Oh, dear Mr. Sedley, I have come to you for comfort—for consolation. I have been on my knees all the morning. I tremble at the frightful danger into which our husbands, our friends, our brave troops and allies, are rushing. And I come here for shelter, and find another of my friends—the last remaining to me—bent upon plunging into the dreadful scene !"

"My dear madam," Jos replied, now beginning to be quite soothed. "Don't be alarmed. I only said I should like to go—what Briton would not ? But my duty keeps me here : I can't leave that poor creature in the next room." And he pointed with his finger to the door of the chamber in which Amelia was.

"Good, noble brother !" Rebecca said,

putting her handkerchief to her eyes, and smelling the eau-de-cologne with which it was scented. "I have done you injustice : you have got a heart. I thought you had not."

"O, upon my honor !" Jos said, making a motion as if he would lay his hand upon the spot in question. "You do me injustice, indeed you do—my dear Mrs. Crawley."

"I do, now your heart is true to your sister. But I remember two years ago—when it was false to me !" Rebecca said, fixing her eyes upon him for an instant, and then turning away into the window.

Jos blushed violently. That organ which he was accused by Rebecca of not possessing began to thump tumultuously. He recalled the days when he had fled from her, and the passion which had once inflamed him—the days when he had driven her in his curricule ; when she had knit the green purse for him ; when he had sate enraptured gazing at her white arms, and bright eyes.

"I know you think me ungrateful," Rebecca continued, coming out of the window, and once more looking at him and addressing him in a low, tremulous voice. "Your coldness, your averted looks, your manner when we have met of late—when I came in just now, all proved it to me. But were there no reasons why I should avoid you ? Let your own heart answer that question. Do you think my husband was too much inclined to welcome you ? The only unkind words I have ever had from him (I will do Captain Crawley that justice) have been about you—and most cruel, cruel words they were."

"Good gracious ! what have I done ?" asked Jos in a flurry of pleasure and perplexity ; "what have I done—to—to—?"

"Is jealousy nothing ?" said Rebecca. "He makes me miserable about you. And whatever it might have been once—my heart is all his. I am innocent now. Am I not, Mr. Sedley ?"

All Jos's blood tingled with delight, as he surveyed this victim to his attractions. A few adroit words, one or two knowing, tender glances of the eyes, and his heart was inflamed again, and his doubts and suspicious forgotten. From Solomon downward, have not wiser men than he been cajoled and befooled by women ? "If the worst comes to the worst," Becky thought, "my retreat is secure ; and I have a right-hand seat in the barouche."

There is no knowing into what declarations of love and ardor the tumultuous passions of Mr. Joseph might have led him, if Isidor, the valet, had not made his re-appearance at this minute, and begun to busy himself about the domestic affairs. Jos, who was just going to gasp out an avowal, choked almost with the emotion that he was obliged

to restrain. Rebecca, too, bethought her that it was time she should go in and comfort her dearest Amelia. "*Au revoir*," she said, kissing her hand to Mr. Joseph, and tapped gently at the door of his sister's apartment. As she entered and closed the door on herself, he sank down in a chair, and gazed and sighed and puffed portentously. "That coat is very tight for Milor," Isidor said, still having his eye on the frogs; but his master heard him not: his thoughts were elsewhere: now glowing, maddening, upon the contemplation of the enchanting Rebecca: anon shrinking guiltily before the vision of the jealous Rawdon Crawley, with his curling, fierce mustaches, and his terrible dueling pistols loaded and cocked.

Rebecca's appearance struck Amelia with terror, and made her shrink back. It recalled her to the world and the remembrance of yesterday. In the overpowering fears about to-morrow she had forgotten Rebecca,—jealousy—every thing except that her husband was gone, and was in danger. Until this dauntless worldling came in and broke the spell, and lifted the latch, we too have foreborne to enter into that sad chamber. How long had that poor girl been on her knees! what hours of speechless prayer and bitter prostration had she passed there! The war-chroniclers who write brilliant stories of fight and triumph scarcely tell us of these. These are too mean parts of the pageant: and you don't hear widows' cries or mothers' sobs in the midst of the shouts and jubilation in the great chorus of victory. And yet when was the time, that such have not cried out: heart-broken, humble protestants, unheard in the uproar of the triumph!

After the first movement of terror in Amelia's mind—when Rebecca's green eyes lighted upon her, and rustling in her fresh silks and brilliant ornaments, the latter tripped up with extended arms to embrace her—a feeling of anger succeeded, and from being deadly pale before, her face flushed up red, and she returned Rebecca's look, after a moment, with a steadiness which surprised and somewhat abashed her rival.

"Dearest Amelia, you are very unwell," the visitor said, putting forth her hand to take Amelia's. "What is it? I could not rest until I knew how you were."

Amelia drew back her hand—never since her life began had that gentle soul refused to believe or to answer any demonstration of good-will or affection. But she drew back her hand, and trembled all over. "Why are you here, Rebecca?" she said, still looking at her solemnly with her large eyes. These glances troubled her visitor.

"She must have seen him give me the letter at the ball," Rebecca thought. "Don't be agitated, dear Amelia," she said, looking down. "I came but to see if, if I could—if you were well."

"Are you well?" said Amelia. "I dare say you are. You don't love your husband. You would not be here if you did. Tell me, Rebecca, did I ever do you any thing but kindness?"

"Indeed, Amelia, no," the other said, still hanging down her head.

"When you were quite poor, who was it that befriended you? Was I not a sister to you? You saw us all in happier days before he married me. I was all in all then to him; or would he have given up his fortune, his family, as he nobly did, to make me happy? Why did you come between my love and me? Who sent you to separate those whom God joined, and take my darling's heart from me—my own husband? Do you think you could love him as I did? His love was every thing to me. You knew it, and wanted to rob me of it. For shame, Rebecca; bad and wicked woman—false friend and false wife."

"Amelia, I protest before God, I have done my husband no wrong," Rebecca said, turning from her.

"Have you done me no wrong, Rebecca? You did not succeed, but you tried. Ask your heart if you did not?"

"She knows nothing," Rebecca thought.

"He came back to me. I knew he would I knew that no falsehood, no flattery, could keep him from me long. I knew he would come. I prayed so that he should."

The poor girl spoke these words with a spirit and volubility which Rebecca had never before seen in her, and before which the latter was quite dumb. "But what have I done to you," she continued in a more pitiful tone, "that you should try and take him from me? I had him but for six weeks. You might have spared me those, Rebecca. And yet, from the very first day of our wedding, you came and blighted it. Now he is gone, are you come to see how unhappy I am?" She continued, "You made me wretched enough for the past fortnight: you might have spared me to-day."

"I—I never came here," interposed Rebecca, with unlucky truth.

"No. You didn't come. You took him away. Are you come to fetch him from me?" she continued in a wilder tone. "He was here, but he is gone now. There on that very sofa he sate. Don't touch it. We sate and talked there. I was on his knee, and my arms were round his neck, and we said 'Our Father.' Yes, he was here: and they came and took him away, but he promised me to come back."

"He will come back, my dear," said Rebecca, touched in spite of herself.

"Look," said Amelia, "this is his sash—isn't it a pretty color?" and she took up the fringe and kissed it. She had tied it round her waist at some part of the day. She had forgotten her anger, her jealousy, the very presence of her rival seemingly. For

she walked silently and almost with a smile upon her face, toward the bed, and began to smooth down George's pillow.

Rebecca walked, too, silently away. "How is Amelia?" asked Jos, who still held his position in the chair.

"There should be somebody with her," said Rebecca. "I think she is very unwell;" and she went away with a very grave face, refusing Mr. Sedley's entreaties that she would stay and partake of the early dinner which he had ordered.

Rebecca was of a good-natured and obliging disposition; and she liked Amelia rather than otherwise. Even her hard words, reproachful as they were, were complimentary—the groans of a person stinging under defeat. Meeting Mrs. O'Dowd, whom the dean's sermons had by no means comforted, and who was walking very disconsolately in the Parc, Rebecca accosted the latter, rather to the surprise of the major's wife, who was not accustomed to such marks of politeness from Mrs. Rawdon Crawley, and informing her that poor little Mrs. Osborne was in a desperate condition, and almost mad with grief, sent off the good-natured Irishwoman straight to see if she could console her young favorite.

"I've cares of my own enough," Mrs. O'Dowd said gravely, "and I thought poor Amelia would be little wanting for company this day. But if she's so bad as you say, and you can't attend to her, who used to be so fond of her, faith I'll see if I can be of service. And so good marning to ye, madam;" with which speech and a toss of her head, the lady of the repayther took a farewell of Mrs. Crawley, whose company she by no means courted.

Becky watched her marching off, with a smile on her lip. She had the keenest sense of humor, and the Parthian look which the retreating Mrs. O'Dowd flung over her shoulder, almost upset Mrs. Crawley's gravity. "My service to ye, me fine madam, and I'm glad to see ye so cheerful," thought Peggy. "It's not *you* that will cry your eyes out with grief, any way." And with this she passed on, and speedily found her way to Mrs. Osborne's lodgings.

The poor soul was still at the bedside, where Rebecca had left her, and stood almost crazy with grief. The major's wife, a stronger minded woman, endeavored her best to comfort her young friend. "You must bear up, Amelia dear," she said kindly, "for he mustn't find you ill when he sends for you after the victory. It's not you are the only woman that are in the hands of God this day."

"I know that. I am very wicked, very weak," Amelia said. She knew her own weakness well enough. The presence of the more resolute friend checked it, how-

ever; and she was the better of this control and company. They went on till two o'clock; their hearts were with the column as it marched farther and farther away. Dreadful doubt and anguish—prayers and fears and griefs unspeakable—followed the regiment. It was the women's tribute to the war. It taxes both alike, and takes the blood of the men, and the tears of the women.

At half-past two an event occurred of daily importance to Mr. Joseph: the dinner hour arrived. Warriors may fight and perish, but he must dine. He came into Amelia's room to see if he could coax her to share that meal. "Try," said he; "the soup is very good. Do try, Emmy," and he kissed her hand. Except when she was married, he had not done so much for years before. "You are very good and kind, Joseph," she said. "Every body is, but, if you please, I will stay in my room to-day."

The savor of the soup, however, was agreeable to Mrs. O'Dowd's nostrils; and she thought she would bear Mr. Jos company. So the two sate down to their meal. "God bless the meat," said the major's wife, solemnly; she was thinking of her honest Mick, riding at the head of his regiment; "'Tis but a bad dinner those poor boys will get to-day," she said, with a sigh, and then, like a philosopher, fell to.

Jos's spirits rose with his meal. He would drink the regiment's health; or, indeed, take any other excuse to indulge in a glass of champagne. "We'll drink to O'Dowd and the brave—th," said he, bowing gallantly to his guest. "Hey, Mrs. O'Dowd. Fill Mrs. O'Dowd's glass, Isidor."

But all of a sudden, Isidor started, and the major's wife laid down her knife and fork. The windows of the room were open, and looked southward, and a dull, distant sound came over the sun-lighted roofs from that direction. "What is it?" said Jos. "Why don't you pour, you rascal?"

"*C'est le feu*," said Isidor, running to the balcony.

"God defend us; it's cannon!" Mrs. O'Dowd cried, starting up, and followed too to the window. A thousand pale and anxious faces might have been seen looking from other casements. And presently it seemed as if the whole population of the city rushed into the streets.

CHAPTER XXXII.

IN WHICH JOS TAKES FLIGHT, AND THE WAR IS BROUGHT TO A CLOSE.

WE of peaceful London city have never beheld—and please God never shall witness—such a scene of hurry and alarm, as that which Brussels presented. Crowds rushed

to the Namur gate, from which direction the noise proceeded, and many rode along the level *chaussée*, to be in advance of any intelligence from the army. Each man asked his neighbor for news; and even great English lords and ladies condescended to speak to persons whom they did not know. The friends of the French went abroad, wild with excitement, and prophesying the triumph of their emperor. The merchants closed their shops, and came out to swell the general chorus of alarm and clamor. Women rushed to the churches, and crowded the chapels, and kneeled and prayed on the flags and steps. The dull sound of the cannon went on rolling, rolling. Presently carriages with travelers began to leave the town, galloping away by the Ghent barrier. The prophecies of the French partisans began to pass for facts. "He has cut the armies in two," it was said. "He is marching straight on Brussels. He will overpower the English, and be here to-night." "He will overpower the English," shrieked Isidor to his master, "and will be here to-night." The man bounded in and out from the lodgings to the street, always returning with some fresh particulars of disaster. Jos's face grew paler and paler. Alarm began to take entire possession of the stout civilian. All the champagne he drank brought no courage to him. Before sunset he was worked up to such a pitch of nervousness as gratified his friend Isidor to behold, who now counted surely upon the spoils of the owner of the laced coat.

The women were away all this time. After hearing the firing for a moment, the stout major's wife bethought her of her friend in the next chamber, and ran in to watch, and if possible to console Amelia. The idea that she had that helpless and gentle creature to protect, gave additional strength to the natural courage of the honest Irishwoman. She passed five hours by her friend's side, sometimes in remonstrance, sometimes talking cheerfully, oftener in silence, and terrified mental supplication. "I never let go her hand once," said the stout lady afterward, "until after sunset, when the firing was over." Pauline, the *bonne*, was on her knees at church, hard by, praying for *son homme à elle*.

When the noise of the cannonading was over, Mrs. O'Dowd issued out of Amelia's room into the parlor adjoining, where Jos sate with two emptied flasks, and courage entirely gone. Once or twice he had ventured into his sister's bed-room, looking very much alarmed, and as if he would say something. But the major's wife kept her place, and he went away without disburthening himself of his speech. He was ashamed to tell her that he wanted to fly.

But when she made her appearance in the dining-room, where he sate in the twi-

light in the cheerless company of his empty champagne-bottles, he began to open his mind to her.

"Mrs. O'Dowd," he said, "hadn't you better get Amelia ready?"

"Are you going to take her out a walk?" said the major's lady; "sure she's too weak to stir."

"I—I've ordered the carriage," he said, "and—and post-horses; Isidor is gone for them," Jos continued.

"What do you want with driving to-night?" answered the lady. "Isn't she better on her bed? I've just got her to lie down."

"Get her up," said Jos; "she must get up. I say:" and he stamped his foot energetically. "I say the horses are ordered—yes, the horses are ordered. It's all over, and—"

"And what?" asked Mrs. O'Dowd.

"I'm off for Ghent," Jos answered. "Every body is going; there is a place for you! We shall start in half-an-hour."

The major's wife looked at him with infinite scorn. "I don't move till O'Dowd gives me the route," said she. "You may go if you like, Mr. Sedley; but, faith, Amelia and I stop here."

"She *shall* go," said Jos, with another stamp of his foot. Mrs. O'Dowd put herself with arms akimbo before the bed-room door.

"Is it her mother you're going to take her to?" she said; "or do you want to go to mamma yourself, Mr. Sedley? Good marning—a pleasant journey to ye, sir. *Bon voyage*, as they say, and take my counsel, and shave off them mustaches, or they'll bring you into mischief."

"D—n!" yelled out Jos, wild with fear, rage, and mortification; and Isidor came in at this juncture, swearing in his turn. "*Pas de chevaux, sacreblue!*" hissed out the furious domestic. All the horses were gone. Jos was not the only man in Brussels seized with panic that day.

But Jos's fears, great and cruel as they were already, were destined to increase to an almost frantic pitch before the night was over. It has been mentioned how Pauline, the *bonne*, had *son homme à elle*, also in the ranks of the army that had gone out to meet the Emperor Napoleon. This lover was a native of Brussels, and a Belgian hussar. The troops of his nation signalized themselves in this war for any thing but courage, young Van Cutsum, Pauline's admirer, was too good a soldier to disobey his colonel's orders to run away. While in garrison at Brussels young Regulus (he had been born in the revolutionary times) found his great comfort, and passed almost all his leisure moments in Pauline's kitchen; and it was with pockets and holsters crammed full of good things from her larder, that he had taken

leave of his weeping sweetheart, to proceed upon the campaign a few days before.

As far as his regiment was concerned, this campaign was over now. They had formed a part of the division under the command of his sovereign apparent, the Prince of Orange, and as respected length of swords and mustaches, and the richness of uniform and equipments, Regulus and his comrades looked to be as gallant a body of men as ever trumpets sounded for.

When Ney dashed upon the advance of the allied troops, carrying one position after the other, until the arrival of the great body of the British army from Brussels changed the aspect of the combat of Quatre Bras, the squadrons among which Regulus rode showed the greatest activity in retreating before the French, and were dislodged from one post and another which they occupied with perfect alacrity on their part. Their movements were only checked by the advance of the British in their rear. Thus forced to halt, the enemy's cavalry (whose bloodthirsty obstinacy can not be too severely reprehended) had at length an opportunity of coming to close quarters with the brave Belgians before them; who preferred to encounter the British rather than the French, and at once turning tail rode through the English regiments that were behind them, and scattered in all directions. The regiment in fact did not exist any more. It was nowhere. It had no head-quarters. Regulus found himself galloping many miles from the field of action, entirely alone; and whither should he fly for refuge so naturally as to that kitchen and those faithful arms in which Pauline had so often welcomed him?

At some ten o'clock the clinking of a saber might have been heard up the stair of the house where the Osbornes occupied a story, in the continental fashion. A knock might have been heard at the kitchen door; and poor Pauline, come back from church, fainted almost with terror as she opened it and saw before her her haggard hussar. He looked as pale as the midnight dragoon who came to disturb Leonora. Pauline would have screamed, but that her cry would have called her master, and discovered her friend. She stifled her scream, then, and leading her hero into the kitchen, gave him beer, and the choice bits from the dinner, which Jos had not had the heart to taste. The hussar showed he was no ghost by the prodigious quantity of flesh and beer which he devoured—and during the mouthfuls he told his tale of disaster.

His regiment had performed prodigies of courage, and had withstood for a while the onset of the whole French army. But they were overwhelmed at last, as was the whole British army by this time. Ney destroyed each regiment as it came up. The Belgians in vain interposed to prevent the butchery of

the English. The Brunswickers were routed and had fled—their duke was killed. It was a general *débâcle*. He sought to drown his sorrow for the defeat in floods of beer.

Isidor, who had come into the kitchen, heard the conversation, and rushed out to inform his master. "It is all over," he shrieked to Jos. "Milor Duke is a prisoner; the Duke of Brunswick is killed; the British army is in full flight; there is only one man escaped, and he is in the kitchen now—come and hear him." So Jos tottered into that apartment where Regulus still sate on the kitchen-table, and clung fast to his flagon of beer. In the best French which he could muster, and which was in sooth of a very ungrammatical sort, Jos besought the hussar to tell his tale. The disasters deepened as Regulus spoke. He was the only man of his regiment not slain on the field. He had seen the Duke of Brunswick fall, the black hussars fly, the Ecossais pounded down by the cannon.

"And the —th?" gasped Jos.

"Cut in pieces," said the hussar—upon which Pauline crying out, "O my mistress, *ma bonne petite dame*," went off fairly into hysterics, and filled the house with her screams.

Wild with terror, Mr. Sedley knew not how or where to seek for safety. He rushed from the kitchen back to the sitting-room, and cast an appealing look at Amelia's door, which Mrs. O'Dowd had closed and locked in his face; but he remembered how scornfully the later had received him, and after listening for a brief space at the door, he left it, and resolved to go into the street, for the first time that day. So, seizing a candle, he looked about for his gold-laced cap, and found it lying in its usual place, on a console-table, in the ante-room, placed before a mirror at which Jos used to coquet, always giving his side-locks a twirl, and his cap the proper cock over his eyes, before he went forth to make appearance in public. Such is the force of habit, that even in the midst of his terror he began mechanically to twiddle with his hair, and arrange the cock of his hat. Then he looked amazed at the pale face in the glass before him, and especially at his mustaches, which had attained a rich growth in the course of near seven weeks, since they had come into the world. They *will* mistake me for a military man, thought he, remembering Isidor's warning, as to the massacre with which all the defeated British army was threatened; and staggering back to his bed-chamber, he began wildly pulling the bell which summoned his valet.

Isidor answered that summons. Jos had sunk in a chair—he had torn off his neck-cloths, and turned down his collars, and was sitting with both his hands lifted to his throat.

"*Coupez-moi, Isidor,*" shouted he; "*vite! Coupez-moi!*"

"Isidor thought for a moment he had gone mad, and that he wished his valet to cut his throat.

"*Les moustaches,*" gasped Jos; "*les moustaches—coupy, rasy, vite!*"—his French was of this sort—valuable, as we have said, but not remarkable for grammar.

Isidor swept off the mustaches in no time with the razor, and heard with inexpressible delight his master's orders that he should fetch a hat and a plain coat. "*Ne porty ploo—habit militair—bonny—donny a voo, prenny dehors*"—were Jos's words—the coat and cap were at last his property.

This gift being made, Jos selected a plain black coat and waistcoat from his stock, and put on a large white neckcloth, and a plain beaver. If he could have got a shovel-hat he would have worn it. As it was, you would have fancied he was a flourishing, large parson of the Church of England.

"*Venny maintainong,*" he continued, "*sweevy—ally—party—dong la voo.*" And so having said, he plunged swiftly down the stairs of the house, and passed into the street.

Although Regulus had vowed that he was the only man of his regiment or of the allied army, almost, who had escaped being cut to pieces by Ney, it appeared that his statement was incorrect, and that a good number more of the supposed victims had survived the massacre. Many scores of Regulus's comrades had found their way back to Brussels, and—all agreeing that they had run away—filled the whole town with an idea of the defeat of the allies. The arrival of the French was expected hourly; the panic continued, and preparations for flight went on every where. No horses! thought Jos, in terror. He made Isidor inquire of scores of persons, whether they had any to lend or sell, and his heart sank within him, at the negative answers returned every where. Should he take the journey on foot? Even fear could not render that ponderous body so active.

Almost all the hotels occupied by the English in Brussels face the Parc, and Jos wandered irresolutely about in this quarter, with crowds of other people, oppressed as he was by fear and curiosity. Some families he saw more happy than himself, having discovered a team of horses, and rattling through the streets in retreat; others again there were whose case was like his own, and could not for any bribes or entreaties procure the necessary means of flight. Among these would-be fugitives, Jos remarked the Lady Bareacres and her daughter, who sate in her carriage in the *portecochère* of their hotel, all their imperials packed, and the only drawback to whose flight was the same want of motive power which kept Jos stationary.

Rebecca Crawley occupied apartments in this hotel; and had before this period had sundry hostile meetings with the ladies of the Bareacres family. My Lady Bareacres cut Mrs. Crawley on the stairs when they met by chance; and in all places where the latter's name was mentioned, spoke perseveringly ill of her neighbor. The countess was shocked at the familiarity of General Tufto with the aid-de-camp's wife. The Lady Blanche avoided her as if she had been an infectious disease. Only the earl himself kept up a sly, occasional acquaintance with her, when out of the jurisdiction of his ladies.

Rebecca had her revenge now upon these insolent enemies. It became known in the hotel that Captain Crawley's horses had been left behind, and, when the panic began, Lady Bareacres condescended to send her maid to the captain's wife with her ladyship's compliments, and a desire to know the price of Mrs. Crawley's horses. Mrs. Crawley returned a note with her compliments, and an intimation that it was not her custom to transact bargains with ladies' maids.

This curt reply brought the earl in person to Becky's apartment; but he could get no more success than the first ambassador. "Send a lady's maid to me!" Mrs. Crawley cried in great anger; "why didn't my Lady Bareacres tell me to go and saddle the horses! Is it her ladyship that wants to escape, or her ladyship's *femme de chambre*?" And this was all the answer that the earl bore back to his countess.

What will not necessity do? The countess herself actually came to wait upon Mrs. Crawley on the failure of her second envoy. She entreated her to name her own price; she even offered to invite Becky to Bareacres House, if the latter would but give her the means of returning to that residence. Mrs. Crawley sneered at her.

"I don't want to be waited on by bailiffs in livery," she said; "you will never get back though most probably—at least, not you and your diamonds together. The French will have those. They will be here in two hours, and I shall be half way to Ghent by that time. I would not sell you my horses, no, not for the two largest diamonds that your ladyship wore at the ball." Lady Bareacres trembled with rage and terror. The diamonds were sewed into her habit, and secreted in my lord's padding and boots. "Woman, the diamonds are at the banker's, and I *will* have the horses," she said. Rebecca laughed in her face. The infuriate countess went below, and sate in her carriage; her maid, her courier, and her husband were sent once more through the town, each to look for cattle; and wo betide those who came last! Her ladyship was resolved on departing the very instant

the horses arrived from any quarter—with her husband or without him.

Rebecca had the pleasure of seeing her ladyship in the horseless carriage, and keeping her eyes fixed upon her, and bewailing, in the loudest tone of voice, the countess's perplexities. "Not to be able to get horses!" she said, "and to have all those diamonds sewed into the carriage cushions! What a prize it will be for the French when they come! the carriage and the diamonds I mean; not the lady!" She gave this information to the landlord, to the servants, to the guests, and the innumerable stragglers about the court-yard. Lady Bareacres could have shot her from the carriage-window.

It was while enjoying the humiliation of her enemy that Rebecca caught sight of Jos, who made toward her directly he perceived her.

That altered, frightened, fat face, told his secret well enough. He too wanted to fly, and was on the look-out for the means of escape. "*He* shall buy my horses," thought Rebecca, "and I'll ride the mare."

Jos walked up to his friend, and put the question for the hundredth time during the past hour, "Did she know where horses were to be had?"

"What, *you* fly?" said Rebecca, with a laugh. "I thought you were the champion of all the ladies, Mr. Sedley."

"I—I'm not a military man," gasped he.

"And Amelia? Who is to protect that poor little sister of yours," asked Rebecca. "You surely would not desert her?"

"What good can I do her, suppose—suppose the enemy arrive?" Jos answered. "They'll spare the women; but my man tells me that they have taken an oath to give no quarter to the men—the dastardly cowards."

"Horrid!" cried Rebecca, enjoying his perplexity.

"Besides, I don't want to desert her," cried the brother. "She *shan't* be deserted. There is a seat for her in my carriage, and one for you, dear Mrs. Crawley, if you will come; and if we can get horses—" sighed he—

"I have two to sell," the lady said. Jos could have flung himself into her arms at the news. "Get the carriage, Isidor," he cried; "we've found them—we have found them."

"My horses never were in harness," added the lady. "Bulfinch would kick the carriage to pieces, if you put him in the traces."

"But is he quiet to ride?" asked the civilian.

"As quiet as a lamb, and as fast as a hare," answered Rebecca.

"Do you think he is up to my weight?" Jos said. He was already on his back, in imagination, without ever so much as a

thought for poor Amelia. What person who loved a horse-speculation could resist such a temptation?

In reply, Rebecca asked him to come into her room, whither he followed her quite breathless to conclude the bargain. Jos seldom spent a half hour in his life which cost him so much money. Rebecca measuring the value of the goods which she had for sale by Jos's eagerness to purchase, as well as by the scarcity of the article, put upon her horses a price so prodigious as to make even the civilian draw back. "She would sell both or neither," she said, resolutely. Rawdon had ordered her not to part with them for a price less than that which she specified. Lord Bareacres below would give her the same money—and with all her love and regard for the Sedley family, her dear Mr. Joseph must conceive that poor people must live—nobody, in a word, could be more affectionate, but more firm about the matter of business.

Jos ended by agreeing, as might be supposed of him. The sum he had to give her was so large that he was obliged to ask for time; so large as to be a little fortune to Rebecca, who rapidly calculated that with this sum, and the sale of the residue of Rawdon's effects, and her pension as a widow, should he fall, she would now be absolutely independent of the world, and might look her weeds steadily in the face.

Once or twice in the day she certainly had herself thought about flying. But her reason gave her better counsel. "Suppose the French do come," thought Becky, "what can they do to a poor officer's widow? Bah! the times of sacks and sieges are over. We shall be let to go home quietly, or I may live pleasantly abroad with a snug little income."

Meanwhile Jos and Isidor went off to the stables to inspect the newly-purchased cattle. Jos bade his man saddle the horses at once. He would ride away that very night, that very hour. And he left the valet busy in getting the horses ready, and went homeward himself to prepare for his departure. It must be secret. He would go to his chamber by the back entrance. He did not care to face Mrs. O'Dowd and Amelia, and own to them that he was about to run.

By the time Jos's bargain with Rebecca was completed, and his horses had been visited and examined, it was almost morning once more. But though midnight was long passed, there was no rest for the city; the people were up, the lights in the houses flamed, crowds were still about the doors, and the streets were busy. Rumors of various natures went still from mouth to mouth: one report averred that the Prussians had been utterly defeated; another that it was the English who had been attacked and conquered; a third that the lat-

ter had held their ground. This last rumor gradually got strength. No Frenchmen had made their appearance. Stragglers had come in from the army bringing reports more and more favorable: at last an aid-de-camp actually reached Brussels with dispatches for the commandant of the place, who pleaded presently through the town an official announcement of the success of the allies at Quatre Bras, and the entire repulse of the French under Ney after a six hours' battle. The aid-de-camp must have arrived sometime while Jos and Rebecca were making their bargain together, or the latter was inspecting his purchase. When he reached his own hotel, he found a score of its numerous inhabitants on the threshold discoursing of the news; there was no doubt as to its truth. And he went up to communicate it to the ladies under his charge. He did not think it was necessary to tell them how he had intended to take leave of them, how he had bought horses, and what a price he had paid for them.

But success or defeat was a minor matter to them, who had only thought for the safety of those they loved. Amelia, at the news of the victory, became still more agitated even than before. She was for going that moment to the army. She besought her brother with tears to conduct her thither. Her doubts and terrors reached their paroxysm; and the poor girl, who for many hours had been plunged into stupor, raved and ran hither and thither in hysteric insanity—a piteous sight. No man writhing in pain on the hard-fought field fifteen miles off, where lay, after their struggles, so many of the brave—no man suffered more keenly than this poor harmless victim of the war. Jos could not bear the sight of her pain. He left his sister in the charge of her stouter female companion, and descended once more to the threshold of the hotel, where every body still lingered, and talked, and waited for more news.

It grew to be broad daylight as they stood here, and fresh news began to arrive from the war, brought by men who had been actors in the scene. Wagons and long country carts laden with wounded came rolling into the town; ghastly groans came from within them, and haggard faces looked up sadly from out of the straw. Jos Sedley was looking at one of these carriages with a painful curiosity—the moans of the people within were frightful—the wearied horses could hardly pull the cart. “Stop! stop!” a feeble voice cried from the straw, and the carriage stopped opposite Mr. Sedley’s hotel.

“It is George, I know it is!” cried Amelia, rushing in a moment to the balcony, with a pallid face and loose flowing hair. It was not George, however, but it was the next best thing: it was news of him.

It was poor Tom Stubble, who had

marched out of Brussels so gallantly twenty-four hours before, bearing the colors of the regiment, which he had defended very gallantly upon the field. A French lancer had speared the young ensign in the leg, who fell, still bravely holding to his flag. At the conclusion of the engagement, a place had been found for the poor boy in a cart, and he had been brought back to Brussels.

“Mr. Sedley, Mr. Sedley!” cried the boy faintly, and Jos came up almost frightened at the appeal. He had not at first distinguished who it was that called him.

Little Tom Stubble held out his hot and feeble hand. “I’m to be taken in here,” he said. Osborne—and—and Dobbin said I was; and you are to give the man two Napoleons: my mother will pay you.” This young fellow’s thoughts, during the long feverish hours passed in the cart, had been wandering to his father’s parsonage which he had quitted only a few months before, and he had sometimes forgotten his pain in that delirium.

The hotel was large, and the people kind, and all the inmates of the cart were taken in and placed on various couches. The young ensign was conveyed up-stairs to Osborne’s quarters. Amelia and the major’s wife had rushed down to him, when the latter had recognized him from the balcony. You may fancy the feelings of these women when they were told that the day was over, and both their husbands were safe; in what mute rapture Amelia fell on her good friend’s neck, and embraced her; in what a grateful passion of prayers she fell on her knees, and thanked the Power which had saved her husband.

Our young lady, in her fevered and nervous condition, could have had no more salutary medicine prescribed for her by any physician than that which chance put in her way. She and Mrs. O’Dowd watched incessantly by the wounded lad, whose pains were very severe, and in the duty thus forced upon her, Amelia had not time to brood over her personal anxieties, or to give herself up to her own fears and forebodings after her wont. The young patient told in his simple fashion the events of the day, and the actions of our friends of the gallant—th. They had suffered severely. They had lost very many officers and men. The major’s horse had been shot under him as the regiment charged, and they all thought that O’Dowd was gone, and that Dobbin had got his majority, until on their return from the charge to their old ground, the major was discovered seated on Pyramus’s carcass, refreshing himself from a case-bottle. It was Captain Osborne that cut down the French lancer who had speared the ensign. Amelia turned so pale at the notion, that Mrs. O’Dowd stopped the young ensign in his story. And it was Captain Dobbin who at

the end of the day, though wounded himself, took up the lad in his arms and carried him to the surgeon, and thence to the cart which was to bring him back to Brussels. And it was he who promised the driver two louis if he would make his way to Mr. Sedley's hotel in the city; and tell Mrs. Captain Osborne that the action was over, and that her husband was unhurt and well.

"Indeed, but he has a good heart, that William Dobbin," Mrs. O'Dowd said, "though he is always laughing at me."

Young Stubble vowed there was not such another officer in the army, and never ceased his praises of the senior captain, his modesty, his kindness, and his admirable coolness in the field. To these parts of the conversation, Amelia lent a very distracted attention: it was only when George was spoken of that she listened, and when he was not mentioned, she thought about him.

In tending her patient, and in thinking of the wonderful escapes of the day before, her second day passed away not too slowly with Amelia. There was only one man in the army for her; and as long as he was well, it must be owned that its movements interested her little. All the reports which Jos brought from the streets fell very vaguely on her ears; though they were sufficient to give that timorous gentleman, and many other people then in Brussels, every disquiet. The French had been repulsed certainly, but it was after a severe and doubtful struggle, and with only a division of the French army. The emperor, with the main body, was away at Ligny, where he had utterly annihilated the Prussians, and was now free to bring his whole force to bear upon the allies. The Duke of Wellington was retreating upon the capital, and a great battle must be fought under its walls probably, of which the chances were more than doubtful. The Duke of Wellington had but twenty thousand British troops on whom he could rely, for the Germans were raw militia, the Belgians disaffected; and with this handful his Grace had to resist a hundred and fifty thousand men that had broken into Belgium under Napoleon. Under Napoleon! What warrior was there, however famous and skillful, that could fight at odds with him?

Jos thought of all these things, and trembled. So did all the rest of Brussels—where people felt that the fight of the day before was but the prelude of the greater combat which was imminent. One of the armies opposed to the emperor was scattered to the winds already. The few English that could be brought to resist him would perish at their posts, and the conquerer would pass over their bodies into the city. Wo be to those whom he found there! Addresses were prepared, public functionaries assembled and debated secretly, apart-

ments were got ready, and tricolored banners and triumphal emblems manufactured, to welcome the arrival of His Majesty the emperor and king.

The emigration still continued, and wherever families could find means of departure, they fled. When Jos, on the afternoon of the 17th of June, went to Rebecca's hotel, he found that the great Bareacres' carriage had at length rolled away from the *porte-cochère*. The earl had procured a pair of horses somehow, in spite of Mrs. Crawley, and was rolling on the road to Ghent. Louis the Desired, was getting ready his portmanteau in that city, too. It seemed as if misfortune was never tired of worrying into motion that unwieldy exile.

Jos felt that the delay of yesterday had been only a respite, and that his dearly bought horses must of a surety be put into requisition. His agonies were very severe all this day. As long as there was an English army between Brussels and Napoleon, there was no need of immediate flight; but he had his horses brought from their distant stables, to the stables in the courtyard of the hotel where he lived; so that they might be under his own eyes, and beyond the risk of violent abduction. Isidor watched the stable-door constantly, and had the horses saddled, to be ready for the start. He longed intensely for that event.

After the reception of the previous day, Rebecca did not care to come near her dear Amelia. She clipped the bouquet which George had brought her, and gave fresh water to the flowers, and read over the letter which he had sent her. "Poor wretch," she said, twirling round the little bit of paper in her fingers, "how I could crush her with this!—and it is for a thing like this that she must break her heart forsooth—for a man who is stupid—a coxcomb—and who does not care for her. My poor, good Rawdon is worth ten of this creature." And then she fell to thinking what she should do if—if any thing happened to poor, good Rawdon, and what a great piece of luck it was that he had left his horses behind.

In the course of this day too, Mrs. Crawley, who saw, not without anger, the Bareacres party drive off, bethought her of the precaution which the countess had taken, and did a little needlework for her own advantage; she stitched away the major part of her trinkets, bills, and bank-notes about her person, and, so prepared, was ready for any event—to fly if she thought fit, or to stay and welcome the conqueror, were he Englishman or Frenchman. And I am not sure that she did not dream that night of becoming a duchess and Madame la Maréchale, while Rawdon, wrapped in his cloak, and making his bivouac under the rain at Mount Saint John, was thinking, with all

the force of his heart, about the little wife whom he had left behind him.

The next day was a Sunday. And Mrs. Major O'Dowd had the satisfaction of seeing both her patients refreshed in health and spirits by some rest which they had taken during the night. She herself had slept on a great chair in Amelia's room, ready to wait upon her poor friend or the ensign, should either need her nursing. When morning came, this robust woman went back to the house where she and her major had their billet; and here performed an elaborate and splendid toilet, befitting the day. And it is very possible that while alone in that chamber, which her husband had inhabited, and where his cap still lay on the pillow, and his cane stood in the corner, one prayer at least was sent up to Heaven for the welfare of the brave soldier, Michael O'Dowd.

When she returned she brought her prayer-book with her, and her uncle the dean's famous book of sermons, out of which she never failed to read every Sabbath; not understanding all, haply, not pronouncing many of the words aright, which were long and abstruse—for the dean was a learned man, and loved long Latin words—but with great gravity, vast emphasis, and with tolerable correctness in the main. How often has my Mick listened to these sermons, she thought, and me reading in the cabin of a calm! She proposed to resume this exercise on the present day, with Amelia and the wounded ensign for a congregation. The same service was read on that day in twenty thousand churches at the same hour; and millions of British men and women, on their knees, implored protection of the Father of all.

They did not hear the noise which disturbed our little congregation at Brussels. Much louder than that which had interrupted them two days previously, as Mrs. O'Dowd was reading the service in her best voice, the cannon of Waterloo began to roar.

When Jos heard that dreadful sound, he made up his mind that he would bear this perpetual recurrence of terrors no longer, and would fly at once. He rushed into the sick man's room, where our three friends had paused in their prayers, and further interrupted them by a passionate appeal to Amelia.

"I can't stand it any more, Emmy," he said; "I won't stand it; and you must come with me. I have bought a horse for you—never mind at what price—and you must dress and come with me, and ride behind Isidor."

"God forgive me, Mr. Sedley, but you are no better than a coward," Mrs. O'Dowd said, laying down the book.

"I say, come Amelia," the civilian went

on; never mind what she says; why are we to stop here and be butchered by the Frenchmen?"

"You forget the —th, my boy," said the little Stubble, the wounded hero, from his bed—"and—and you won't leave me, will you, Mrs. O'Dowd?"

"No, my dear fellow," said she, going up and kissing the boy. "No harm shall come to you while I stand by; I don't budge till I get the word from Mick. A pretty figure I'd be, wouldn't I, stuck behind that chap on a pillion?"

This image made the young patient to burst out laughing in his bed, and even made Amelia smile. "I don't ask her," Jos shouted out—"I don't ask that—that Irishwoman, but you, Amelia; once for all, will you come?"

"Without my husband, Joseph," Amelia said, with a look of wonder, and gave her hand to the major's wife. Jos's patience was exhausted.

"Good by then," he said, shaking his fist in a rage, and slamming the door by which he retreated. And this time he really gave his order for march: and mounted in the court-yard. Mrs. O'Dowd heard the clattering hoofs of the horses as they issued from the gate; and looking on, made many scornful remarks on poor Joseph as he rode down the street with Isidor after him in a laced cap. The horses, which had not been exercised for some days, were lively, and sprang about the street. Jos, a clumsy and timid horseman, did not look to advantage in the saddle. "Look at him, Amelia, dear, driving into the parlor window. Such a bull in a china-shop I never saw." And presently the pair of riders disappeared in a canter down the street leading in the direction of the Ghent road. Mrs. O'Dowd pursuing them with a fire of sarcasm so long as they were in sight.

All that day, from morning until past sunset, the cannon never ceased to roar. It was dark when the cannonading stopped all of a sudden.

All of us have read of what occurred during that interval. The tale is in every Englishman's mouth; and you and I, who were children when the great battle was won and lost, are never tired of hearing and recounting the history of that famous action. Its remembrance rankles still in the bosoms of millions of the countrymen of those brave men who lost the day. They pant for an opportunity of revenging that humiliation; and if a contest, ending in a victory on their part, should ensue, elating them in their turn, and leaving its cursed legacy of hatred and rage behind to us, there is no end to the so-called glory and shame, and to the alternations of successful and unsuccessful murder, in which two high-spirited nations might engage. Centuries hence, we French-

men and Englishmen might be boasting and killing each other still, carrying out bravely the devil's code of honor.

All our friends took their share and fought like men in the great field. All day long, while the women were praying ten miles away, the lines of the dauntless English infantry were receiving and repelling the furious charges of the French horsemen. Guns which were heard at Brussels were ploughing up their ranks, and comrades falling, and the resolute survivors closing in. Toward evening, the attack of the French, repeated and resisted so bravely, slackened in its fury. They had other foes besides the British to engage, or were preparing for a final onset. It came at last; the columns of the imperial guard marched up the hill of Saint Jean, at length and at once to sweep the English from the height which they had maintained all day, and spite of all: unscared by the thunder of the artillery, which hurled death from the English line—the dark rolling column pressed on and up the hill. It seemed almost to crest the eminence, when it began to wave and falter. Then it stopped, still facing the shot. Then at last the English troops rushed from the post from which no enemy had been able to dislodge them, and the guard turned and fled.

No more firing was heard at Brussels—the pursuit rolled miles away. The darkness came down on the field and city, and Amelia was praying for George, who was lying on his face, dead, with a bullet through his heart.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

IN WHICH MISS CRAWLEY'S RELATIONS ARE VERY ANXIOUS ABOUT HER.

THE kind reader must please to remember—while the army is marching from Flanders, and, after its heroic actions there, is advancing to take the fortifications on the frontiers of France, previous to an occupation of that country—that there are a number of persons living peaceably in England who have to do with the history at present in hand, and must come in for their share of the chronicle. During the time of these battles and dangers, old Miss Crawley was living at Brighton, very moderately moved by the great events that were going on. The great events rendered the newspapers rather interesting, to be sure, and Briggs read out the Gazette, in which Rawdon Crawley's gallantry was mentioned with honor, and his promotion to be captain and lieutenant-colonel was presently recorded.

"What a pity that young man has taken such an ir retrievable step in the world," his aunt said; "with his rank and distinction he

might have married a brewer's daughter with a quarter of a million—like Miss Grains; or have looked to ally himself with the best families in England. He would have had my money some day or other; or his children would—for I'm not in a hurry to go, Miss Briggs, although you may be in a hurry to be rid of me; and instead of that, he is a doomed pauper, with a dancing-girl for a wife."

"Will my dear Miss Crawley not cast an eye of compassion upon the heroic soldier, whose name is inscribed in the annals of his country's glory?" said Miss Briggs, who was greatly excited by the Waterloo proceedings, and loved speaking romantically when there was an occasion. "Has not the captain—or the colonel as I may now style him—done deeds which make the name of Crawley illustrious?"

"Briggs, you are a fool," said Miss Crawley: "Colonel Crawley has dragged the name of Crawley through the mud, Miss Briggs. Marry a drawing-master's daughter, indeed!—marry a *dame de compagnie*—for she was no better, Briggs; no, she was just what you are—only younger, and a great deal prettier and cleverer. Were you an accomplice of that abandoned wretch, I wonder, of whose vile arts he became a victim, and of whom you used to be such an admirer? Yes, I dare say you were an accomplice. But you will find yourself disappointed in my will, I can tell you: and you will have the goodness to write to Mr. Waxy, and say that I desire to see him immediately." Miss Crawley was now in the habit of writing to Mr. Waxy, her solicitor, almost every day in the week, for her arrangements respecting her property were all revoked, and her perplexity was great as to the future disposition of her money.

The spinster had, however, rallied considerably; as was proved by the increased vigor and frequency of her sarcasms upon Miss Briggs, all which attacks the poor companion bore with meekness, with cowardice, with a resignation that was half generous, and half hypocritical—with the slavish submission, in a word, that women of her disposition and station are compelled to show. Who has not seen how women bully women? What tortures have men to endure, comparable to those daily-repeated shafts of scorn and cruelty with which poor women are riddled by the tyrants of their sex? Poor victims! But we are starting from our proposition, which is, that Miss Crawley was always particularly annoying and savage when she was rallying from illness—as they say wounds tingle most when they are about to heal.

While thus approaching, as all hoped, to convalescence, Miss Briggs was the only victim admitted into the presence of the invalid; yet Miss Crawley's relatives afar off

did not forget their beloved kinswoman, and by a number of tokens, presents, and kind, affectionate messages, strove to keep themselves alive in her recollection.

In the first place, let us mention her nephew, Rawdon Crawley. A few weeks after the famous fight of Waterloo, and after the Gazette had made known to her the promotion and gallantry of that distinguished officer, the Dieppe packet brought over to Miss Crawley, at Brighton, a box containing presents, and a dutiful letter from the colonel her nephew. In the box were a pair of French epaulets, a cross of the Legion of Honor, and the hilt of a sword—relics from the field of battle: and the letter described, with a good deal of humor, how the latter belonged to a commanding-officer of the guard, who having sworn that "the guard died, but never surrendered," was taken prisoner the next minute by a private soldier, who broke the Frenchman's sword with the butt of his musket, when Rawdon made himself master of the shattered weapon. As for the cross and epaulets, they came from a colonel of French cavalry, who had fallen under the aid-de-camp's arm in battle: and Rawdon Crawley did not know what better to do with the spoils than to send them to his kindest and most affectionate old friend. Should he continue to write to her from Paris, whither the army was marching? He might be able to give her interesting news from that capital, and of some of Miss Crawley's old friends of the emigration, to whom she had shown so much kindness during their distress.

The spinster caused Briggs to write back to the colonel a gracious and complimentary letter, encouraging him to continue his correspondence. His first letter was so excessively lively and amusing, that she should look with pleasure for its successors. "Of course I know," she explained to Miss Briggs, "that Rawdon could not write such a good letter any more than you could, my poor Briggs, and that it is that clever little wretch of a Rebecca, who dictates every word to him; but that is no reason why my nephew should not amuse me; and so I wish to let him understand that I am in high good-humor."

I wonder whether she knew that it was not only Becky who wrote the letters, but that Mrs. Rawdon actually took and sent home the trophies—which she bought for a few francs, from one of the innumerable peddlers, who immediately began to deal in relics of the war. The novelist, who knows every thing, knows this also. Be this, however, as it may, Miss Crawley's gracious reply greatly encouraged our young friends, Rawdon and his lady, who hoped for the best from their aunt's evidently pacified humor: and they took care to entertain her with many delightful letters from Paris,

whither, as Rawdon said, they had the good luck to go in the track of the conquering army.

To the rector's lady, who went off to tend her husband's broken collar-bone at the Rectory at Queen's Crawley, the spinster's communications were by no means so gracious. Mrs. Bute, that brisk, managing, lively, imperious woman, had committed the most fatal of all errors with regard to her sister-in-law. She had not merely oppressed her and her household—she had bored Miss Crawley; and if poor Miss Briggs had been a woman of any spirit, she might have been made happy by the commission which her principal gave her, to write a letter to Mrs. Bute Crawley, saying that Miss Crawley's health was greatly improved since Mrs. Bute had left her, and begging the latter on no account to put herself to trouble, or quit her family for Miss Crawley's sake. This triumph over a lady who had been very haughty and cruel in her behavior to Miss Briggs, would have rejoiced most women; but the truth is, Briggs was a woman of no spirit at all, and the moment her enemy was discomfited she began to feel compassion in her favor.

"How silly I was," Mrs. Bute thought, and with reason, "ever to hint that I was coming, as I did, in that foolish letter when we sent Miss Crawley the guinea-fowls. I ought to have gone without a word to the poor, dear, dotting, old creature, and taken her out of the hands of that ninny Briggs, and that harpy of a *femme de chambre*. Oh! Bute, Bute, why did you break your collar-bone?"

Why, indeed? We have seen how Mrs. Bute, having the game in her hands, had really played her cards too well. She had ruled over Miss Crawley's household utterly and completely, to be utterly and completely routed when a favorable opportunity for rebellion came. She and her household, however, considered that she had been the victim of horrible selfishness and treason, and that her sacrifices in Miss Crawley's behalf had met with the most savage ingratitude. Rawdon's promotion, and the honorable mention made of his name in the Gazette, filled this good Christian lady also with alarm. Would his aunt relent toward him now that he was a colonel and a C.B.? and would that odious Rebecca once more get into favor? The rector's wife wrote a sermon for her husband about the vanity of military glory and the prosperity of the wicked, which the worthy parson read in his best voice and without understanding one syllable of it. He had Pitt Crawley for one of his auditors—Pitt, who had come with his two half-sisters, to church, which the old baronet could now by no means be brought to frequent.

Since the departure of Becky Sharp, that

old wretch had given himself up entirely to his bad courses, to the great scandal of the county and the mute horror of his son. The ribbons in Miss Horrock's cap became more splendid than ever. The polite families fled the hall and its owner in terror. Sir Pitt went about tipping at his tenants' houses; and drank rum-and-water with the farmers at Mudbury and the neighboring place market-days. He drove the family coach-and-four to, Southampton with Miss Horrock's inside; and the county people expected, every week, as his son did in speechless agony, that his marriage with her would be announced in the provincial paper. It was indeed a rude burthen for Mr. Crawley to bear. His eloquence was palsied at the missionary meetings, and other religious assemblies in the neighborhood, where he had been in the habit of presiding, and of speaking for hours; for he felt, when he rose, that the audience said, "That is the son of the old reprobate Sir Pitt, who is very likely drinking at the public-house at this very moment." And once when he was speaking of the benighted condition of the king of Timbuctoo, and the number of his wives who were likewise in darkness, some tipsy miscreant from the crowd asked, "How many is there at Queen's Crawley, Young Squaretoes?" to the surprise of the platform, and the ruin of Mr. Pitt's speech. And the two daughters of the house of Queen's Crawley would have been allowed to run utterly wild (for Sir Pitt swore that no governess should ever enter into his doors again), had not Mr. Crawley, by threatening the old gentleman forced the latter to send them to school.

Meanwhile, as we have said, whatever individual differences there might be between them all, Miss Crawley's dear nephews and nieces were unanimous in loving her and sending her tokens of affection. Thus Mrs. Bute sent guinea-fowls, and some remarkably fine cauliflowers, and a pretty purse or pincushion worked by her darling girls, who begged to keep a *little* place in the recollection of their dear aunt, while Mr. Pitt sent peaches and grapes and venison from the hall. The Southampton coach used to carry these tokens of affection to Miss Crawley at Brighton: it used sometimes to convey Mr. Pitt thither too: for his differences with Sir Pitt caused Mr. Crawley to absent himself a good deal from home now: and besides, he had an attraction at Brighton in the person of the Lady Jane Sheepshanks whose engagement to Mr. Crawley has been formerly mentioned in this history. Her ladyship and her sisters lived at Brighton with their mamma, the Countess Southdown, that strong-minded woman so favorably known in the serious world.

A few words ought to be said regarding her ladyship, and her noble-family, who are

bound by ties of present and future relationship to the house of Crawley. Respecting the chief of the Southdown family, Clement William fourth Earl of Southdown, little need be told, except that his lordship came into Parliament (as Lord Wolsey), under the auspices of Mr. Wilberforce, and for a time was a credit to his political sponsor, and decidedly a serious young man. But words can not describe the feelings of his admirable mother, when she learned, very shortly after her noble husband's demise, that her son was a member of several worldly clubs, had lost largely at play at Wattiers and the Cocoa Tree; that he had raised money on post obits, and encumbered the family estate; that he drove four-in-hand, and patronized the ring; and that he actually had an opera-box, where he entertained the most dangerous bachelor company. His name was only mentioned with groans in the dowager's circle.

The Lady Emily was her brother's senior by many years; and took considerable rank in the serious world as author of some of the delightful tracts before mentioned, and of many hymns and spiritual pieces. A mature spinster, and having given up all ideas of marriage, her love for the blacks occupied almost all her feelings. It is to her, I believe, we owe that beautiful poem,—

"Lead us to some sunny isle,
Yonder in the western deep;
Where the skies forever smile,
And the blacks forever weep," &c.

She had correspondences with clerical gentlemen in most of our East and West India possessions; and report says was once attached to the Reverend Silas Hornblower, who was tattooed in the South Sea Islands.

As for the Lady Jane, on whom, as it has been said, Mr. Pitt Crawley's affection had been placed, she was gentle, blushing, silent, and timid. In spite of his falling away, she wept for her brother, and was quite ashamed of loving him still. Even yet she used to send him little hurried smuggled notes, and pop them in the post in private. The one dreadful secret which weighed upon her life was, that she and the old housekeeper had been to pay Southdown a furtive visit at his chambers in the Albany; and found him—O the naughty dear abandoned wretch! smoking a cigar with a bottle of curaçoa before him. She admired her sister, she adored her mother, she thought Mr. Crawley the most delightful and accomplished of men, after Southdown, that fallen angel: and her mamma and sister, who were ladies of the most superior sort, managed every thing for her, and regarded her with that amiable pity, of which your really superior woman always has such a share to give away. Her mamma ordered her dresses, her books, her bon-

